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SAINTS AND SINNERS.

(NOIRS ET ROUGES.)

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

IN SIX PARTS.—PART FOURTH.*

XVI.

SOME days later, Madame de Moisieux received a visit which changed all her ideas, and upset all her plans. She was alone one morning in her *salon*, occupied in reading, with her pen in her hand, a heavy letter which had come to her from a London banker, with whom she kept up an active correspondence.

Monsieur Cantarel knew nothing of this, although he had earned, by the sweat of his brow, the right of knowing it; but women, though they may tell much to their confidant, never tell all. The letter just received by the marquise was covered with figures which she carefully copied into a small red-morocco-covered book. She was never afraid of figures, and these especial ones seemed to afford her infinite satisfaction. She added them all up, and the sum total pleased her.

There is no absolute happiness in this world. When she had folded the precious sheet and placed it and her red book in her rosewood desk, whose obscure depths she never allowed a human being to explore, she returned to her customary seat on her sofa, and for some moments examined her finger-nails with an air of great anxiety. She was thinking of a conversation which she had had the previous evening with her son, who, returning from Paris, excited over the discovery he fancied he had made, had cried out to her, "I have my hare by both ears!" This metaphor was not a happy one: his ears were very short, and he was not in the habit of taking flight when attacked.

In spite of the persistence with which Lésin

adhered to his tale, conclusive as were the proofs he advanced, he did not convince his mother, who declared to him over and over again that he absolutely had not common-sense. Still, it is not necessary to be convinced to be anxious; and the marquise was saying to herself at this moment:

"If this be true, it would be most disastrous. But it is not true."

She was still deep in thought when Lara entered like a whirlwind (this was a habit he had which she could never correct), and gave her a stranger's card—Monsieur Félix Mongeron was the name. This stranger requested an interview. The name was new to her, and she fancied that Monsieur Mongeron was a tradesman who had come to solicit her custom. Nevertheless, after a moment's hesitation, she bade Lara show him in, and a person presently appeared who vividly excited her curiosity.

He was a small man, dark, and with a crafty and astute expression; his eyes were very bright and keen, his face somewhat pointed, and with a nose as sharp as a razor, surmounted by a wen shaded by several hairs. He was dressed in black and freshly gloved, and presented himself in a manner which was easy, bold, and yet deferential. He made a profound bow as he entered, then crossing the *salon* with short, quick steps, took a chair without waiting to be offered one; but before seating himself made another bow to the marquise; this bow was almost a genuflection—it was as if he mistook her for an altar—after which he thanked her with an agreeable smile for having consented to receive him. His voice was thin, with a certain nasal tone, but all its inflections were unctuous and suave. The marquise looked at this strange person with con-

* This story, which has been announced hitherto for completion in *five* parts, will be extended to *six* parts.

siderable amazement. She perceived in him great and singular contrasts; he struck her as a gentle fox—a fox steeped in honey.

"He won't gain much here," she said to herself; "there is no tender pullet for him to devour!"

After another examination she decided that this little man was a business-man who had come to make some proposition to her.

She was right and she was wrong. The business with which Monsieur Mongeron busied himself was of a peculiar nature, but the matter on which he had come to her was not what she supposed.

This man had had one great chagrin. After a youth passed in adventures more or less creditable, he undertook to become a lawyer; but the weakness of his voice and his lungs compelled him to relinquish this project. Fortunately, he had discovered that, in a court-room strong lungs are required, there are other things quite as lucrative as that of law, and that a man can earn his bread by speaking very low—very low indeed. The somewhat mysterious agency which he had founded brought him in large revenues; his *clientèle*, which was among the highest class, did not respect him, but they paid him, and paid him well. He had learned to do without esteem: the best evidence of wisdom is the ability to submit to privations. He felt himself not only useful but necessary, and truly, if Mongeron did not exist, honest people would often find themselves cruelly embarrassed. A Greek poet says that one must not govern for rascals, but it would be difficult to govern without them.

Pure as may be their intentions, noble as may be their views, honest men who aspire to rule will find that they can never attain their ends without sometimes making use of unworthy means.

This is an unfortunate necessity, for they do not like to soil either their fingers or their consciences. But such is life!

Their only resource, therefore, is to employ others as deputies. When people have scruples, the only thing to do is to ask the assistance of those who have none. They send for Mongeron, and state the case to him—it is not necessary to dwell upon it long. He understands it at a glance; it would not be Mongeron if he needed more than a hint. He is given *carte-blanche*, and is bidden not to render any accounts. They wish to dwell in the sanctity of ignorance. If Mongeron is dull, if Mongeron is awkward, if he is discovered, they disavow the whole affair; but, generally speaking, Mongeron is adroit and succeeds, and so effectually that virtue and sanctity both approve.

Madame de Moisieux was herself too wise not to see at a glance that Monsieur Mongeron was an agent of a peculiar kind. If his pointed nose indicated a conscience which was never troubled with scruples, and hinted at a more than doubtful life, the ponderous gravity of his manners revealed the importance of the mission with which he was intrusted.

Upon the thin lips of this advocate of a good cause dwelt smiles peculiar to Mongeron, of which no person knew the meaning. The changing expression of his eyes also demonstrated that, small as he was, there were really two men within his frame—the one created by Nature, the other artificial and incomplete, as is all which is produced by human industry. After having examined the face of the marquise with bold assurance, he made his plunge:

"Madame," he said, gently, "you are a person of such distinction and unusual intelligence that I flatter myself that I shall be able to make you understand, without too many explanations, the important business that has brought me here to-day. I venture to believe that we shall readily understand each other, and that we shall separate mutually pleased."

Here he paused, to allow her to ask him some question. As she did not open her lips, he resumed:

"I will state the facts clearly, madame, as is my habit. The motive of my visit is to speak to you of a very charming young lady who, by a happy concatenation of circumstances, is now your neighbor, and with whom you are very intimate. I know that you, better than any one else possible, are able to read her heart and exercise some influence over her sentiments and her acts, for you, Madame la Marquise, pass for a person of marvelous cleverness—"

She interrupted him, and said, haughtily:

"You are entirely misinformed, sir; you are unwise to believe this."

"We do not believe it," he answered, "we know it."

She laid aside her air of *hauteur*, for she was beginning to be very curious about this singular person, who sometimes said "we" and sometimes "I." It seemed to her that there was more in him than she had first supposed; that his thin nasal voice merited to be heard; even the mole on his nose seemed quite interesting. In short, she had a vague conception of the importance of this person, and recognized in him the ambassador of some great power.

The holiest ambitions have sometimes their undercurrents, and this undercurrent is often Mongeron's. She looked at him with a faint smile, for she was not altogether disarmed. Then she made a little gesture, which signified "Go on."

"This charming girl," he continued, "is dear to us for many reasons, and we regard her as belonging to us. Unfortunately, we have rivals who are inclined to dispute her possession. Perhaps you are not aware that three days since she paid a visit to a worthy *religieuse*, who is her aunt, and that this visit left on the mind of that excellent woman a most painful impression. She fancied that this young heart was uneasy, unhappy; madame, they wish to take Mademoiselle Maulabret, and we wish to keep her: this is how the matter stands."

Here he made a second pause, but Madame de Moisieux did not speak. She was cautious, and she waited.

"I am always willing to show my cards," he said, in an easy sort of way. "I know—or rather, we know—that you, too, have designs on Mademoiselle Maulabret. Pray do not take the trouble to deny it, since our information comes from the young lady herself. Ah, madame, we can not blame you. A mother naturally wishes to marry her only son, especially when that son is difficult to marry! But, praiseworthy as is your project, and well managed as it has been, you must admit that success seems to you very uncertain. Nevertheless, madame, we are quite willing to buy your hopes. I should not be here if I had not a proposition to make to you. We know a young heiress belonging to a worthy *bourgeois* family: we can do with her as we will. We prefer to have you for an ally rather than for an enemy. Assure us that you will work with us, and the heiress is yours. We have already promised her elsewhere, but we give you the preference."

At these words he opened his right hand, which up to this moment he had kept closed. The heiress was there, the marquise saw her distinctly, and her heart leaped with joy, but she did not forget her caution.

"In spite of the confidence with which you inspire me," she said, curtly, "I have heard that an ambassador is always careful to provide himself with letters of credit; and I regret—"

He did not allow her time to complete her sentence. He drew from his pocket a large portfolio, on the cover of which was embroidered in pearls a huge eye which represented Providence, and from this portfolio he took a letter, which he presented to the marquise, at the same time bowing almost to the earth. This letter was brief but eloquent, and thus expressed:

"In presenting my respectful compliments to Madame la Marquise de Moisieux, I beg her to grant a cordial reception to Monsieur Félix Mongeron, and to believe all that he may say to her."

These few lines were signed by two names

connected by a hyphen. They were those of an ex-grand vicar, of whom Monsieur de Moisieux had made a bishop, and who distinguished himself among all the prelates of France by the somewhat indiscreet ardor of his zeal. Entirely reassured, madame abandoned herself to her joy. She regarded Monsieur Mongeron with such a smile as one bestows on an equal.

"She is humpbacked, of course?" she said.

"Ah, madame, do you believe me capable of offering you a humpback!" he cried, in an indignant tone. "If by chance there were some inequality in her figure, good surgical treatment would soon settle that; you know what wonders of that kind are done in these days. But it is nothing, though you understand I do not claim that she is a miracle of beauty."

"I see; she is simply frightful!" and the marquise laughed heartily. "And the dowry?"

"We will try to get a million and a half. Did I not tell you, madame, that we should be mutually pleased with each other?"

"And what do you expect from me?" she asked, eagerly.

"You have my card," he answered, carefully brushing his hat with the cuff of his sleeve. "On it is my address, and I venture to hope that before long we may receive from you some valuable advice."

To which she replied, "I really do not know what."

For a few moments there was silence; they were both asking themselves if there was not something else for them to say. It was the marquise who broke the silence:

"You wish to make difficulty between myself and my neighbor? To restore his ward to the Church is a crime that he will never forgive."

At these words Monsieur Mongeron became more than ever Mongeron. He darted at the marquise a most expressive glance, full of malice, and replied:

"I believe him capable of pardoning anything and everything you may do, madame, but on condition, of course. Perhaps he may ask a little more than you are disposed to grant. Ah! your neighbor is a man of strong convictions. He persuades himself that in his exertions to please you he is working for his country, and that affairs of state will prosper, the republic will stand on a firm basis, and France will resume her foremost rank among nations, on the day that Monsieur Cantarel obtains most precious favors from the most charming marquise in the world!"

The lady was at first inclined to anger, but she was divided between admiration for his marvelous genius and irritation at his unwarrantable impertinence. She was obliged to admit that he

was thoroughly well-informed, and that before broaching the subject he had studied it conscientiously.

"You know everything, then?"

He removed his eyes from the ceiling on which they had been fixed, and replied quietly:

"We know many things, madame, but God alone knows everything." Then, in his shy, crafty tone, he said: "It would be very unwise of you to quarrel with Monsieur Cantarel. We have learned from a most reliable source that he is actively occupied in opening for your son the door of foreign affairs. We look on his undertaking with favorable eyes. Alas! in these deplorable days in which we live, certain regions are closed to us, and we would be glad if we could obtain a foothold there again. You will say, very possibly, madame, that your son is only a pawn; but pawns are most useful in a great game. Richelieu and all great politicians understood how to make them useful. No, do not quarrel with Monsieur Cantarel. Take care not to let him suspect that you have seen me, and that my eloquence has had any effect upon you. Do not enlighten him in the smallest degree. The supreme skill of a woman is shown in her being able to make use of a man as long as she pleases, and make him only such concessions as she chooses. There was once, near St. Petersburg, a statue before which there was a sentry. The statue was removed, but the sentry-box and the sentry were forgotten—they are there still! This comparison seems to me to express with sufficient clearness the position in which you stand toward Monsieur Cantarel, unless you prefer that I should compare him to a horse that with bandaged eyes turns the wheel of a mill. A bandage, poets say, has always been an attribute of love. Ah, madame, deceive your son by pretending to serve him in his love-affair; deceive Monsieur Cantarel by persuading him that you and he have made common issue against the black army; deceive Mademoiselle Maulabret by earnestly soliciting her confidence; deceive every one, in fact! This, my dear madame, seems to me a most interesting game, and one worthy of your talents."

Madame de Moisieux burned with a longing to slap Monsieur Mongeron's face; her hands quivered, but not an eyelash moved. The love of art was stronger than her anger.

He was again assiduously brushing his hat. A moment later, and he rose, saying as he did so:

"And now, madame, when will you give us some news about Mademoiselle Maulabret?"

"Hush!" answered Madame de Moisieux. "Here she is."

The ear of the marquise was excessively

quick; she had heard the rustle of a silk dress in the passage. The door opened, and Mademoiselle Maulabret appeared. She had just come from the village, where she had been to see a poultry-woman who had been ill of pneumonia, and was still suffering. Accompanied by one of the servants of the château, she had taken a basket of Saint Julien wine to her. She sat for some time with the woman, who described to her not only every symptom of her pneumonia, but her domestic difficulties: her husband's indolence, her son's misconduct, and the extravagances of her daughters were all to be narrated. As she listened, Jetta noticed that the room in which she sat was of more than doubtful cleanliness. Arming herself with a broom, she began to sweep a floor which greatly needed it. This exercise did her good. It seemed to her that with the dust she swept away the cares and anxieties, the guilty hopes and criminal dreams by which she was haunted, and that she, at the same moment, cleansed the chamber of a sick woman and the soul of a white sister. When she started on her homeward walk, it was with a sense of relief, of positive ease. It seemed to her that she was stronger in every way. Since her return from Paris she had not been to the chalet, so great was her dread of meeting Lésin.

It so happened that at this moment she caught sight of him talking with a coachman in front of the Cheval Blanc. She flattered herself that he did not see her, and concluded that this was an excellent opportunity to pay the visit to the marquise which had so long been due, and which she felt should no longer be deferred.

Lara, as usual, informed her that his mistress was alone; but as she crossed the vestibule she was astonished at hearing her name pronounced by an unknown voice.

Had she heard nothing, however, she would have readily divined, from the disconcerted air of the marquise and Monsieur Mongeron, that they were speaking of her. There is always, under such circumstances, a moment of embarrassment which even the most adroit can not avoid.

Monsieur Mongeron recovered his *aplomb*.

"Yes, madame," he said, "believe what I say. Take my advice, and sell your gas-stock at the price at which it now is—four and a half. —Good-morning, ladies."

And he disappeared.

"You are most welcome, my love," cried Madame de Moisieux, embracing Jetta with great enthusiasm. "You have come just in time to release me from a great bore. I don't care what he says, though—I shall not sell my gas-stock. Besides, I have so little! But, do you know that you are prettier than ever? Sit here by me, and tell me instantly all about Paris,

your *fêtes*, and your successes, your charming toilets—everything, in fact, that you have done and seen. Ah! you don't know how I have missed you all these six weeks; I have been reduced to playing patience. The fact is, you have become to me an object of the first necessity, and I have been ready to die of *ennui*."

This was utterly untrue. She had not been *ennuyée* for one moment. Lara could bear witness to that.

She addressed to Jetta innumerable questions, but did not wait for a reply to any of them. She was thinking of Monsieur Mongeron—of that little man who was so small when he said "I," who was immense when he said "we." She thought also that he was wonderfully well informed, and that he was not mistaken when he said that she had a most interesting game to play. She promised herself not only to play it through, but to win.

Meanwhile, Lésin, while talking in front of the inn, had seen Mademoiselle Maulabret leave her poultry-woman. Without her suspecting it, he had followed her. She was greatly annoyed when he came in. But she need not have been afraid that he would annoy her with his attentions. He saluted her coldly with the end of his chin, and seated himself near the chimney. With his feet stretched out on the andirons, he tore the band off a newspaper without uttering a single word. Five minutes later he broke a mournful silence by exclaiming:

"Well! Here is a piece of news. It will make quite an excitement in Paris. Just think of it! Albert Valport went out to walk in the Bois yesterday, his horse ran away, and his rider was instantly killed."

Mademoiselle Maulabret turned horribly pale. A cloud rose before her eyes, and her head was dizzy. She nevertheless perceived that in front of her, on the other side of an oval table, sat a marquise who was watching her with fixed attention. Then it seemed to her that there were two—then three—then ten—after which she saw no more, but sank back heavily in her chair.

"Your measures are as delicate as they are ingenious," said the marquise to her son.

"But, mamma, you would not believe me; now, which of us was right?" Didn't I tell you that I understood women?"

"You are and you will never be anything else than an idiot!" answered his mother, but she showed no anger.

She disapproved the means, but after all they were not so bad, since she had learned just that which she wished to know. She ran to the next room for a *flacon* of salts. Lésin took advantage of her absence to approach the unconscious Jetta. He looked at her with covetous, angry

eyes. He leaned over her; he wanted to embrace and strangle her, but was deterred by not knowing with which to begin. An idea suddenly occurred to him.

"If my mother would but consent!" he said.

"Are you here still?" said the marquise, as she came back. "I do not wish her to find you here when she recovers."

He went off, hugging his idea and his broad shoulders. The salts were energetic. Jetta soon began to recover. She heard a voice saying:

"Do not be troubled, my dear; he is perfectly well."

She opened her eyes and looked at the marquise with the expression of one coming suddenly on a frightful precipice.

"I assure you there is not one word of truth in this silly story. It was the silly invention of a jealous boy who wished to express his suspicions. Men are all alike; they never rest until they have acquired the certainty of their suspicions. But he repents of his crime, and begs me to implore your pardon, even on my knees. Ah! Jetta, it wounds me sorely that you, in this house, should have been treated with such discourtesy. Promise me that you will not hate it on that account."

Jetta's complexion resumed its natural tint: to her pallor succeeded a blush of shame and confusion. She could not forgive herself for having allowed her secret to pass her lips.

"You must not believe—" she murmured.

"Why do you defend yourself?" answered the marquise, taking the girl fondly into her arms. "The man whom you love is very dangerous, but he is very *distingué* also, and worthy of you. My dear child, I cherished a fond hope. I renounce it; your happiness is dearer than my dreams."

"Not another word, dear madame," said Jetta, covering the lips of her companion with her hands; "you can not divine how unhappy you are making me!"

XVII.

THIS fatal incident had enabled Mademoiselle Maulabret to measure the depth of her wound. She could no longer be under the smallest illusion as to the state of her feelings; she knew now that her heart which she had so recently believed on a fair road to recovery was desperately ill. She knew, moreover, that her strong will, which she flattered herself she still possessed, had vanished for evermore. The worst of all was, that she had made a public admission of her defeat, and in cases like hers avowed defeats are irreparable.

Evidently she was not to be allowed to have any peace. She reached the château just as her

aunt was entering her carriage to pay a visit in the neighborhood.

"I do not take you with me, my dear," said Madame Cantarel, looking at her with a knowing air, "for I have received from Monsieur Vaugenis a long letter, with an inclosure for you. There it is. I am inclined to believe that you will not be *ennuyée* in this interesting society."

Monsieur Vaugenis, who saw everywhere proverbs in life, and who put life into proverbs, had taken keen pleasure in writing to Mademoiselle Maulabret as follows:

"Mademoiselle, I do not propose to depart from the system of neutrality which is the rule of my conduct, by informing you that, although Monsieur Valport has many excellent qualities, patience is not one of his virtues. He is impatient to go to Combar to plead his cause before the redoubtable tribunal of Monsieur Cantarel; but he wishes to be authorized by you to take this step. It is true that this is not the way that things of this kind are done nowadays, particularly in France. Nevertheless, this method has its advantages, and it seems to me especially desirable in the somewhat peculiar circumstances in which you stand. Give him then, I beg of you, the especial permission which he craves. You will thus deliver me of a most pertinacious visitor, for I assure you he gives me no peace.

"I send you, inclosed, an unfinished note, addressed to me by your uncle Antonin only twenty-four hours before his death. You will see by the tremulous writing the prodigious exertion it was for him to trace these poor lines; and you read in them also the deep interest he felt in you. The world which reproached him for his severity of manner did not know him; he loved the few he loved at all very tenderly. You were his last thought. I might almost be jealous, but I am not.

"Accept, mademoiselle, with my wishes for your happiness, the expression of my warm devotion and earnest sympathy."

Before reading the unfinished note which was inclosed, Jetta pressed it to her lips. This was the note:

"Say to her, my dear Vaugenis, that beautiful and charming as she is—excuse me, I find great difficulty in saying what I would—I mean to say, that not having any reason to complain of Nature, she would yet be permitted to enter a convent had she any right to complain of men. But she has not; she does not yet know them.

"Tell her that those who have made her believe that she ought to expiate the faults of her parents lie to her. We are responsible only for our own. . . . Tell her that I have no prejudice

against these communities of hospital nuns. I know better than almost any person how precious are the services which they render us, and the impossibility of doing without them. The fanatics who desire to suppress them, and would do so to-morrow if they could, have little idea of what they are doing. It would be more than a crime, it would be a folly; fanaticism is always foolish. But tell her that the statutes of these sisterhoods devoted to charitable works are not what they were formerly. Once the nuns belonged to their sick; they were excused from all the petty observances of their religious faith, and practiced them only when they had time. Jesuitism has changed all this. The fantastic duties imposed on them have been indefinitely multiplied and tyrannically enjoined. It is no longer charity which is the first of duties; it is superstitious, unquestioning obedience. She has too much heart and mind to accommodate herself for very long to this *régime*; she will feel herself in subjection, and will be tempted to tug at her chains. She will have regrets and repentances. For an Augustine the hospital is a cloister; to her a cloister would be a prison. She would see the bars at all hours of the day and night.

"Speak to her in her tongue, which is also your own in some degree, my dear Vaugenis, since you call God that which I simply call nature. Tell her, then, that God is perfection, and that, when a poor human being aspires to perfection, it usually ends in a caricature. Tell her that, if she has a desire to serve the poor and the sick, there is no necessity for her to wear a black veil over a white *coiffe*, and that without giving up the world she will have ample opportunities of expending her talents and her heart in their service. Say to her, moreover, that the work which I beg her to undertake is worthy of her. Explain to her who Albert is, do not conceal from her his peccadilloes or his iniquities, but assure her from me that his is a most generous nature; that, although this marriage would carry out all my wishes, I desire to respect her liberty entirely, for—"

Here the pen had dropped from his fingers. Mademoiselle Maulabret read these lines, written with so much painful effort, over and over again. The arguments of the atheist did not seem to her decisive; she had a thousand objections to make, and victorious certainties to oppose to them. Nevertheless, they made her uneasy. A week before, they would have glided over the unruffled surface of her soul without leaving a trace behind them. But the last visit she had made at the hospital, without lessening her veneration for Mother Amélie, had shaken her con-

fidence in the infallible judgment of this servant of God. She felt confusedly that an Augustine sees but one side of things, and that the world is larger than the head of a saint.

She was burning with fever, and felt the need of fresh air, to move her body and by physical fatigue soothe the restlessness of her thoughts. She went out, and walked for half an hour in the park without looking at anything, without seeing anything, without encountering anything which could take her out of this incessant dispute in which her soul was absorbed. The sky was veiled with a white fog, but the wind, which was beginning to blow, had already made a large hole in it, through which the sun was beginning to appear. On her ungloved hands the air blew freshly, and, looking around, it seemed to her that it was not yet spring, although it was no longer winter, and at the foot of a beech-tree she saw violets. She looked for some time at the sinuous valley, and at the river running between wheat-fields; the water was green, and moved lazily along. Beyond the river and the fields was a steep hill, up the side of which two roads ran. In the distance, in the center of a level plain, appeared the low houses of a little village, that had grown up in the shadow of a huge church. It was like a hen gathering her chickens under her wings. The sun, emerging more and more from the mist, sparkled on the rose-window of the church, and on the weathercocks of another village, still farther off. The river glittered through the willows at intervals, and a large field, where the earth was just thrown up, was red and wet. Some alders and aspens, suggesting a family council, were gathered around a pond. Near her a mill-wheel was turning. A washer-woman accompanied the regular blows of her *battoir* with a monotonous refrain, and in a railway-cutting the day-laborers were singing to the accompaniment of their picks. Everywhere throughout the valley, as in the plain, reigned order and tranquillity. The trees were waiting for the time to blossom, the fields for their seeds to be sown, and the birds for spring-time and love. In spite of the meandering ways which the river took, its green waters knew the path; the smoke, rising peacefully from the chimneys, yielded to the wind which blew them, and made no struggle. Men and things alike yielded to destiny; no person wished to change his future, or to wage war with Fate; and the old beech-trees, torpid through the long winter, revived on seeing that the violets had come. Mademoiselle Maulabret, suddenly turning her head, perceived something which surprised and delighted her. A great mass of oak-trees stood crowded together, their leafless branches forming a dark and somber

mass, but in the underbrush some few bushes had burst into leaf, and clumps of yellow narcissus were in bloom. Directly in front stood a wild-cherry-tree, slender and graceful, one mass of flowers, of snowy whiteness, standing out against the black trunk. This tree did not seem to know that, delightful as had been the play, the end was a tragedy; it had never heard of the revolt of the senses, nor of sin and immodesty, and did not believe in the cunning of the serpent. It seemed to drink in the pure, delicious air, to bask in the caresses of the sun, and innocently married to the pale blue of the sky the beauty of its flowers and the divine freshness of its hopes. At this moment a black-bird began to sing; it had apparently forgotten the beginning of its song, and was trying to recall it. He sang in little spasmodic jerks, a note or two at a time, not finishing a phrase. Mademoiselle Maulabret listened, motionless and fascinated. Having spent most of her life immured between convent-walls, the sweet intoxication of the woods in early spring was new to her, and delighted her beyond words. Although she resisted the charm by which she was so carried away, although she called up before her eyes the hospital-walls, and the face of a Virgin crowned with stars, who held no child in her arms; although she seemed to hear the sighs and groans of her old patients, complaining that she had abandoned them; although another voice, menacing and severe, reproached her for the changes in her wishes, for her forgotten or perjured vows; although she tried to represent to herself the uncertainty of the joys of this world, the vanity of their promises, the falsehood of their smiles; although the path she trod was strewn with dry leaves, rustling under her feet or blown along in front of her by the wind—she, notwithstanding all this, looked at the blossoming cherry-tree, and listened to the song of the blackbird, and all the time heard in the depths of her heart the confused murmur of a *fête*, the stir of a flowery spring-time, and the distracted cry of a bird that wished to live, and, beating the bars of its cage with its wings, clamored for happiness, with full-throated vehemence.

Suddenly a new idea occurred to her. The poultry-woman, who was continually at difference with her son, and who complained that he was disobedient, was anxious that the curé of the parish should use his authority to bring him back to his duty. In consequence of the woman's pressing entreaties, Jetta had promised to see the curé in regard to this matter. She returned to the château, and, as soon as she had changed her dress, she took her way to the rectory.

The Curé de Combard was a stout man with a red face and square shoulders, always more or less powdered with snuff. The story went that he had been an hussar, and he looked it still. When his young pupils were pretty, he pinched their cheeks; but nobody, not even he himself, thought there was any harm in this. This worthy ecclesiastic was a comfortable sort of a curé, a curé who thought much of his vineyards and his beehives, and who could no more conceive of a life without bees and without vines than without a well-filled snuff-box. He had accepted the new dogmas in the most submissive manner, but with no enthusiasm; he did not consider that the need was imminent, nor that it was advisable to make any changes in the catechism in days when faith is rare, and when good sense is supposed to be shown by quibbling. But he kept all these thoughts in his own head—he did not intend to quarrel with Monsieur le Prieur, and was ready to admit that the Holy Virgin was conceived without sin, and that the Holy Father was infallible. He saw no inconvenience to himself in these admissions, and he believed that if he made them his grapes would bear quite as well. This excellent man wished well to all the world except to the bachelors. In the whole canton there was not so strong an advocate of matrimony as the Abbé Minard. Graceless youths, old bachelors, and impenitent widowers, were alike lectured by him on this subject; when he opened it his eloquence was irresistible. He was tempted sometimes to take those who were reluctant by the throat and drag them to the altar. He considered that marriage is the most beautiful of the sacraments, that the most delightful *fêtes* are weddings and baptisms; he enlivened these *fêtes* very often by anecdotes and stories which were a trifle highly seasoned, but his life was irreproachable; he was the living proof that there are several ways of attaining the kingdom of heaven. If his parishioners smiled when they greeted him, if in speaking of him they said, "He is a good fellow," they went to vespers in order to please him.

Mademoiselle Maulabret stopped a moment at the curé's door to breathe. The curé was in the garden. With a pruning-knife in one hand and with the sleeves of his soutane turned up, he was busy with his vines. He turned when he saw the young lady, and stopped long enough to ask how she was. Then, almost instantly, with an "Excuse me," he resumed his work.

Mademoiselle Maulabret delivered her message from the poultry-woman. He listened attentively, all the time at work, however. When she had concluded, he said:

"Very well, I will pull the ears of the little scamp, but it is all the same very true that his

mother is a perpetual grumbler; she moans and whines on the smallest provocation. With all respect to you, mademoiselle, it is the way with women."

"Ah! Monsieur le Curé, so many women are unhappy."

"Yes, to be sure—those who have not been able to find husbands."

"And those whom their husbands beat."

"When they are beaten they deserve it; it is for their good. Come, now, mademoiselle, the worst marriage is preferable to the best of single blessedness."

"And yet there are cases—"

"Certainly—there are cases. But cite one, if you please."

"Well, then, there are women who feel themselves called to a religious life."

"You are right," he said; "we need Sisters. We need them very much, but the point is, to be sure that they have a vocation. Appearances are so deceitful!"

She summoned all her courage:

"I know a young girl—" she said; she did not blush, but her voice trembled to that degree that she could not continue.

"Ah! you know a young girl! Does she wish to become a nun?"

"The trouble is, that she has an uncle, a great-uncle, who is determined that she shall marry."

"God bless that great-uncle! In my opinion, he is a man of sense."

"Of course, sir; but she is just the same as engaged."

"Engaged by whom? Engaged to what? Has she taken the vows?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Curé, she has taken them mentally."

He dropped his pruning-knife. She looked eagerly into his eyes, in which she expected to read her fate.

"Mentally, did you say? That word is not in my vocabulary." He added, with a big laugh: "If the good God had contented himself with mentally promising the vine to Noah, he would have had the right to retreat. Then of what use would our trellises be? We should have nothing to grow on them. I have a great mind to go and see this great-uncle. We should soon settle the matter."

"It would be a very difficult thing to do," she answered, with a dreary smile.

"And why?"

"Because he has been dead for five months, Monsieur le Curé."

"He is dead, and yet he busies himself with the marriage of his great-niece? Really, this is a very strange story."

And he picked up his pruning-knife. She followed with her eyes the flight of a new-born butterfly. The curé did not speak, and she presently broke the silence herself:

"The father of this young girl recommended her to this noble old man only a few hours before his death. He regarded the last wishes of the dying man as sacred, he loved her and looked upon her as his own child. Is it not only just that his last wishes should, in their turn, be obeyed?"

"Precisely!" cried the curé, in a tone of triumph. Then, scratching his ear: "Yes, but there is that mental vow, that confounded mental vow. A fine invention that, upon my word! Now, mademoiselle, I will tell you how I will settle this point. As she promised God, mentally, to become a nun, I think she ought to fulfill this promise mentally—in idea, and in intention; that is to say, she, living in the world, will have under her left breast, *sub mamma sinistra*, a good little nun's heart."

And seizing his hat, which he had hung on the branch of a tree, he held it out to Jetta.

"What will you give me for my poor?" he said.

She drew a full purse from the pocket of her dress and dropped it into the hat.

"Good!" he said, with a shrewd look at her downcast face. "And now send to my confessional this girl who is disposed to tangle up things in this needless fashion. I shall condemn her for her sins to a speedy marriage, and bid her bring into the world at least ten children, of whom she shall make good Christians. They shall have either black eyes or blue, and, if she does me the honor to invite me to the baptismal feast, I will guarantee that there shall be no weeping there."

Thereupon he became more grave, and began to talk of other things, of his vineyards and his trellises, of the different varieties he had tried—the early maurillon, the pineau de Bourgoyne, and the pique poule. His chasselas, he said, were equal to those of Thomery, but how much trouble they were! Vines have so many enemies—spring frosts, rains, and rust, without speaking of hail, sickness, and insects. It was clear that, if God did not take especial charge of them, vines would never flourish.

When Jetta took leave of the curé, who was far shrewder than he seemed, he walked with her a few steps, and then hastened back to his work. She stopped at the gate to look at him. His complexion was very red, his head was rough, and his chasselas absorbed him; but when he pulled down the sleeves of his soutane—it was a real soutane—and a soutane meant the Church. . . .

The Church had spoken through these lips to which coarse laughs were not unfamiliar, and which were not afraid of plain speech. The Church had said to her: "Go your way, my daughter; obey your heart. God will not be displeased." After which the Church had asked for money for her poor. In his somewhat greasy hat, Mademoiselle Maulabret had dropped her purse, and at the same time heavy cares which weighed her down like a mountain, leaving her heart at peace.

She returned to the château in so gay a mood that she was tempted to sing aloud; and she walked so fast that the people who saw her pass looked after her in amazement. They did not know what had happened, nor why in both soul and in limbs she felt as light as a bird.

While Mademoiselle Maulabret conversed with the curé, Madame de Moisieux was deep in an angry discussion with her son. She demonstrated to him that, after the cruel test to which he had subjected the young girl, he could not for some time appear with any decency before her: that it was to his interest to abjure all his pretensions, or at all events to appear to do so, and to leave the field clear to Monsieur Albert Valport. He answered with a shake of his ears that he was dead in love with Mademoiselle Maulabret, and that he would have her; she had been promised to him, and that he should not give her up. Moreover he added that he and Albert Valpor had already quarreled over her, and, if the fellow dared present himself at Combard, he would cut his throat.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Ah!" she said, "will you never understand? Are you absolutely incapable of comprehension?"

"But what do you propose to do, mamma?"

"Allow me to settle that point for myself. I shall give Monsieur Cantarel my instructions, which will be, I assure you, most carefully followed."

"I don't doubt that," he answered, with a sneer. "This wretched tradesman has a sneaking kindness for you—that is easy to see. He watches you as a dog watches a bishop, and I don't doubt would crawl on his stomach to please you. Look out, mamma—look out!"

He began to laugh noisily at his joke. This impossible being, as we have before said, had certain intervals of clairvoyance—this child of Nature had at times all the cunning of a savage. This was still another reason why Madame la Marquise found little pleasure in his companionship. She could not endure that any one should rummage in her heart, her papers, or her drawers, and the impossible being respected nothing.

"Were you aware that you look like a goose

when you laugh in that way?" she asked, with a contemptuous look.

"You need not lose your temper; but you can explain your plans to me. I hope, at all events, that the first thing your macaroni-man does will be to show Valport the door. These will, of course, be your instructions?"

"Quite the contrary. I intend that he shall be received with the greatest cordiality. I know him well: he only enjoys difficult enterprises. He is like a character in an English tragedy, who never had a good appetite for his breakfast until he had killed several Scotchmen; otherwise life seemed to him very *fade* and insipid. When Monsieur Valport has discovered that there are no Scotchmen here to kill, his adventure will lose its savor, and in less than three weeks he will be thoroughly weary of his happiness."

"All this is too complicated for me," Lésin replied, with a frown indicative of the disturbance of his mind. It was with a similar frown that he had listened when his tutor attempted to explain the theorem of Pythagoras.

"You are certainly very obtuse, then," answered his mother, impatiently.

"And you are too deep. But never mind, so long as you are pleased. I myself am in favor of decided measures. I shall take my own measures, and we will see which of us two comes out best."

"No, I insist on you doing nothing of the kind," she answered, raising her voice. "You will commit folly on folly, and all will be lost. You, to make all sure, must leave Combarde this very night. Your aunt, Madame de Lisieux, is going south for two months. She was here a few hours ago to say good-by, and proposed that you should accompany her. At nine o'clock this evening you will take the train to Paris, and to-morrow leave for Cannes in the morning express. In two months you may come back, and then, I promise you, you will hear no more of Monsieur Valport."

He rebelled: he declared that his aunt was the most tiresome of women; that she always treated him as if he were a little boy, and that she always made him carry her pet dog, who was a most disagreeable little beast.

"Besides," he added, "I intend to devote myself to this matter. You are very adroit, madame, but sometimes you make dismal failures."

The marquise grew angry, telling him that he should obey, or suffer the consequences. The debate became a stormy one. Lésin ended by rising, and when he got to the door he turned.

"You will see," he said, "when it comes nine o'clock, none of my trunks will be packed."

She went out on her veranda and called, "Lara! Lara!"

A voice which seemed to come from the skies replied, "Here I am."

The young Greek was perched on the top of an old oak, the decayed branches of which he was sawing off. Enchanted with the danger, he sawed between himself and the trunk. When he heard the first crack he caught on some swaying limb, and hung suspended in the air.

"Come down at once," said the marquise, "and go and tell Monsieur Cantarel that I wish to see him."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," he answered, angrily.

"Then I shall go myself," said she, making a feint of going.

Agile as a squirrel, he slipped down the tree, and, forcing his way through the underbrush, he barred her passage. He looked like a brigand, but a very charming one. Although he was an inch or more shorter than herself, he could, by standing on tiptoe, bring his eyes to a level with hers. His were black as jet, and were only eighteen years old; hers were soft gray, and their age was uncertain, but that they had seen many things was very evident.

These black eyes and these gray ones did not speak the same tongue, and yet it was clear that they understood each other, and had a secret intelligence like thieves at a fair.

"Little wretch!" she cried, "how dare you say no when I say yes?"

He seized her by both wrists, and held her with so tight a grasp that she uttered a little shriek. He raised her lace sleeves and looked at her rounded arms; when he saw the blue prints left by his rascally fingers on this white and delicate skin, he colored with remorse, pride, and pleasure.

She said, with a smile:

"Go now and pack my son's trunk; I will tell you what to put in it."

The boy's face lighted up with joy.

"Is Monsieur Lésin going away, then?"

"Yes, to-night."

He ran at once to perform the task appointed. Young Lara had no liking for the coming guest, but he adored the parting one.

Madame de Moisieux always ended with having the upper hand in contests of this nature with her son. A little before nine o'clock he came in to take leave of her, with his traveling-cap on his head. His manner was so sulky that she laughed, and said:

"You seem to be very unhappy, and yet the pleasures you most highly prize can be found anywhere." She gave him several bank-notes, not without a pang, when she thought of the

way in which they would be wasted. She could not refrain from uttering a reproach.

"Pshaw!" he said; "you are not so poor as you try to make out."

She shrugged her shoulders. This young man was decidedly too clever for her sometimes.

"I have eyes, you know," he added, as he pocketed the money. As he said this he felt through all the pockets of his coats and pantaloons to find his gloves. His mother pointed out that they were on his hands.

"I congratulate you on your eyes," she said, quietly.

His hand was on the door when he turned and cried out:

"By-the-way, forbid Lara to smoke my pipes; don't let him wear my cravats, nor touch my gun. The little scamp thinks he can do what he pleases. When do you propose to send him back to his native gutter?"

"I will look out for him," she answered.

And when he was gone, absolutely gone, she sank into her chair with a sigh of relief.

"I am free for two months," she said, aloud. "And now, Monsieur Mongeron, we will see what we can do."

When Lésin entered the car he still looked very dismal. When he passed the Combard château he looked out at Mademoiselle Maulabret's window, in which he saw a light. In spite of his still burning resentment, he threw a kiss from his fingers into space. A little farther on he caught sight of the lantern of the Cheval Blanc, and he thought sadly of the pleasant game of pool which his friends the coachmen were at that moment playing together and without him. But he soon found comfort in his imagination; he had method as well. He deliberately passed in review the varied pleasures which a man can procure with bank-notes. He heard from the depths of his traveling-bag a delightful gurgle from bottles, and he remembered that on the journey he was about to take there would be more than one pretty girl to be met with at the different inns.

At the same moment Jetta, with her arms folded on the table, was saying to herself:

"If Madame de Moisieux is sincere, Monsieur Cantarel will say yes. But is she sincere?"

This point seemed very doubtful to her, and yet the various combinations were unknown to her. She knew nothing of Mongeron. She ended by taking up the pen and writing as follows:

"Monsieur, I do not oppose the visit which Monsieur Valport desires to make to Combard, but I have no illusions as to the result. You know the views which Monsieur Cantarel entertains in regard to me. I doubt if he relinquishes these views, no matter how good the reasons

may be which are given him for doing so. I propose to follow your example, sir, and like you to remain neutral, but at the same time sympathetic."

She read her reply over and over again, and was well satisfied with it, although it was cold and discouraging. Could more be expected from her? It seemed to her that she had raised a wall between her and happiness, and that she should never see him again—and yet she saw him still. This wall was well built, but it was transparent.

XVIII.

THREE days later Mademoiselle Maulabret entered her room on returning from a drive with Madame Cantarel, when the gong—that terrible gong—ringing all through the château, cried in her ear, "It is he—he has come!"

She ran to her window, and, looking down into the courtyard, beheld a superb chestnut horse champing his bits, all white with foam; she saw a handsome cavalier, irreproachable in elegance, who had come from Bois-le-Roi, where he had again taken up his residence. She drew back hastily and retreated to her sofa, where she sat for nearly an hour with her eyes closed and her hands pressed to her breast. She was astonished at the regular ticking of her clock, and wondered how it could continue to mark the seconds as if this day were like any other, and as if in the great crises of life there were still hours and minutes. Time stood still for her. Did she not know that her guardian had abstained from going to Paris that day, and that the handsome cavalier would find him at home?

She realized that the game she had been playing with her dead uncle for some months was drawing to a close. The result did not depend on her own will, which had now abdicated, but on a series of circumstances, the secret of which she did not hope to penetrate. At this very moment her fate hung in the balance, and she waited with her heart beating so loudly that it seemed to her it must be heard all over the château. Albert threw the bridle of his horse carelessly to a groom, who hurried from the stable; then he slowly ascended the steps, and found in the hall a tall and important lackey.

This lackey knew well what he was about. A simple glance satisfied him that this visitor had not descended from the heights of the Apennines—that is to say, from Mont Montant—and that he had none of the air of an electioneering agent. He informed him that his master was in the park, and asked for his card, and departed, leaving the stranger to wait an indefinite length of time in the anteroom. After a while he returned, and conducted the stranger up a wide

staircase of white marble with gilded railings to a small *salon*, where he left him, after placing on his knee the last number of "*La Vraie République*," the morning journal founded and managed by Monsieur Cantarel. But Albert apparently was not in a reading mood. He laid "*La Vraie République*" on the table, and with his hat in his hand began to pace the *salon*.

He was very pale—as pale as a gamester who has made up his mind to break the bank. He had the determined air of a captain of a man-of-war who is ready to blow up his ship rather than lower his flag. Occasionally he bit his lips until they bled, as if he desired to forget his anxiety in some physical pain.

In spite of his absorption, however, he took more than one glance at the superb Pompadour furniture around him, and which he had not expected to find in the mansion of a future city councilman of Paris. He discovered among the trifles of great price many articles which brought a smile to his lips, so suggestive were they of the tradesman. But he soon resumed his gravity, for he heard from the corridor that dry, resounding cough peculiar to men whose minds are absorbed in affairs of state.

In another moment Monsieur Cantarel entered the room, wearing a suit of twilled linen—this Louis XIV liked to astonish the world sometimes by his simplicity. He had on his head a red cap—almost a Phrygian cap—and carried in his hand Robespierre's cane, and wore in his button-hole a gentle narcissus which he had just culled in the park. He looked like a respectable country gentleman, but the expression of his face boded no good. He looked insolent and argumentative, and had the air of a booby who is conscious that he controls the fate of a gallant man, and is disposed to use or misuse his power.

Although Monsieur Valport was of *bourgeois* origin, he had inherited a fortune which was quite enough to induce the proprietor of "*La Vrai République*" to look on him as an aristocrat. It must be admitted that the air and manner of the stranger gave good reason for this opinion.

Monsieur Cantarel felt for him only the most profound pity, which his face fully expressed. He considered that a well-organized society ought not to admit to a share of its privileges and honors any others than the sons of their own world, and a few men of rank to whom the republic distributes their titles as a reward for their services, as an amusement for their leisure hours, and as a decoration to their lives—for what is more decorative than a *marquise*?

Albert made him a profound bow, and it was in an almost caressing tone that he said, "I think, sir, you already divine my reason for presenting myself before you?"

"I suspect it, sir," answered Monsieur Cantarel, abruptly. "I have recently received from Monsieur Vaugenis, who wishes you well, a letter of some four pages, and I regret that your impatience did not allow me to reply to it before I saw you. It is no great harm, however, for what I have to say I can say better by word of mouth than through a letter."

As he concluded this sentence he condescended to offer his guest a chair, and, taking one himself, he sat for some minutes in silence, using the cane of the immortal Maximilian to strike regular little taps on his gaiters. The man's manner was, in Monsieur Valport's opinion, prophetic of evil, but he had been told that he had embarked on a perilous enterprise, and he determined that his patience should be angelic. He had arranged his plan of action in advance, and was by no means a man to resort, until compelled, to intimidation or violent measures.

"Monsieur Vaugenis," he replied, "has undoubtedly informed you of the sentiments with which Mademoiselle Maulabret has inspired me, and of the joy I should feel—"

"Or that you think you would feel in becoming the happy proprietor of so charming a person," interrupted Monsieur Cantarel. "Without doubt, you think you love her. But are you sure of this, sir? You really know very little of her."

"A man who has any knowledge of women," answered Albert, "does not need to see Mademoiselle Maulabret very often to discover that she is like none other."

"Well, she is not bad. She is quite pretty, and I think it more than probable that you would adore her. But that is not the question. I am her guardian, sir," and, puffing out his cheeks, he added: "I am a man with very serious ideas of my duty. When I accept an office, I accept it with all its responsibilities. I am not a man to shirk any of them."

He accompanied this statement with a gesture worthy of Danton.

"When I consented to become the guardian of this poor child," he continued, with tears in his voice, "I swore that to insure her happiness should become the first duty of my life. I should never forgive myself were she to be unhappy. Consequently, she shall never, with my consent, marry any man who does not look seriously and solemnly on the duties of marriage, and on the sanctity of the conjugal relations. For marriage is a holy institution, and you will remark that I speak now of the civil marriage. As to the other—"

"It seems to me that we are wandering a little from the question," interrupted Albert, in his turn.

Monsieur Cantarel frowned. He did not

permit any one to check the torrent of his eloquence.

"I do not deny, sir," he continued, coldly, that you are a person of some importance. I do not allude to your names. Names are nothing to me; but I am told that you are clever, and you certainly have an agreeable manner, and, though you have wasted a fortune that you yourself did not amass, you still have enough left to make a very good appearance in the world. Unfortunately, sir, I look for solid qualities before all others—solid qualities of both mind and heart, and I hear that your past career—"

"Has been deplorable," interrupted Albert, with enchanting frankness. "But do not let us disturb the peace of the dead."

"Monsieur Vaugenis informed me that you had sown your wild-oats, and I congratulate you. France needs sober men—men with serious views of life, who will consecrate themselves entirely to her service, who despise pleasures and similar trifles—who have principles, in short. Have you principles, sir? May I be permitted to ask your opinions?"

"My political opinions, do you mean?"

"Yes, of course; those are the essential ones."

"But, really, I can not see what my political opinions have to do with this affair, or in what way they have to do with the happiness of Mademoiselle Maulabret."

"You do not see it! I judge a man by his opinions, sir. If his opinions are good, so is a man."

"I should rather put it," answered Albert, with a smile, "that if a man is good his opinions are likely to be so too."

"I am inclined to believe that you have none. Are you a republican?"

"Most assuredly, since a republic is the only possible thing now."

"Then you admit that you take advantage of your opportunities? I suspected as much."

"I should be glad, sir, if it could be said of me that I am successful in doing so, particularly on this occasion."

"Are you in favor of schools and of hospitals controlled by laymen? If you had the power, would you suppress the various orders of monks and nuns?"

"It seems to me that the favor I am asking at your hands is not of a nature to please them, at all events."

"Ah! you have no fear of poaching on the territory of the Lord, but you do so for your own pleasure and not from conviction. You are not convinced, and yet you aspire to politics.—Poor France!"

"I aspire to nothing at this moment," an-

swered Albert, in a velvety voice, "except to obtain your consent to my paying my addresses to your ward, Mademoiselle Maulabret."

"You return to that same point with marvelous persistency. You wish to marry my ward; that is your wish, your dream, and your chimera? Do you know, sir, that I can make her a marquise?"

"I am quite aware, sir, that you would have no difficulty in obtaining for Mademoiselle Maulabret a far more brilliant *parti* than myself, and one infinitely more worthy of her. I have, nevertheless, two arguments to offer in my favor. The first is, that I am madly in love; the second, that Monsieur Antonin Cantarel desired this marriage—that he himself selected me as his candidate, and would adhere to his choice, I believe, were he still alive."

Monsieur Cantarel laughed vociferously; he was more and more arrogant, now that he saw Albert's submission.

"You present yourself, then, as an official candidate?" he cried. "Ah! monsieur, you are not overwise. Official candidate, indeed! And you flatter yourself that you are pleasing me, do you, by recalling those days of shame and servitude, when an oppressive power dictated its own choice to the universal suffrage, and ground France under its heel."

And as if this recollection, so unfortunately evoked, had caused him a spasm—as if it absolutely suffocated him—he began to pace the *salon*, fanning himself with his handkerchief and at intervals darting looks of mingled indignation and pity at Albert. Monsieur Valport felt that his stock of angelic patience was exhausted; his blood was boiling, his ears tingling, and he himself quite ready for warfare. What, then, was his astonishment when Monsieur Cantarel suddenly stood still in front of him and said:

"You want her, do you; you really want her? Well, then, take her; I give her to you."

Albert was as if stunned under a happiness which came down upon him like a blow from a club. He hardly dared believe his ears, but, looking at Monsieur Cantarel suspiciously, wondered if he were not playing a practical joke.

"Well, why do you not thank me, young man?" cried the oratorical millionaire.

"Monsieur," answered Albert, "tell me what evidence of gratitude you expect from me, and I am quite ready to give it."

And to himself he said, "If he asks me to embrace him, I will do so." But the young man was not put to so sore a test. His whole air and manner had changed, and his arrogance had given place to an excess of familiarity, which Monsieur Valport endured with the greatest difficulty.

"You certainly would be an ingrate if you didn't adore me, for I am certainly making you a magnificent present. Setting aside a guardian's partiality, I must confess that this little girl is a marvel of beauty, and you are a happy rascal. Tell me, now, how long have you been in love with her?"

"Ever since the day when I saw her in a hospital dressing the wounds of a poor sick woman," he answered, with icy coldness. "When a man believes no longer in ballet-dancers, the woman he prefers is she who has the precious gift of doing useful things well."

Monsieur Cantarel gave him a slap on the shoulder, and with a wink replied:

"You are more perverse, then, than I supposed. It is not the woman but the nun whom you adore." And without waiting for an answer he added: "But I have a word to say to my ward. I must consult her. I will be back in a moment."

Albert was alone for some ten minutes; he was almost appalled at the un hoped-for rapidity of his success. "Look out, my lad," he said to himself. "This mountebank would like to mystify you. It looks to me like a little plot, and probably after I have enjoyed my happiness for some little time, and rolled the sweet morsel under my tongue, he will sweep the whole affair away with the assistance of Madame de Moiseux."

At this idea his eyes flashed fire; in a moment more Monsieur Cantarel appeared and said, in the most benevolent of tones:

"It is all right, my dear sir; you are accepted by the ward as well as by the guardian, just as I expected. You are a great magician, and have bewitched the child. She adores you, sir, and you owe me no gratitude. I give her to you because I can not do otherwise; if I should refuse my consent, I should have to watch her all the time, and I have too much business on hand for that. In spite of a promise I have made—a promise of great discretion—I intend to tell you something. The other day a person who shall be nameless—but to a jealous man much must be forgiven—This person, as I was saying, amused himself by making her believe that you had been thrown from your horse and killed. The poor little soul dropped down cold and stiff. Now, this is what I call love!"

If at this moment the man whom he had called a mountebank had fallen over a precipice, Monsieur Valport would have leaped over himself to rescue him. He forgave him all his pompous folly, his coarse, familiar jests, and came near thinking him charming, agreeable, and distinguished. His face darkened, however, when Monsieur Cantarel added:

"I have made one condition, however, which my ward has accepted; you are not to see each other, however, for ten weeks."

"This condition seems to me a little severe," answered Monsieur Valport, "and also a little singular."

"Let me explain. You know, possibly, that la Marquise de Moiseux asked me to give my ward to her son. The young lady does not fancy him, but, as she is fond of his mother, she consented to take this time for consideration—that is, to defer her refusal until the end of June. Madame de Moiseux is too reasonable a woman to cherish the least hope; still, she wishes to save her son's feelings, and has obtained from him a promise to travel for a while. He did not wish to go away, and, in fact, would not do so until I had myself given him the assurance that on his return he would find her as free as he left her. This is a mere formality, sir; but I have always attached much importance to forms. I am a punctilious man—a very punctilious man. You need not look so aggrieved, my dear fellow, two months quickly slip away; and, if my word is not sufficient, why, I can give it to you in writing—and, by-the-way, I am not a tyrant, and, if I forbid your seeing her, I don't forbid your writing her just as often as you please."

These last words calmed Albert's fears. If he were permitted to write, there, of course, was nothing for him to fear, and he also remembered that Monsieur Cantarel's punctiliousness would give him time to put his château in order, for it was at Bois-le-Roi that he proposed to pass his honeymoon. He could now fit it up with all the luxurious elegance befitting his bride.

"I hope, at all events," he answered, "that you intend to allow me to pay my respects to Mademoiselle Maulabret to-day. I should be glad to receive from her lips the confirmation—"

"You are right," interrupted Monsieur Cantarel, taking him by the arm. "The ladies are in the *salon* waiting for us."

A half-hour later Monsieur Valport was walking on the terrace with Jetta, who had been deputed to do the honors. The rôles were reversed. He was excited and nervous; his voice betrayed his emotion. Jetta, on the contrary, was quiet and in the best of spirits. Her internal conflicts were over. She no longer felt remorse nor anxiety, but abandoned herself to the rapidity of the current that swept her away, and it was curious to notice that, if she possessed her soul in peace, it was mainly due to an old hussar who had exchanged his uniform for a soutane.

They seated themselves on a bench, and Albert exclaimed:

"I feel very much as if somebody ought to bite my little finger to prove to me that I am

awake! Is this bench a real bench? Are those lilacs I see there? Is this I? And you—are you really here? Upon my word, I don't quite know where I am. I thought of Combard as of an impregnable château, and I came here prepared to endure the fatigues of a long siege. And, behold, the drawbridge was lowered for me, and I came to you over a path of velvet. It seems to me that I have not paid dearly enough for my happiness, and that it is shameful to return from a battle-field without a wound. I was obliged to submit to a minute examination, however, as to my political opinions."

"And were your replies satisfactory?"

"I fancy not. I was called a skeptic for one thing."

"Ah, yes, to be sure; a tolerant skeptic. You told me as much the first evening I saw you."

"And yet you consent to marry me. It is wonderful. But do not be troubled. I calumniated myself. I have religious opinions of a most decided nature."

"May I ask what they are?"

He could speak all tongues.

"Listen to me," he replied. "I believe that there is a God. I believe that he is infinitely kind, since he permits us to exist and to live on this globe together. I believe that he has infinite foresight, and that he intended ages ago that we two should meet in this vale of tears. I believe that his displeasure would have been great had we disputed his will. I believe, moreover, that he is too reasonable to expect perfection from imperfect beings. Furthermore, I believe," he added, riveting on Jetta his eagle-eyes, the fervor of which she with difficulty endured—"I believe that the quality in which we may more nearly resemble this infinite and perfect Being is the love which two finite and imperfect beings like yourself and me may feel for one another. Let us love each other with all our hearts and all our souls, and, if ever through your aid I obtain my entrance into the kingdom of heaven I shall feel that I have had a glimpse of it before on the earth below."

This profession of faith struck Mademoiselle Maulabret as of doubtful orthodoxy, but she was not shocked by it. Women have an admirable gift of reading and translating according to their wishes. They can level mountains, fill up valleys, and whiten the blackest sins. A woman, a true woman who loves an atheist, will read in his eyes, no matter what he says, nor what he does, that he believes and worships.

"This is my *credo*," he continued. "What do you think of it?"

"I am afflicted," she answered, gayly, "to find that you no longer regard me as perfection."

"You are right: I have discovered in you a grave fault. You prefer hope to happiness, and you ask two months in which to learn to resign yourself to happiness."

"But it was not I who asked for this delay."

"Very possibly, but you endure it with marvellous patience and equanimity."

"Is it not well," she answered, "to allow happiness to ripen before it is culled?"

"This reply does infinite honor to your wisdom, but I reproach you because it is too wise. When you belong to me, you will teach me a little common-sense, I will teach you a little folly; and then all will go well!"

They were here interrupted by Monsieur Cantarel, who insisted on showing Monsieur Valport his park, his château, his Fragonard and his Danton. Albert lent himself with the best grace in the world to the wishes of his host, and admired everything without reserve. He found this on the whole easier than it would have been to rescue Monsieur Cantarel from an abyss.

When he had completed the tour of his grounds, Mademoiselle Maulabret's guardian was in such a delightful frame of mind that, forgetting his customary prudence, he ventured to appeal to his wife aside, although he knew by experience how cutting her tongue could be.

"You have not yet seen," he said to Albert, "the most beautiful thing at Combard, the wonder of wonders. Ask Madame Cantarel to show you her black cocks."

He repented of his audacity when Madame Cantarel, who had heard the story of the Fragonard, answered in her cold, clear voice:

"My black cocks have the advantage of being authentic. I never buy them when I am asleep."

Albert was invited to dinner, to which he did honor. He was also very amusing; he told several anecdotes with spirit and grace. He had a great deal of wit. Madame Cantarel even thought he had too much, but she did not confide her opinion to any one. At nine o'clock Monsieur Valport's horse was brought to the courtyard.

"My dear," said Monsieur Cantarel to Jetta, "I authorize you to conduct Monsieur Valport to the foot of the steps. He has promised not to run away with you."

She went out with Albert. A groom held a lantern in one hand and the bridle of the horse with the other. Albert succeeded in getting rid of the man by sending him into the hall for a glove he had left on the table. Then, placing his hand on the saddle, he said to Jetta:

"Would to Heaven I could place you there and bear you in my arms through the night and the wind, as the song says! What have you to say?"

"No," she answered, laughing, "for we should not have the pleasure of writing to each other."

"This is my first letter," he answered.

And, taking her suddenly in his arms, he pressed on her lips one long kiss; the sweetness, the intoxication, and the tenor of which still lingered there when she reentered the château.

Whatever Madame Cantarel might think, Monsieur Valport was passionately *épris* by Mademoiselle Maulabret, and was as proud as he was happy at his victory. But he had made certain mistakes. He believed that he had embarked in an enterprise which required a vast amount of courage and energy—he had anticipated the opposition of a managing guardian, the intrigues of Madame de Moisieux, and the scruples of the young lady herself. And, the very moment the first shot was fired, the enemy faded away like a phantom and deserted the battle-field. He was like a man who stiffens all his muscles and summons all his strength to break in a door: the door opens of itself, and he

does not know what to do with his hoarded strength. Albert buried his spurs in the flanks of his horse, *faute de mieux*, and struck at the low-hanging branches of the trees as he galloped on at full speed.

He would not have expended his energy in this way had he known that at this very moment the Marquise de Moisieux was returning from Paris, where she had been to visit an old fox with whom she had a brief but important conversation.

"It is a fairy story," said Jetta, to Madame Cantarel, who replied:

"I like fairy stories, but there are stories without the fairies." And meeting Jetta's questioning eyes, she added, "My dear, I, like Monsieur Vaugenis, say to you, 'Look out!'"

"And of whom should I be afraid?"

"Of Monsieur Cantarel, of la Marquise de Moisieux, of Monsieur Valport, of yourself, and of all the world."

"May God forgive her!" thought Jetta. "I wonder if her sufferings have affected her mind?"

A PEEP AT FRENCH SCHOOLS.

JOHN BULL is ceasing to be a good hater. The very Russians are no longer an abomination to him; and, in spite of Tunis, the very hero of Trafalgar could hardly persuade him to regard the French as "dangerous and even devilish individuals." Curiosity has conquered prejudice.

But, though it is now fashionable for us to gather honey from foreign weeds, the judgments we pass on the sweet spoil seem seldom to rise above a patriotic half-truth: "Our own institutions are the best for us; those of the French are 'good enough for them,'" the conclusive proof being that the first produce Englishmen and the second Frenchmen.

Read "schools" for "institutions," and no impartial jury could give us a verdict. Our own test fails us, for our schools do not always produce "Englishmen" in the best sense of the word. *Ubi qui post vota perierunt?* How many have been retarded by their school training, and how many have only made progress in spite of it? A nation like ours that has no national system of secondary schools to stand between its board-schools and its universities is making the best blessings of civilization a matter of privilege. The word "national" does not apply either to Eton School or to Oxford University, in the same sense in which it applies to the board and church schools

of our primary system of education. Philanthropists may induce all school boards to copy London, and found scholarships to carry the best boys from the lower schools to the secondary. But these are a favored few; and the middle-class schools into which they are drafted are good or bad, according to the luck of the locality. For the masses, there is practically an infinite distance to divide an Oxford college, or even a "public school," with its multitudinous fees and strait exclusiveness, from a city board-school, with its nominal charges and indiscriminate admission of all comers. The Scotch college, which is too often a public school and a university in one unhappy combination, is by no means at an infinite distance from the Scotch peasant. It is still sufficiently democratic to be national, and simply needs to be "differentiated" in order to serve its purpose properly in the educational system. But, in England, if we put ourselves in the position of a peasant's son leaving school and aspiring to higher things, we must feel that there are few facilities for him. His guidance ends in the board-school; and, if he stands and sees and looks for the old paths to guide him further, he finds their traces so indistinct that he can hardly guess whither they ever tended—was it to South Kensington or only to Dotheboys Hall?

There is no such doubt about the public schools of the minority. They have strongly-marked features, unmistakably English, which give a sharp point to the contrast with their nearest French counterpart. The contrast applies to letter as well as to spirit. Dryasdust might discern the different genius of the French and English nations by their different ways of marking their school-time. The Eton or Harrow boy goes as "the bell invites" him; the pupils of *lycée* St. Louis or Charlemagne obey the tuck of drum. If this does not mean a different genius, it means at least a different history. The English public school rings the ecclesiastical bell in unconscious gratitude to its pious founders and benefactors, who were nothing if not churchmen. The French *lycée* is the handiwork of a soldier, and fitly beats the martial drum. There is much crystallized history in the *lycée*. Napoleon's drum is by no means the only contribution which the past has made to the present in the making of it. The Revolution, the First Empire, and the irrepressible Jesuits have all left their mark here. It was Bonaparte who turned the Catholic colleges into "lyceums" in 1804 and plaited them into the network of his "University of France" in 1808. That grandiose body, which for half a century "monopolized education in the same sense as the law courts monopolize justice and the army monopolizes public force," was certainly of Napoleon's creating; but the general plan of his educational institutions had little originality in it. He paid a tacit compliment to the Jesuits by modeling his new *lycées* on their colleges, which had survived not only the exodus of their founders in 1764, but the great Revolution of a generation later, and were little the worse for wear in the interval.

But, besides the impress of priests and emperors, the *lycée* shows the footprints of democracy. By a kind of political irony, conservatism has guarded the results of that Revolution, which seemed to destroy all conservatism. The very Bourbons learned to preserve the substance of its changes, and forgot to restore the old landlords and the old privileges. If we wish, however, to see the influence of the Revolution on society, as well as on politics, we find it nowhere more conspicuous than at school. If an English public school is very apt to become a junior Conservative club, an average *lycée* will have the opposite tendency. Of course we do not need to go to France to find schoolboys who scoff at titles. The new-comer at Eton who boasted of his birth was rewarded with "one kick for your father the marquis and another for your uncle the duke." French equality could not go further. But there is more in a French *lycée* than a disregard of titles, which seldom after all outlives school-life, either in England or elsewhere. There is a disregard of fort-

une. The instinctive English disrespect for a man who is as poor as a church mouse is not entirely absent at English schools. The same boy who kicked the aristocratic new-comer would probably prefer his society to that of a plebeian new-comer out at elbows, even if he were the son of a Faraday or a Coleridge. It is indeed too probable that the threadbare person would be spared humiliation by being denied admission. But let a stranger visit a large Parisian school, like *lycée* Fontanes or Charlemagne, when the afternoon drum has released the boys and they are crowding to the entrance; he can not shut his eyes to the fusion of ranks there. The most casual glance shows him the rich and the poor meeting together; and the masters will tell him there is a fusion of sects as well as of fortunes. There is perhaps only one single case in which a man's religion is known by his face; and the English spectator would soon pick out the boys of this recognizable "persuasion." But in addition he would find Protestant, Catholic, and non-descript arm in arm. Charlemagne and Fontanes happen to be the only two day-schools among the *lycées* of Paris; they have no full boarders. Pupils come to them from families in the neighborhood, and from the boarding-houses, clerical or otherwise, which send their boys during the day for secular teaching, and withdraw them at night, to provide for their other wants. The *lycée* of the commoner type is itself a boarding-house; and the religious needs of the boys are supplied by Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish chaplains (*aumôniers catholiques, ministres protestants et israélites*), who come for the purpose at stated hours. But, so long at least as they are in the class-room, the scholars are not reminded of their religious differences. They learn no lesson of religious animosity at school, however quickly they pick it up out-of-doors. The Catholics are the large majority; but the toleration is said to be nearly perfect. The Revolution seems in this case to have made a very near approach in practice to that religious equality which it has always taught in theory. It is the greater pity that when the boys become men they unlearn this school-lesson. It ought to be added that the occasional complaints made about the intolerance of teachers apply chiefly to the primary teachers in the country districts, where the temptations to abuse authority are stronger than in a Parisian *lycée*, the teachers being inferior men, and not equally under the eye of public opinion. After every excuse is made, it will still be very singular, and not altogether satisfactory, if equality, the prime gain of 1789, should be more honored in the *lycées* of Napoleon than in Guizot's grammar-schools.

Look again at the boys before they have left

school. How much can physiognomy and "ocular inspection" tell us of their character? Not a great deal—perhaps nothing more than the commonplace, "Boys will be boys." But it is refreshing to verify that ancient maxim in a country where all the boys are doomed to be soldiers, and where we might therefore expect them to pass all their school-days subject to bondage, from fear of the drill-sergeant. On the contrary, their games are hearty without being Spartan; and neither schoolmaster nor drill-sergeant may test their endurance by the lash. The Revolution venerates the human person even in the "untamed animalism" of the boy, and strictly forbids birching. Reward and not punishment is the inducement to learn. Philosophers have long debated which is the stronger motive, the fear of punishment or the hope of reward. The English as a general rule adopt the first alternative, the French the second. "Courage," said the firemen to their dying comrade, pulled too late from the ruins of the *Magasin du Printemps*, "you will be decorated," where the English consolation would have been, "You will escape dishonor." In the case of school-boys in particular, we have good means of comparing French rewards with English punishments. There are several able teachers in Paris and all over France, who have had experience of both systems; and they declare for the French. They profess to find the French boy more willing to work, more attentive in the class-room, and more subject to discipline. There is certainly no lack of keenness in competition. Boy competes with boy in the same class, and the picked pupils of one *lycée* compete with the picked pupils of another. *Quis virtutem amplectitur ipsam Præmia si tollas?* Cambridge itself does not apply this motto more confidently to education; and the doubtfully good result of ardent rivalry is said to go along with the undoubtedly good one of perfect discipline. We must accept the statement on faith; and our faith is apt to become skepticism when we look at the matter critically. We are puzzled, for example, by the unwillingness of the authorities of a school to admit strangers into the class-rooms during lesson. Every stranger who asks for this privilege in Paris must wonder at the difficulties put in his way, even when he is fortified with the all-important "*autorisation*" from the rector of the academy or the prefect of the Seine. If he is so persevering as to gain his point, he may, after all, see no reason for the reluctance. But, let him press the teachers to explain it, and they will in most cases confess that it was a question of discipline. If they can barely control the boys when they are alone with them, how can they do it when a stranger's presence lays the

last straw? Fortunately, the classes are never disturbed through any childish "taking of places" by physical locomotion; the superintendent of a *lycée* is not likely to allow a stranger to visit any class that is not under the tight control of its teacher; and in Paris we may expect to find the best of teachers, and therefore the best of discipline.

Paris no doubt is not France; but in everything except morals it has probably the best of everything French. In schools as in dainties it has the first choice. Public opinion means something more powerful in Paris than it does in the provinces; it is more critical of public servants; and the eye of watchful boards and councils can scrutinize them with greater ease. It is the center of the system of rewards as well as of all other machinery. To be called to London may not always be the highest possible promotion to the English teacher; but to be called to Paris is certainly so to the Frenchman. The professor in a Parisian *lycée* has probably served many years in a provincial *lycée*, say at Lyons, Orleans, or Boulogne. He has the stamp of government upon him. He has suffered many things of many examiners. If he is teacher of Latin and Greek, it is probable that he became Bachelor of Letters when he was sixteen, this degree forming not the end but the beginning of a French university course, and perhaps most nearly corresponding to the matriculation of London University. Then he probably heard lectures for a year; and proceeded to pass the more difficult examination for the "licentiate" in his special subject, thereby becoming qualified to serve his apprenticeship as a teacher. After three years of this apprenticeship he surmounted one more examination, the greatest trial of all, and became "Associate in Letters." All his examinations were thorough, so far as they went; and they would undoubtedly have kept him out had he been an incapable man, which is perhaps all the good that any examination can ever do. The last of his trials differed from the first chiefly in being far more minute and special; and it tried his nerves as well as his brains more severely than the rest. One part of it consisted in teaching an imaginary class, in presence of his examiners. It was, moreover, a competitive examination; and our professor was perhaps one out of half a dozen "selected candidates," sifted out of a score or more. But, this trial past, he had no more to fear. Once associate, he was assured of an appointment "for life or for fault." He had gained the title and standing of a professor in a government secondary school. The authoress of "*Villette*" has accustomed us to the wide Continental use of the word "professor." Indeed, the schoolmasters who bear this

name are the stuff out of which the university professors are made; and there are many of them, in Paris and out of it, whose lectures to their school-pupils would do no discredit to any university. An Englishman wonders that so able and well-informed a body of men make so little of the *nexus* of cash payment, and are content with mere schoolmaster's work. But the position of a "professor" is independent. He has nothing to do with the boys after leaving the *lycée*, unless in the way of correcting their exercises. The internal arrangements of the boarding-house are managed by the warden, proctor, and bursar, if one may so translate *proviseur*, *censeur*, and *économe*. The professor needs care for none of these things. As soon as the drum beats, at close of the afternoon, he goes on his way home, light of heart. The ushers (*répétiteurs*) will make the boys prepare their lessons for his class that evening; but he himself, if his pile of exercises be not too high, may be at his ease. He may follow the devices and desires of his own heart, whether they lead him to write a learned book, in order to get a professor's chair of another kind in a university faculty, or whether they lead him to eke out his salary by private lessons, and count the days until his sixtieth birthday, when the drum will dismiss him for the last time, and his salary will become a pension.

It may seem a paradox to add that not only French teachers, but most Frenchmen everywhere, are content with "that position in life in which Providence has placed them"; but it is a truth. The same feeling that makes Frenchmen so reluctant to emigrate makes them willing to acquiesce in the inevitable, as the Turks in Kismet, murmuring their Job-like "*Que voulez-vous?*" "It can't be helped!" There is ambition everywhere; but the friction of competition seems to be less cruel than in England. There is a struggling crowd; but there is less damage to the sides and toes. When men have a good post, they are proud of it, and do not grumble that it is not better.

This feeling is not a mere listless conservatism. It may even tell in favor of reform. M. Paul Bert, the Forster of French education, was recently asked how he explained the apparent acquiescence of his Catholic countrymen in his sweeping educational reforms, involving, as they did, the establishment of at least two startling novelties, compulsory education and secular education. He replied: "They are accepting compulsory education because they are beginning to understand the blessings of education; and they are allowing us to take the schools out of the hands of the clergy, because they are indifferent on that subject. Fortunately for us, the ma-

jority of the people are rather hypocrites than fanatics." But he added (what is more to the present point) that the average Frenchman has such an habitual respect for law that he will quietly submit to a measure when it is an act, even if he had disagreed with it when it was a bill. Englishmen are wont to thank Heaven that they are not as other men are, who pay no respect to the law of the land; but, if M. Bert's analysis of this feeling is right, it is not wholly a feeling to thank Heaven for. In his own Catholic countrymen he thinks it means partly a dread of *gendarmerie*, partly a genuine reverence; and the genuine reverence means that deep regard for authority which has been dyed into the people by centuries of Church training. It is possible that our own first lessons in discipline came in the same way, through the Church. But at least we can understand that our neighbors, from having been longer under the Roman schoolmistress, have more perfectly entered into the spirit of her lessons. The same explanation, on principles of "heredity," may account for the superior tractableness of French schoolboys. The notorious helplessness of French masters in an English schoolroom is not paralleled by any corresponding weakness of English masters in France, if reports are true.

There is abundant proof, however, that the French respect for law is due to a strength and not to a weakness in the national character, namely, to the national talent for organization. It is possible for a man to be singularly skillful in making rules, and reducing all his work to system and method, while at the same time he has ideas too great for execution, and is led from time to time to break the network of his system, in a vain attempt to force these ideas into it. In the same way it is possible for a nation, that possesses great powers of organization, to fall from time to time into political confusion by attempting too much at once. If the French lack anything, it is not at least the readiness to provide machinery, or the will to give it trial; and it is on these points that we may learn from them. Their system of public instruction, with its ramifications of primary, secondary, and superior, represented by parish school, *lycée*, and university faculties, is a tolerably complete machine, needing, it may be, improvement, but not reconstruction. Educational reformers in France—men like Bert, Gréard, Bréal—may be said to have only one end in view; and that is to make education more democratic. The "open career" must cease to be a figure; the *βλος τέλειος* must be possible to every man. But, to secure this end, they say that three changes must be made in the French system. Primary education must be made compulsory, and therefore free and sec-

ular; secondary must be so connected with primary and superior that the poor man's son may be able to rise from the first to the third with the least possible difficulty; and in the third place the old narrow conservatism in regard to the subjects taught in the higher schools must be relaxed.

How is the son of a workingman or of a farm-laborer to reach the highest heights of learning? This question will inevitably meet us in England as soon as we have put our school boards in order and have time to look beyond the barest necessities of intellectual life. We know that in England it is hard for the laborer's son, handicapped by poverty, to scrape together enough Latin and Greek to win a scholarship at an English college; and the public schools are too dear for him. How do matters stand on the other side of the Channel? M. Paul Bert is fond of telling how, in a country walk, he picked up a peasant-lad by the wayside, found out his talents, and made him use them in gaining a bursary, by means of which he is now studying in a provincial *lycée*, on his way to the university. On the whole, sheer merit counts for more in France than in England. But even in France the three systems of primary, secondary, and superior are not sufficiently connected, otherwise the intervention of such a special providence as M. Bert would not have been needed to convey plowboys to the university. The three systems have by no means been steps of one ladder. By an English standard the fees in a *lycée* are not high; even in Paris they are, for boarding and tuition, only about four pounds per pupil a month for the lowest, and five pounds for the highest classes; and the fees are frequently remitted in the case of the poorer pupils. Still it is confessedly a rare thing for the very poor to rise from parish-school to *lycée*. The very programme of the *lycée* was formerly arranged on the assumption that such a thing could not happen. The *lycée* is not merely a secondary school. It is meant to give a boy all the education he needs from the time he leaves home to the time he goes to the university, the army, or the "school of arts." The paternal French Government prescribes the work to be done in the eight or nine classes of a *lycée*, as our own lays down the code for the board-school. The classes of a *lycée* are divided into three groups, the elementary division, the division of grammar, and the superior division. In the classes of the first group (IX, VIII, VII), a boy will learn the three R's and something more. He will study his own language, and receive his first introductions to history and geography. In the division of grammar (classes VI, V, IV) he will learn Latin, Greek, with English or German, while he continues to

study the three R's and his own language. It is a virtue of all French schools that they train the scholar well in French. At the end of "grammar" a boy may, if he likes, pass an examination and receive a certificate in grammar, qualifying him, e. g., to begin his studies for some of the inferior medical appointments. But, if he thinks of the university, he goes on to the superior group of school classes (III, II, and I), where he gains a minuter knowledge of ancient and modern languages, history, and geography, and adds a little philosophy. If he is not to be a man of law or of letters, he may substitute scientific studies for some of the advanced literary subjects of the programme; and the *lycée* is often connected with a "preparatory school," which gives a training for special professions.

This is the case, for example, with the Parisian Lycée St. Louis, from which most of the above features have been taken. But in truth a French *lycée*, whether it be in Paris, Lyons, or Boulogne, in Doubs, La Vendée, or Algeria, is essentially the same institution, working after the same plan, and obeying the same rules. There is no "bazaar" of secondary schools in democratic France, as in aristocratic England; there is a single type. To understand how these schools are related to the "Faculties" of the university, we have only to think of the relation between the university and the colleges in Oxford or Cambridge. Suppose the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge to be elementary as well as secondary in their instruction; suppose boys to enter them at ten or eleven, and leave at eighteen or nineteen; suppose the discipline of school instead of the liberty of college-life; and, lastly, suppose the colleges to be scattered up and down the country and even over the colonies, instead of being congregated in one town; that would be a near approach to the system of secondary education in France. The "Faculties" of the university, the several professors of law, language, philosophy, and science, throughout the country are the common Board of Examiners, who examine the pupils of the *lycées* for their Bachelor's, Licentiate's, Associate's, or Doctor's degree. The expression "University of France" has, it is true, a wide sense; it means rather an Education Department, the Department of Secondary Education, than a learned body; and, as such, it includes the *lycées* as well as the institutions which we in this country would call universities. But, as there are *lycées* all over France, so there are "Faculties" of the university, groups of university professors, in all the chief towns. Their lectures are free as air; they are open to all, without distinction of age, sex, rank, fortune, or qualification. Luckily or unluckily, they have seldom any near bearing on a student's work

for his degree, and he is under no necessity to attend them. It would be interesting to know what proportion of *bona-fide* students fill the lecture-room of M. Caro, M. Renan, or M. Beau-lieu. But it is well that those whose education has been neglected in early life should have so pleasant an opportunity of remedying the neglect in their riper years. Knowledge can not be made too cheap.

Let us, however, go down the ladder again, in order to see whether the poor man's son can ever make his way up to a university degree. The present authorities are removing one or two obstacles in his way. For the future, if he does not draw the marshal's *bâton* out of his knapsack, it is to be his own fault. Till very recently it was not possible for a boy to resume his studies, on entering the *lycée*, at the exact point where he had stopped them on leaving his own parish-school. He learned no Latin at the parish-school; and, if he came to the *lycée* and wished to begin Latin from the beginning, he must be put back to the eighth class, which in all other subjects would be too elementary for him. The remedy has been found in the deferring of Latin till the fifth class of the *lycée*; and steps are being taken to develop the system of bursaries and scholarships, so that poor boys may have abundant facilities for passing from board-school to high-school. Perhaps our English remedy would have been not to defer Latin in the *lycée*, but to introduce it in the elementary school. But the French draw a hard and fast line between primary and secondary education. No subject is taught in the primary schools that is not deemed absolutely necessary for all citizens; and all the subjects that are to be studied by a boy at school are introduced to him in his very first year. Reading, writing, arithmetic, French grammar, French history, and general geography, these six studies make up the entire literary programme. The child receives in his first year a sketch which he fills up in detail during the later years. The difference between the first and the third year is simply between an elementary and a complete way of treating the same subject. These main outlines are the code for all primary schools. Nothing is fixed and rigid, however, except the main outlines. The primary system of education in France is, on the whole, a system of local self-government. Within the bounds of the general programme, each department may fix the books and subjects for its own schools in its own way. There is an *Organisation Pédagogique des Écoles Publiques du Département de la Seine*, and similar local codes for the other eighty-six departments of France. Our neighbors are at present in somewhat the same critical position in which we found ourselves in 1870, when Mr. Forster's act was

passed. They are adopting great changes in popular education, and they are fully alive to the difficulties of the question. Some of our English solutions they reject very emphatically. M. Buisson, the writer of a small pamphlet, "*L'Instruction Primaire en Angleterre*," which caused some stir last year in educational circles, condemns our system of "grants," or "payment by results," as "encouraging, both among teachers and among parents, a mercenary spirit little adapted to raise the intellectual level of the English masses." The French way of rewarding a good teacher is to promote him from a provincial school to a Parisian, or to make him an inspector. A more important difference at the present crisis is in the treatment of religion in the school. Till now, the French schools, primary and secondary, have been far more demonstratively religious than our own. Thousands of their teachers have been clerical; and the crucifix and the Virgin have been included, with tables, chairs, and clocks, as part of the ordinary furniture of a school. Only a few months ago, M. Hérold, the Prefect of the Seine, gave general offense, and brought on Gambetta's government a not undeserved censure from the Senate, by sweeping all these emblems out of the primary schools of Paris in a foolish fit of iconoclasm. But, "if that in the green tree, what in the dry?" The present change in the law will go beyond M. Hérold; it will exclude even the English "time-table." The experiment of a purely secular education is about to be made by a nation which, unhappily, shows no great desire for anything beyond it. However un-Roman our creed, we can not regard it as clear gain to France to have dismissed from her schools the enthusiasm and energy of her countless clerical teachers of both sexes. Our best consolation is, perhaps, to look at the enthusiasm of the lay teachers in Paris and Lyons, who conduct the nightly classes of the Association Philotechnique, the Association Polytechnique, or the Union Française de la Jeunesse. These are voluntary associations of educated people, many of them wealthy and in office, who do not grudge to transform themselves into unpaid amateur teachers of adult ignoramuses. They have brought knowledge within the reach of thousands who were never on speaking terms with their schoolmaster; and they are living proofs of the affinity between enlightenment and democracy. The societies themselves are the offspring of popular revolutions. The political zeal of 1830, overflowing into an educational-channel, produced the Association Polytechnique. The Philotechnique, which dates from 1848, and the Union Française, which dates from 1875, had a similar origin. It would be absurd to look on these simple societies as the salvation of France; but they

are useful as pointing out where the hope may lie. They point to a store of humanitarian enthusiasm, which has survived the most extreme skepticism in theology, and preserved the essence of Christian charity. A nation whose "better classes" are of this mind has a heart as well as

a head. Even if at present it seem to wish for no religion at all, it has the stuff out of which religion is made; and a time may come when it will be more guided by visions of goodness than by phantoms of glory.

JAMES BONAR (*Macmillan's Magazine*).

CLÉMENT MAROT.

"Are men suddenly grown wise, that Laughter must no longer shake his sides, but be cheated of his farce?"

CARLYLE.

"Rions !—rien n'est plus à la mode ;
Plaisantons ; ne pardonnons rien !"

—MOLIÈRE.

THE old Greek writers used to couple the soul-crushing grandeur of a tragedy with a satyr-drama, a sort of concave mirror. This arrangement either they copied from History or History has copied from them, for how seldom do her tragedies go unaccompanied with satyr-dramas!

Look at the Reformation. For two centuries, ripples of satirical hilarity or downright scurrility, boundless as the ripples of the sea, presaged the coming storm. And then the storm burst and wrote with forked lightning the downfall of the middle ages.

Not that the satirists acted of malice pre-pense and on set purpose. In turbulent times—

"Men are the play of circumstances when
The circumstances seem the play of men";

and no one can tell what will be the result if he indulge his humorous proclivities. A joke for them often lighted the fagot of the Holy Inquisition, and that, in its turn, lighted up the road into the Protestant camp.

Among men so faring, Clément Marot was, in France at least, conspicuous. His satirical quill vexed the sacerdotal ear-drum into desperation. His piercing piccolo-fife penetrated the dullest cold of self-sufficient arrogance in the priestly numskull. And people enjoyed it. For the gross worldliness of the clergy generally had put everybody in a temper to dissociate men from their offices.

But there is nothing puffy, blustering, or Hubibrastic in his onslaught. It is good-natured banter fashioned into epigrams. His language, if it is undress language, gabbling on, as it were, in the hop, skip, and jump of careless conversation, is always the undress language of the gentleman and scholar, endued, homespun as it is, with such cheerful animal spirits and such

rich, rare qualities of humor as to presently remind you of Massinger's "carcasses of three fat wethers bruised for gravy to make sauce for a single peacock."

Yet, notwithstanding this richness, he never chokes you with his cream. The rig of his genius is peculiarly striking. With lithe and nervy strength, he leaps forth like a damascene blade from its scabbard, dealing death and glittering brilliancy in a hundred places. Your corner-ruffian lays his dirty fist on your eyelids and induces an application of lamp-post or raw beef; Dickens's churchyard imps peak their sugar-loaf hats into the grave-digger's eyes, causing excruciating tortures. It is all nonsense, as you might say. But, then, it takes much sense to write such nonsense.

And the uses of satire in the advancement of thought are almost boundless. Like a gallant miner and sapper, it boldly attacks the bulwarks of pride, bigotry, and every other kind of stuck-upnesses, slyly undermines them, fills them with the dangerous dynamite of fun, and shatters the poor earthworks of the enemy with destructive detonations of laughter.

To do this kind of work the sapper must needs be somewhat like Clément Marot: a gay fellow enough on horseback, who probably drained many a crotch of white wine, and quite possibly kissed more than one pair of lips in his lifetime, a man who would untie the king's shoe-latchets, chaff him or ride with him into the thick of the battle where "all was lost save honor," then listen to the Royal Psalmist singing of that in the soul of man which is as everlasting as the semipiternal, snow-clad peaks among which he is soon to wander forth a fugitive from France.

We have almost given an epitome of Marot's life in these few words. After the battle of Pavía, in which he was wounded and taken prisoner

with Francis I, whose *valet de chambre* he was, the clergy saw him at once into safe custody when he reappeared at Paris, unprotected, for Francis was detained a prisoner at Madrid. The charge was heresy, not at all a trifling matter in those days. Francis returning, Marot was indeed set free through the king's personal intercession, but new persecutions soon drove him to Geneva, where, it is said, he turned Calvinist. The smileless rigidity of predestination may not have been uncongenial to his temper; for, like Swift, Hood, Douglas Jerrold, Cervantes, Lamb, and Molière, "there's not in him a string of mirth but has its chord of melancholy." His face bore the true Calvinistic stamp, and his and Beza's version of the Psalms, though like all his writings a mere string of epigrams, were long in use by the Protestant churches of France. From Geneva, for reasons unknown to-day, he went to Turin, where he died in 1554 in destitution. His birthplace was Cahors, in southern France, the native town of Gambetta.

It may not be amiss to mention that both Marot's father Jean and son Michel were poets of some little note.

To widen the glimpse we have taken above of Clément Marot's character, why—like master like man. Give the adjective gallant the two accents of which it is susceptible and you have a fair idea of both king and valet.

And, if in Marot's poetry the second accent on gallant is rather too strongly marked for much of it to be good reading for unmarried ladies, what, tried by the present standards of decorum, becomes of much of our old English poetry? Could Shakespeare be read in young ladies' boarding-schools excepting in expurgated editions? The comities of the sexes were different then from what they now are. If you would walk with the great spirits of the sixteenth century, you must not let your mind be clogged with the finicalities of the nineteenth.

"He who the poet's speech would understand,
Himself must go into the poet's land,"

as Goethe says, introducing his "Notes and Dissertations on the West-Oestlichen Divan."

Of course, there will always be old maids, male and female, who will pretend to be outraged at the Belvederean Apollo and the Medicean Venus, dry, uncomprehensive spirits for whom it is impossible to follow Samuel Johnson's counsel, "Endeavor to rid your mind of cant." Molière has a good joke on them. When "Tartuffe" was prohibited in Paris the second night, he stepped forward and said to the audience: "Ladies and gentlemen, we were going to play *Tartuffe* for you to-night; but M. le Président will not have us put him on the stage."

So much for Marot the man.

Before considering the poet, let us remember that the French of his day permitted inversions and ellipses no longer sanctioned. This enables him to make the sense-words, the verbs especially, stand out in laconic unassumingness, and his style jogs on with the calmest ease and unconcern imaginable.

It is no wonder, then, that his should be the first name of note on the long muster-roll of masters of French poetry. But to appreciate the full stature of his genius it must be kept in mind that he became the founder of a school which is not yet extinct—far from it—in French poetry, and the benches of which have been graced by a Voltaire, a La Fontaine, and Jean Baptiste Rousseau.

Nor was he a mere rough-hewer of poetic work elaborately tooled by daintier or mightier spirits. *Le style Marotique* sprang from him complete and finished like Minerva from the head of Jupiter. Whoever else have worked in it, excepting not even the three illustrious names we have just mentioned, have been mere imitators, following at times with exquisite tact and success Boileau's advice, "Imitez de Marot l'élégant badinage." This simply amounts to saying that what is ordinarily the work of generations was accomplished by his single brain—the creation of a new species of literary composition. Let us consider a branch of literature in process of development under our very eyes, that peculiar species of *American* humor of which the writings of such men as Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, and Mark Twain are the avatars, and a bland disbelief in superannuated shams the distinguishing characteristic.

Artemus Ward poking the Tower of London with his umbrella in order to test the solidity of the building; Mark Twain's Dan inquiring whether the prepared corpse shown them in the Catacombs be dead; Josh Billings glancing at all the erudite professors of theology and metaphysics and at whatever other word-mongers may be learnedly dibbling in the unfathomable depths of the unknowableness of the unknowable, with the shrewd, spruce saying, wise as any of Solomon's, "You had better not know so much than know so many things that ain't so"—are certainly remarkable. But Time is the judge that tries all such offenders, and let Time try them: will not their very names be lost when three hundred years shall have elapsed?

We are afraid so. They are mere factors in a literary movement who followed others; others in their turn will follow them; Marot was the be-all and the end-all. That is what we meant by saying his brain did the work of a generation.

Neither has it been found possible in all these three hundred years, which, since the death of Marot, have been filled to teeming fullness with the wit and thoughts of the literary men of France, to advance beyond the lines he cast in the sixteenth century. It seems as impossible as advancing beyond Shakespeare. "Bating a few words," says La Bruyère, "there is no difference between us and Marot." The reason is obvious enough. In both Shakespeare and Marot the fair measures and proportions of nature became flesh and blood, so as to fall short of them must henceforth be called poor, inane impotency; to go beyond, silly caricature; while he who shall be most truly Shakespearean in his thought or Marotique in his humor, must merit the praise of loyalty to truth and nature. They are both among the few men of three hundred years ago who still powerfully and immediately influence the modern mind.

Both, too, have worn to smoother, gentler outlines. Marot's intellectual wine, as we have seen, had plenty of body, and made people drunk and so uproariously merry, they guffawed the whole clergy of a whole kingdom out of self-complacent somnolency into a keen tiff with the author. This hot, high-proof, spirituous quality has disappeared. But a subtler aroma has been left, or rather has been brought out on the slow removal of those lees of literary compositions, the gross, hot issues of the pending hour, by the reconciling, mellowing influence of time. In this way so fine a bouquet and such delicacy of flavor have accrued to this spiritual vintage of the sixteenth century that it is made a most delicious draught for the modern brain-cell.

Marot's epigrammatic diction and his satiric humor, his happy "live and let live" policy, and, lastly and supremely, that subtlest ingredient in the perfect humorist, a certain arch rascality laughing in the sleeve with an ingenuous invitingness, have interfused and blended into perfect harmony.

And the author's quaint old French—remember, he was born in 1495—is so perfect a body to this perfect soul of humor, that we know of no author, living or dead, to compare with him, unless it be Luigi Pulci, whose "Morgante Maggior," at least the first canto, has become familiar to the English reader through Lord Byron's excellent translation. Both delight to paint, with broad shades and immovable Rembrandtian lights, the carnal-minded clergy of their day. Only, Pulci paints a whole refectory, Marot a cabinet-picture of a figure or two at the utmost.

For his genius is nothing if not epigrammatic. Voltaire says: "Marot has but one style; he sings in the same key the psalms of David and the charms of Alice."

But, then, what he lacks in expanse he makes up for in brilliancy. Three centuries have hurried past his puny pictures on to oblivion; each has dropped down the dust and dimness of forgetfulness from its noiseless wing. And yet, behold, unlike Da Vinci's famous, fated "Supper," they still shine, as of yore, in their inextinguishable brightness. A sparkling little epigram serves for a peg to hang them on, and, hung once in the chambers of our memories, no fear that they will ever dim or be forgotten.

Who, for instance, could forget the classical rejoinder of the servant in "Master Abbot and his Servant-Man"?—

"The abbot's man and he, the man of God,
In silly laughs and moistening of the clod
Seem as each were the other one's twin brother—
In short, two peas resembling one another.
And yet last night the well-matched pair fell out.
You wonder what it could have been about?
With a deep sigh the pious prior said:
'At night put the big wine-jug near my bed.
I fear I should expire were I left dry.'
To which fat flunky dared to make reply:
'And you want me to lie all night bereft
Of balmy sleep?—You know I get what's left
In that big jug.—I'm loath to see you die;
But yet—expire. For lose my sleep? Not I.'"

Here Marot is at his best, with lance a-peak riding full tilt at the pious wine-bibbers who were not a little frightened at the sudden onset, and very indignant at him for thus immorally and heretically disturbing their imbibitions.

In fact, the situation is decidedly perplexing. It seems hard on the godly abbot to let him lie the live-long night in fear of immediate dissolution. Yet neither is the poor devil of a servant to blame, declining to let balmy sleep be disturbed in the job of knitting up the raveled sleeve of care by a haunting consciousness in the sleeve-wearer's mind that something to slake one's thirst on may be had by tiptoeing it to master's bedside.

This last line is the flower of the little poem, or rather a wreath engarlanding the very lance-head of its satire.

It is, so far as we know, quite unique in literature; and yet it seems to us that just here Marot lost a golden opportunity. He should have pointed out the advantages of the Maine law.

As a pendant to this evening converse between Master Abbot and his servant-man, let us listen to the morning devotions of a pious prior who, far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife, devotes his life to seeing how fat he can get on wine and roasted partridges:

"A big, fat prior stretched and kicked his toes,
And with his grandson dallied as he rose;

The broad, bright daylight through the window
streamed,

And, pricked upon the spit, a partridge steamed.
When, rising up, the worthy prelate spat
To clear his throat across the floor, and sat
Upon the bed's edge trumping till his nose
Had roused the cloistered echoes with its blows.
Which being done and hunching by the spit,
He smacked with unction, gave a twist to it,
And but that now and then his fists he licked
Without more fooling off the meat he picked,
Sweet, sizzling crisp—no condiment but salt;
A prior he of learning ne'er at fault—
Then put himself outside a jug of wine—
And worse wine might be found in France or
Flanders—

And finally, like a devout divine,
In this guise to the throne of grace meanders:
'O Lord! don't leave thy servant in the lurch—
One has a hard time serving Holy Church!'"

Though less pointedly epigrammatic, this portrait is superior perhaps in word-painting. It is certainly redolent of the times and the man, and exhibitiv of his cardinal virtue as a limner, the homely, truthful definiteness of his outlines. The fat, lazy slouch of a prior, lolling and lounging in bed in the broad morning daylight, with the gentle simmer of his roasting breakfast for an undercurrent to his meditations, or hugging himself over the luscious morsel by the kitchen-fire, rises into living reality even to-day as we peruse Marot's account of him; in the poet's day not a Frenchman but must have heard the fat drip in the dripping-pan. To us this prior has become a myth. He has crossed the equinoctial of Queubus. He courtesies to *Justice Shallow* and *Malvolio*. To Marot and his contemporaries he was as palpable a being as the Reverend Mister Talmage—who is not fat, and no prior—is to us.

The fat prior was, in fact, ubiquitous or nearly so. I remember being shown a Latin composition by some hapless young collegian who had been beguiled, possibly through a mistaken reference to his dictionary, into talking about "vast herds of iron jackasses roaming the plains." The fat priors were no iron jackasses: they had no metal in their composition; neither did they roam the plains, being too fat to take delight in the vagaries of perambulation; but otherwise, and *mutatis mutandis*, the description of that mistaken young freshman might apply for once. And, if it be objected that our exceptions reduce it to nothingness, let us be permitted to observe that, as a very good definition of the Buddhists' Nirvana might be to say that it consists of an axe minus both head and handle, which would by no means mean that it is equivalent to nothing, for there would remain the hole in the axe-head which was not excepted, so if the gentle reader will kindly once more look at our excep-

tions compared with the young student's vivid narrative, he will readily see the unexcepted axe-hole and take our meaning.

At any rate, the contemporary clergy took that meaning, and so, which was worse for them, did the contemporary laity. You may be sure that no one, having read the poem, failed to nudge his neighbor and explain to him that the prior flagellated by the poet must be interpreted to be no other than the particular prior with whose grandson, pot-belly, and swag-chin they were familiarly acquainted, or whom they had heard smack his lips over a roasted partridge or seen wipe his fingers over a piece of bread in default of a napkin.

The clergy, as we have seen, did not at all appreciate our author's wit; they sent him to the Chartres dungeons. This proves that people do not admire the point of a joke when they are made the butt of it.

But the cream of all that has been produced by Clément Marot's jolly, rollicking genius is his epistle to Francis I. It is the small-talk of a gentleman and man of genius gossiping about a little mishap of his to another gentleman who is at once his sovereign, his master, and his confidant, a splendid specimen exemplification of that charming gift of so many Frenchmen of genius—ability to chat with the pen. Nothing is there like it in the range of epistolary poetry, excepting, perhaps, the chatty audacity of Byron writing to Mr. Murray, and winding up with—

"So, if you will, I won't be shammed;
And if you won't, you may be damned,
My Murray."

The style of the epistle in the usual Marotique manner is delightfully *bric-à-brac*. Besides, it is suffused with a lambency of humor reckless and towering as the hills, but which never, till the end, throws off its mask of demure sedateness. And the noble purpose of the writer, which is simply to screw "legal tender" out of Francis, is throughout adhered to with the consistency of the innate brass of heaven-descended genius. At last, however, the joke stares you in the face with big, round eyes, and all the midriff-moving properties under the moon concentrated into one broad grin. There's nothing cream-faced about that joke. It is not weak in the spinal column. It shakes you by the hand. It slaps you on the back. Its lungs, those veriest Gog and Magog of hilarity, vie strenuously which shall first blurt out his lurking waggery. It shakes with fun. It wabbles—and you have got to wabble too. In short, this letter is too good for us to spoil by a translation.

And right here let us ask the reader not to admire our translations—only see in them, as in

a glass, darkly, the beauties of the original. *I traditori traduttori.*

To give a brief abstract of the letter. The introduction is a paraphrase of the adage, "Misery likes company." The king knowing how it is himself, Marot would like to narrate to him how the dogs of mishap have had him by the trousers—that is, if his Majesty care to read.

Next follows a description of the poet's *valet de chambre*, one of the few priceless nuggets of humor in general literature—pure gold in the lump, not drawn out into leaves and filigree:

"I had a valet, a Gascon, a glutton, a drunkard, a brazen-faced liar, gambler, thief, swearer, blasphemer; one who smelled you of the galleys at a hundred paces' distance—for the rest, the best fellow in the world."

Is not this exquisite? Is it not simply Shakespearean—especially the conclusion? Is it Sir John Falstaff in "Henry IV" or the "Merry Wives of Windsor," confidentially giving his opinion of his followers, his henchmen, his hang-dog lads, carbuncled Bardolph, swaggering Nym, and thieving Pistol—the dear, venerable, hang-face rascals?

This gem of a valet enters his master's bedroom while the latter is asleep, puts on Marot's doublet, hose, boots, cloak, cap, and sword, goes to the stable, selects the better horse for himself, leaves his master the worse one, mounts, pricks, and rides off, with an itchy feeling about the neck possibly, but accoutered like St. George, the dragon-slayer.

Worse than all this, the scoundrel had found out that Marot had received a sum of money at the king's gracious hands, and, of course, has made a vastly cleaner sweep of it than the New York Street Cleaning Bureau does of our thoroughfares.

This latter stroke of misfortune Marot pretends, however, to be not at all surprised at. He has always found the king's bounties to him to be invested with a remarkable alacrity in changing hands.

Still, on the whole, Marot, on waking, pulls a pretty lengthy face, as well he might, for he has left neither a sou to his name nor a coat to his back. Yet his Majesty must absolutely resist the temptation to think that this tale was told with the faintest wish to induce another influx of vile pelf from the royal coffers. Not for the world would he have the king think he was like some certain constant spongers on his royal master. His modesty absolutely forbids him to accept another bounty.

He does not insist on declining a loan. If his Majesty be troubled with funds seeking investment, Clément Marot will certainly accommodate him. He will give a promissory note for

the amount. As this is done solely to oblige his Majesty, no interest will, of course, be paid; the note itself to mature at the Greek Calends, or some other equally remote period.

His Majesty can think this over, and—now he comes to think of it—it would really give him pleasure to accept of a loan; because, on account of his late extensive improvements at Clément, he is rather out of pocket just at present. And the old castle of Marot will certainly come down about his ears one of these days, unless things are immediately seen to.

We don't, of course, suppose for a moment that he had property at either of these imaginary places, nor do we think King Francis did. But the request is so richly, exquisitely, naively cheeky, that it is to be hoped his Majesty no sooner read the letter than he found that he was indeed embarrassed with a plethora of the exchequer which every law of sagacious financiering dictated should be invested in the nephelo-coccygian improvement bond which Marot offered.

If anything determined differently, we are afraid it was the wind-up of that letter. After due notice that he is going to inflate his style, Marot closes his epistle by Orientalizing in the following outrageous manner:

"O king, thou lover of the nine Muses; king, instinct with all their sciences; king, more honored than Mars; king, the most king that ever wore crown; may God give you the government of the four corners of the world for a New-Year's present—

"Because you are worthy on't, I ween,
And then—for the good of this round machine";

the last line, the keenest, perhaps, as it is the quietest satire, and the most nonchalantly thrown in one, ever written on the arguments of conquerors and their apologists—the keener for being, apparently, entirely unintentional.

Whatever may have been Marot's success in the immediate purpose for which he penned this letter, on what to him was probably a dreary day enough, it certainly has grown into not the smallest leaf in the garland of smiling immortality, inwreathing the stern and melancholy features of the great humorist.

An Oxford senior wrangler, it is said, on being asked his opinion of "Paradise Lost," turned his palms outward, shrugged his shoulders, and said, "What does it prove?" That is a legitimate question to ask about every man's life and his work. What does it prove? What does it teach us? Life is too precious and too short to fribble away on trifles, and least of all on literary trifles. No more pathetic moan has ever rent the air than Hamlet's "Words! words!"

words!" It moans the hollowness of men, the emptiness of human brains and human hearts. Who wants to read words for the words' sake? We want to read ideas on which to feed our minds, ideas with which to brace and steel the thews and sinews of our thumping hearts against the struggles we foresee must come without, and more—and certainly more perilous—within.

Again, then, what does Clément Marot teach us? Briefly this, both by his life and writings: Be a man and a gentleman; stand by your king; crack, if you like, your joke, and suffer, if you must, for your conviction. Life and religion are serious affairs. But the ministers of the one and the external accidents of the other may be treated with indifference. In fact, you may

"Laugh at all things,
Great and small things";

and among the latter—at yourself. The gist of his philosophy is couched in Byron's terse and pithy couplet:

"Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter;
Sermons and soda—water the day after."

That is the moral of Clément Marot. "Not a very high one!" I agree with you, though, if you should live long enough, you will find out that never was there sterner moral preaching than is laid down in those two lines, apparently the quintessence of levity. Still, you are right: though a stern moral, it is low morality. Life can not be fought out on that line. That Marot attempted to do so was the limit of his genius, and a partial cause, at least, of the unsatisfactory termination of his career.

At the same time it must be conceded that there is a certain amount of practical wisdom underneath and in it. A little boy, after some days' absence from school, was asked the reason. "My cousin Lucy came to see us, and she staid with us three days." "Then she has left now, I suppose?" "Yes, sir, and when she left she took me on her arm and [bashfully] kissed me." "And did you kiss her back?" "No, sir, I

kissed her right on the mouth." That, practically, is what Marot did. Meeting the dark-eyed siren Life, he did not kiss her back, but boldly kissed her on the mouth.

But the best of teaching, after all, is not what an author teaches us, but what we teach ourselves. What Marot gives us I would classify as the delicious of literature. He has a brooklet way of writing: a smiling ripple here, a sunlit eddy there, a flowery brink, the flowing, murmuring waters, checkered lights and shades scattered along them by the ever-moving branches, a great babbling about small pebbles possibly, gay life and cheerful movement certainly; but the Land of Learning and the glowing mountain-peaks of high thought and the lovely valleys of deep feeling lie far off in the distant background, and are never seen but through occasional openings in the coppice.

Reading him we feel again as we did when, romping boys, we panted up the hillside, or lay down by the gnarly-rooted oaks. Our chests are widening with a freer air. Our brains have rested, and we are ready once more to bother about invoices and our balance at the banker's. We have retreated from the heat and glare of the present into the Arden forest of the noiseless, shadowy past.

And now, if any one should censure us for having brought in so many things that really stand related to Clément Marot no more than Godwin Sands to Tenterden Steeple, we know of no apology to make, unless you will accept Artemus Ward's, who used to talk in his inimitable lecture on "Babes in the Wood" of everything under the sun except the babes, and, when the audience was frantically roaring at one of his modest, unpretending, but truly egregious absurdities, would bashfully rub his hands and explain in a half-apologetic society tone: "This has nothing to do with the subject of my lecture, I know; but it is a peculiar feature of my lectures that they contain so many things that haven't anything to do with them."

WILLIAM J. ECKOFF.

A SIBERIAN EXILE EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

FASHIONS in literature are frequently as ephemeral and capricious as are fashions in dress or manners, and authors and books that are the rage and admiration of one generation are sometimes the ridicule, or, at least, the mere amusement of another. During the last decade of the eighteenth century, and the first years of the present, there was no more popular dramatist in Germany, nor perhaps in Europe, than Augustus von Kotzebue; his works were translated into nearly every European language, and were everywhere successful. In England "Misanthropy and Repentance," produced at Drury Lane in 1798, under the title of "The Stranger," furnished John Kemble with one of his finest impersonations, and Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, and their successors, as Mrs. Haller, have drawn as many tears from sensitive eyes as ever did their performance of Juliet or Belvidera. The Stranger was a favorite part with all tragedians, both in town and country, until within very recent years, and Mr. Irving threatened us with a revival last season. "The Spaniards in Peru" ("Pizarro"), translated by Sheridan, and stuffed with patriotic speeches that applied to the events and sentiments of the day, crammed Drury Lane to the ceiling for many a night.

Scarcely less successful were two adaptations of "The Natural Son," one by Cumberland, and a second by Mrs. Inchbald, which she entitled "Lovers' Vows." If Kotzebue's plays did not create the sentimental school of drama in England, their influence permeated our stage during quite half a century. The old stock characters, that were so well known to the playgoer of thirty or forty years ago—the virtuous peasant, whose house and scanty purse were always open to the poor and unfortunate, and who spouted interminable speeches upon the duties of man, and the beauties of charity; the betrayed village beauty, and the repentant Magdalen; the broken-hearted father, pious, though strongly given to cursing; the dreadfully good hero and heroine; the villainous steward; the comic, blundering servant, are all children of this school—the inspiration of which was drawn from "Werther" and "Julie"; but Kotzebue and his imitators could grasp only the form and the faults of the originals, the soul and the beauty wholly eluded them. These imitations were successful, however, because they intoned with the spirit of an age that preached and moralized with the relish of a Joseph Surface, that was given to lip morality, of which each man expended so much upon

his neighbors that he had none left for his own use. Alas for the durability of such popularity!—that which once drew tears and evoked shouts of applause, burlesque has found to be excellent food for laughter, and our wonder is how such vapid, sickly sentimentalism could have ever been seriously received. As an author, Kotzebue has long ceased to excite any interest; but in his autobiography he has given us a picture of Siberian and Russian life eighty years ago, which is peculiarly interesting just now, if it be only from a comparative point of view, when the great Northern power is exciting so much attention.

Kotzebue's account of himself, from which the materials of this article are principally drawn, is chiefly characterized by a trivial egotism, which considers the most unimportant acts of his life, and the most commonplace details of his domesticity, to be subjects of universal curiosity. The reader, however, will doubtless be satisfied with a very brief *résumé* of his doings between his birth and his exile. To begin, then: he was born at Weimar of a good family, that could affix *von* to their name, in the year 1761. He tells us that he was a very precocious child; that at six years old he wrote verses, and a comedy that filled a whole octavo page; and that on his seventh birthday he addressed a passionate love-letter to a lady, who afterward became his aunt, reproaching her for her cruelty in preferring the uncle to the nephew. Solomon's advice touching the rod was evidently neglected by the friends of this young gentleman. It was the advent of a company of strolling players at Weimar which, he tells us, irrevocably decided his future destiny as a dramatic writer. After his first visit to the theatre, he returns home, "stunned with delight," and, he adds, "I would have asked no greater blessing of Fate than to grant that I might be present every night at such a performance." Henceforth the drama and the stage occupy all his thoughts: he starts private theatricals among his schoolfellows, and writes dramas, one of which the great Goethe, who is a visitor at the paternal house, is so condescending as to read.

By the time he was eighteen years of age he had published a number of poems and tales, and written several tragedies and comedies. About 1781 he obtained the post of secretary to the celebrated Russian general, Baron Bawr, and removed to St. Petersburg, where soon afterward he became director of the German Theatre, and where he very nearly got into difficulties with the

Government on account of writing a piece, entitled "Demetrius, the *Czar* of Moscow," founded on a well-known historical fact. A decree of Peter the Great having declared Demetrius to be an impostor, it was little less than treason to style him *Czar*, even in a drama; and before its performance could be permitted our author was compelled to sign a solemn declaration that his private and personal belief was thoroughly in accordance with imperial ideas upon the subject. Upon the death of Baron Bawr, in 1783, Catharine appointed him titular counselor to the Tribunal of Appeal at Revel. His official duties did not interrupt his literary pursuits, and it was during the next few years that his most celebrated plays were produced. Better would it have been for him had he restricted his pen entirely to the drama; but in 1790 envy and jealousy ran away with it, and he wrote a most virulent attack upon the leading literary men of Germany. About the same time the state of his health compelled him to ask leave of absence from Russia. He returned to his native city; but Goethe, and all men of letters, resenting his scurrilous pamphlet, turned their backs upon him, and this contemptuous treatment, together with the death of his wife, soon drove him from Weimar to Paris. To his Parisian experiences, during a time when the Revolution was just simmering to boiling-point, he devotes a whole book of his autobiography, which I shall pass over, as it does not come within the scope of the present article. At the end of his year's leave he returned to Russia, and in the enjoyment of the Empress's favor seems to have led a very uneventful life, until that sovereign's death in 1796. Soon after the accession of Paul he was suspected to be the author of a pamphlet which reflected upon the government of that capricious despot. Guilty or innocent, he knew full well the consequences that would follow such a suspicion, and fled the country.

Three years afterward, in the year 1800, believing the affair to be forgotten, he applied for leave to return to Russia, in order to visit the estates he owned in that country. A passport was immediately forwarded to him, and in company with his wife, a Russian lady—for he had married again—and their children, he started upon his journey. But no sooner had he crossed the Prussian frontier than he was arrested, his papers seized, and he and his family sent under escort toward Mittau. At Mittau, the governor advised him to leave his wife, proceed on to St. Petersburg, and solicit an interview with the Emperor. Yet, although he was urged to take a much larger supply of linen than was necessary for the journey, even to provide himself with a bed and to change all his money into Russian

notes, no suspicion as to his true destination dawned upon him. The principal persons of his escort were an official with the unpronounceable name of Schtschkatchin, and a courier called Alexander Schulkins; his sketches of these two personages give a curious picture of the Russian official of the time. The first he describes as a man of forty, swarthy almost to blackness, with the face of a satyr, so ignorant that he was unacquainted with the causes of the commonest phenomena of nature, that the names of Homer, Cicero, Shakespeare, Voltaire, had never reached his ears, but so devout in outward observances that he never espied a church in the distance, ate or drank, heard thunder, or performed the most ordinary act, without taking off his hat and repeatedly crossing himself. In his habits and manners he outraged every decency of civilized life, drank out of a bottle in preference to a glass, and never used a pocket-handkerchief. The courier was a brute, but of the good kind. His great delight was eating and drinking, and he ate and drank everything that came in his way. When he took soup he threw back his head and, thrusting the spoon as far into his mouth as possible, literally poured the liquid down his throat; he swallowed his meat without masticating it, and with the same canine propensity would seize and gnaw the bones left upon the plates after meals; he could dispatch the largest glass of brandy at a single draught—and any number of them—without showing signs of intoxication.

Upon arriving at Riga, Kotzebue was at length informed that his true destination was not St. Petersburg but Tobolsk. Driven to desperation by the thought of Siberia, he made an attempt at escape, but was speedily recaptured. The kindness and hospitality of the peasantry were the only alleviations to the terrible journey that now commenced in earnest. The slightest act or word of kindness, the most valueless present, would at once win them over, but, while his conductors extorted from them all available food and mulcted their prisoner heavily for payment, they gave their entertainers only curses in return. Upon the road he encountered other unfortunates bound for the same destination, and in worse plight even than himself. One was an old man who had been a lieutenant-colonel; dragged out of bed in the middle of the night, his captors had not even permitted him to dress, and he was now, loaded with irons, a bed-gown and nightcap his only articles of clothing, being drawn along in a wretched conveyance. A quarrel with the Governor of Rāzan was the sole cause of his exile. Then there were companies of robbers, chained in couples, among which were several women, marching on foot to the mines. These were es-

corted by parties of armed peasants, who were relieved from village to village. Some of them had forked pieces of wood fastened about their necks, the handles of which hung over their breasts and fell down to their knees. In these handles were two holes, through which their hands were thrust. His first experiences of the dreaded Siberia, however, were agreeable surprises. For days, before crossing the border, he had been traveling through gloomy forests of pine, but now he came upon woods of birch, intermixed with highly cultivated fields, and opulent Russian or Tartar villages, in which the countenances of the peasants were so cheerful and contented that he could not realize that he was in the dreaded country. The windows of the inns were glazed with a kind of transparent pebble, the tables covered with tapestry, images were placed in every corner, and every peasant's house was rich in such domestic utensils as glasses, cups and saucers, etc. On holidays they passed happy groups of youths and girls disporting themselves upon the village green, the latter dressed in white or red and blue; in fine, he describes the frontier parts of Siberia as contrasting most favorably with European Russia.

On the 10th of May he arrived at Tobolsk, and was very kindly received by the governor; but here more ill news awaited him: Tobolsk was not to be his final destination. He was granted permission, however, to remain there for a while until his strength was a little recruited after his long journey. Lodgings commonly occupied by people of distinction who were exiled to Siberia were pointed out to him by the police. They consisted of two rooms which, as the owner was compelled to let them free of charge, were not remarkable for comfort. The windows were broken, and underneath them was a stagnant pond; the walls were naked, or hung with ragged tapestry; and, worse than all, the place swarmed with insects. By a little show of civility to his host he obtained two stools and a table, then he bought a mattress in the town, after which he had to consider himself housed and furnished. His arrival made some sensation among this remote community, as several of his plays had been translated into the Russian language, and when he went to the shops the tradesmen offered in whispers to forward any letter that he might commit to their charge. In the evenings he was permitted to walk about the city, which he describes as large, with broad, straight streets, paved with timber, houses chiefly of wood, and a great square which was crowded by people of all nations. There was a theatre, of which the company was entirely composed of exiles, and in which he witnessed several of his own plays. He describes the heat as being most oppressive during the

day, and the gnats as insupportable during the night. There were five or six hurricanes regularly in every twenty-four hours, which proceeded from every point of the compass, accompanied by tremendous showers of rain, which, however, scarcely cooled the air. Fruit, he tells us, is almost unknown in the country. The governor's garden, the finest in the province, contained little more than a few gooseberry-bushes, cabbages, black-alder, birch, and Siberian pear trees; but on the boards which inclosed it were *painted representations of fruit-trees*. Buckwheat, which reproduces itself without any kind of culture, was in abundance. The peasants never thought of moving or making any use of their manure, which accumulated in such gigantic heaps that at times they pulled down their houses and rebuilt them upon another spot, as the less laborious removal of the two. The cold in winter was as intense as the heat in summer, being frequently forty degrees below zero. Vast expanses of water environed the city, and beyond these stretched immense forests that the foot of man had never trodden, to the shores of the Frozen Sea.

He tells us that the exiles were divided into four classes. The first was composed of malefactors convicted of peculiarly atrocious crimes, whose sentences were confirmed by the Senate. These had their nostrils slit and were condemned to work in the mines of Nerchinsk, where their sufferings were said to be worse than death. The second class was made up of a less guilty order of criminals; these were enrolled among the peasantry or bondmen, their names were changed to those of the people among whom they were settled, and they were employed to cultivate the soil. Like the preceding class, their nostrils were slit, but they were permitted to earn a little by their labors, and thus, by industry, were enabled to alleviate their condition. Those of the third class were simply condemned to banishment, without the addition of any infamous punishment. If they were noble they did not lose their rank; they were permitted to receive their usual incomes, or if they had none, the Crown furnished them with twenty or thirty copecks a day. The fourth division, in which Kotzebue himself was included, contained all who were exiled without legal process, at the arbitrary will of the sovereign; these could send letters to the Emperor or their friends—after they had been perused by the governor. Sometimes, however, they were confined in fortresses and kept in chains.*

* A curious contrast to these experiences of eighty years ago has been recently afforded in some letters of a correspondent to the "Times," in which the present condition of Siberia and its exiles is very minutely described. In these we hear nothing of such barbarous atrocities as nose-slitting, or even of the knout, which he tells us has

Kürgan, situated some four hundred and fifty versts from Tobolsk, was fixed upon as his final resting-place. Upon arriving there, he was conducted to a low-built house, where he nearly

long since been abolished, although the latter is very effectively represented by the *troichatka*, or plait, a whip ending in three lashes. This, however, is used only upon the worst class of malefactors, after repeated offenses, and, according to his statement, only in three places, and it must, consequently, be unknown to the majority of exiles. The painful scenes upon the road, referred to by Kotzebue, are no longer to be witnessed. The prisoners are now all gathered in a central prison in Moscow, whence they are dispatched in droves of about seven hundred by rail to Nizhnee-Novgorod, where they are consigned to a large barge and tugged by steamer to Perm. Thence trains convey them to Ekaterinburg, from which place carriages take them on to Tiumen. They are then distributed to their various destinations, some of which are reached by water, while others have to perform the journey on foot. The four classes are now reduced to two: in the first are contained those who lose all their rights; these wear the convict's dress, and have their heads half shaved. Those of the second class are only partially deprived of their rights, do not always undergo imprisonment, and in any case only for a period, at the expiration of which they become colonists, and live the same as the inhabitants. This writer's description of the prisons is quite at variance with our preconceived notions of Siberia. According to his account, they differ very little from those of Western Europe: the prisoners are employed in various industries, and when their allotted tasks are fulfilled may earn money for themselves; the tread-mill is unknown. Nor is the punishment even of those condemned to the mines exceptionally heavy; it is only for a short season these can be worked, as the ground is frozen hard during the long winter; when at work the miners' food is liberal in allowance, and their period of labor is from eight to twelve hours.

Again, it is somewhat surprising to be told that the great mass of the exiles are mere ordinary criminals, and that only about five per cent. belong to the middle or upper class. But it is not necessary to be a criminal to be sent to Siberia. If a man be idle or drunken, if he do not pay his taxes, or will not support his wife and children, his commune meets in parish parliament, votes him a nuisance, and adjudges that he be sent at the common expense to Siberia, not to be imprisoned, but to get his living as a colonist. Indeed, one of the objects of Russia in sending such numbers of prisoners to Siberia is, to develop the resources of that part of the empire, of which the great need is population. The average number of prisoners sent thither yearly is from seventeen to twenty thousand. The writer remarks: "Popular rumor asserted that there were hundreds, if not thousands, of Nihilists waiting last spring (1879) in Russia to be sent to Siberia. I can only say that we were in a position very likely to have seen or heard of them, but that we met exceedingly few. Now and then we found political prisoners in the separate cells of the various prisons by ones and twos. At Kara, I believe, there were only thirteen Russian political prisoners and twenty-eight Poles, and my interpreter, when returning from Strelinska along the whole Siberian route, on which such prisoners would naturally travel, met only three convoys. In the first there was one man only, in the next seven, and in the third twenty-one. So that I have come to the conclusion that the number of such prisoners is very much

broke his head in going in at the door; the rooms were mere holes, in which a man could scarcely stand upright; the walls were naked, the window was patched with paper, and a table and two wooden stools were the only furniture. He afterward searched throughout the town for better accommodation, but found most of the lodgings to be even worse than his own. Here his name again stood him in good stead, and on the morning after his arrival he was visited by most of the principal inhabitants, every one of whom brought him something to eat and drink, until he was at a loss for room to store his presents in. At length, however, and at an extravagant rent, he succeeded in procuring a better abode. The cheapness of provisions made some amends for these high-priced lodgings—a loaf of six pounds weight could be purchased for four French sous, a fowl for a sou and a half, while hares could be had for nothing, as the Russians never ate them. His day was chiefly occupied in reading, studying the Russian language, writing the story of his life, and in shooting. There was plenty of excellent sport to be had, and he says that he had never in his life seen in Europe so many rooks in one flight as he saw wild-fowl of a hundred different sorts in droves in this country. Some were very small; some had round, others flat beaks; some long, and others short ones. There were short legs, long legs; gray, brown, black, and yellow beaks. Woodcocks were equally numerous and various; there were also pigeons and blackbirds in such numbers that when they alighted on a tuft of trees they would entirely cover it. Toward the end of autumn the game multiplied prodigiously. Wherever he walked there were the most beautiful flowers, whole tracts of land were covered with sweet-scented herbs, particularly southernwood; multitudes of horses and horned cattle grazed at will, and the weather, although a day seldom passed without a storm, was remarkably agreeable.

An invitation from the assessor to be present

less than is commonly supposed." A Pole, with whom the writer conversed, told him that, though condemned to the mines, he worked in them or not pretty much as he pleased; another confessed that, although under the same sentence, he never worked in them at all, but was put to lighter labor. Another remarked that he would sooner remain where he was than return to Russia. "It is a well-known fact that, when the present Emperor offered liberty to certain Poles whom his father had banished, some of them chose to remain as they were." Several of the richest men in Irkutsk are exiles, and the average peasant exile is better off there than in Russia.

In gratitude for the exceptional privileges granted him during his investigations of the prisons, the writer may have touched his descriptions with a little *couleur de rose*; but, even allowing for that, they give a very novel idea of that terrible country of which the supposed horrors have passed into a proverb.

at the festival of his patron saint, which in Russia is a more important celebration than even a birthday, and at which all the principal people of the place were to be present, afforded him a curious picture of Kürgan manners. As he enters the house he is stunned by the noise of five men, who are called singers. "These men, turning their backs to the company, apply their right hands to their mouths to improve the sound of their voices, and make as loud a noise as possible in one corner of the room. This was the salutation given to every guest on entering. An immense table groaned beneath the weight of twenty dishes, principally preparations of fish; but I could see neither plates nor chairs for the accommodation of the company." The master of the house carries a huge bottle of brandy in his hand, from which he is eager to serve his guests, who continually drink to his health. Every moment our exile expects that the company will sit down to table, but by-and-by all take up their hats and walk away. He asks a friend if the entertainment is over. The answer is, "Oh no, they are gone home to take their naps, they will be here again at five o'clock." He goes with the rest, and, returning at the appointed hour, finds the more substantial food removed, and in its place the table is covered with cakes, raisins, almonds, and Chinese sweetmeats. The mistress of the house, a pretty young woman, now makes her appearance with the wives and daughters of the guests, all attired in old-fashioned dresses, and tea and French brandy and punch are handed round. Then card-tables are set, and all play cards as long as the brandy will allow them to distinguish the suits. At supper-time all retire, and the entertainment is over.

This is one of the last of his Siberian experiences, for immediately afterward comes the joyful news that the Emperor, to whom he has written stating his case several months back, has ordered him to be conveyed to St. Petersburg. The day he leaves the town—the 7th of July—is the occasion of a solemn festival. The image of the saint of a neighboring village is brought into Kürgan, and the image of the saint of the town is taken to meet it; the two images exchange polite salutations, and are then borne together to the temple of the town saint, prayers are recited and hymns sung, and after this friendly visit the rustic saint is taken home again.

At St. Petersburg he was reunited to his wife. His design had been to return to Germany, but he was advised not to make the request. The Czar, as a compensation probably for his brief exile, bestowed upon him an estate in Livonia, and restored him to his appointment as manager of the German Theatre, with a salary of twelve hundred rubles. He now discovered that, although the

strictest examination of his papers could not substantiate any charge against him, it was not to his innocence he owed his sudden recall from exile, but to an accident that well illustrates the caprices of despotism. Some years previously he had written a little piece entitled "The Emperor's Head Coachman," which was founded upon an anecdote he had once heard of some generous action performed by the Emperor Paul. This piece was translated into Russian, and, in spite of the advice given him by friends, the translator magnanimously persisted in retaining Kotzebue's name, as the original author, upon the title-page. The manuscript was forwarded to the Czar, who, delighted with the flattering picture of himself that it contained, presented the translator with a handsome ring, declared that he had done Kotzebue wrong, and dispatched a courier at once to Siberia to bring him to St. Petersburg.

But this sudden access of favor was far from assuring our hero of its continuance. Much against his will, he was appointed to the censorship of plays. A more hazardous post it was impossible to occupy, since there was as much danger at times in striking out a passage that might seem to apply to the Czar, and thereby acknowledging its applicability, as there was in passing it, as he might have inquired, "Do you suppose I do these things? if not, why do you consider them offensive?" The instances of prohibited passages and expressions given by our author are exceedingly amusing, as well as highly significant of the jealous tyranny of the Emperor. The word "republic" was not permitted to be spoken, nor was Antony, in the author's play of "Octavia," allowed to say, "Die, like a Roman, free!" In another play the term *Emperor* of Japan had to be altered to *master*. It was not permissible to say that caviare came from Russia, or that Russia was a distant country. A councilor was not permitted to call himself "a good patriot," because he refused to marry a foreigner; nor was it allowable to call a valet an insolent fellow; a princess was not permitted to have a greyhound; a councilor to tickle a dog behind the ears; or pages to muffle up a councilor. The expression "woe to my native country" was struck out, because a ukase had forbidden the Russians to have a native country. A character was not allowed to come from Paris, and all mention of France was forbidden.

So the unfortunate censor lived in a state of constant terror, and never went to bed at night without the gloomiest apprehensions for the morrow, although he never neglected the most trivial precautions to secure his safety. He was most scrupulous, even, regarding the color and cut of his clothes, for even in those things offense might

be given; he was obliged to pay court to women of doubtful reputation who had the royal ear. On the representation of every new piece, he trembled lest the police, ever on the watch, should discover some hidden offense in it; if his wife went out to take an airing, he was fearful lest she should not alight from her carriage quickly enough on meeting the Emperor, and be dragged to the common prison, as had happened then lately to the wife of an innkeeper for such an omission. He dared not utter his thoughts to a friend for fear of being overheard or betrayed; he could not divert his mind by reading, as every book was prohibited; nor could he commit his thoughts to writing, as the police might enter his rooms at any moment and seize his papers. When he walked out it was always bareheaded, for no man was allowed to be in the vicinity of the palace, whatever the weather might be, with covered head; and he was constantly reminded of what might at any moment be his fate, by meeting some unhappy wretch on his way to prison or to the knout. And he calls upon the whole city of St. Petersburg to witness whether this picture of the condition of the Russian capital at this period is too highly colored.

One day he was informed by the Count de Pahlen that the Emperor intended to challenge all the sovereigns of Europe and their ministers, and that he had been appointed to draw up the form, which was to be inserted in all the newspapers. It was to be ready in one hour. The task accomplished, it was submitted to the Czar, and presently Kotzebue was summoned to the royal presence. His reception was remarkably gracious. "You know the world too well," said the Emperor, "to be a stranger to the political events of the day, and therefore you must know in what manner I have figured in them. I have often acted like a fool, and it is just I should be punished, therefore I have imposed a chastisement upon myself. I wish"—showing him a paper—"that this should be inserted in the 'Hamburg Gazette,' and in other public prints." He then read aloud the following extraordinary paragraph: "We hear from St. Petersburg that the Emperor of Russia, finding the powers of Europe can not agree among themselves, and being desirous of putting an end to a war that has desolated it for eleven years past, intends to point out a spot to which he will invite all the other sovereigns to repair and fight in single combat, bringing with them as seconds and squires their most enlightened ministers, and their most able generals, such as Messrs. Thutgut, Pitt, Bernstoff, etc., and that the Emperor himself proposes being attended by Generals Count de Pahlen and Kutuzoff. We know not if this report is to be believed; the thing, how-

ever, does not appear to be destitute of foundation, as it bears the impress of what he has often been taxed with." This paper was written in French, and it was Kotzebue's task to translate it into German. And both the challenge and comment were actually published.

In the spring of 1801 Kotzebue was relieved from his apprehensions, and Russia from one of the most capricious as well as terrible tyrannies that ever afflicted a nation, by the death of Paul and the accession of his son Alexander, who at once proceeded to repeal the more objectionable enactments of his predecessor. But our author had had enough of St. Petersburg, and he petitioned to be dismissed from the management of the theatre and to be allowed to return to Germany. But the restless vanity of the man could not long content itself in any place, and after wandering about Italy and France for several years, and publishing various books, descriptive of his travels, we again find him in the service of the Russian Czar, who in 1813 appointed him consul-general at Königsberg. After a while he resigned this post, and made his reappearance at Weimar, ostensibly as a private man of letters. Having been received as such, and having made good his social position, he suddenly declared himself to be the accredited Russian diplomatic agent at the little court; in other words he was a Russian spy who received fifteen thousand rubles a year for transmitting extracts from the newspapers and other publications, and reporting to the Emperor, who was desirous of influencing the affairs of Germany, every fact that was inimical or friendly to this purpose. His next move was to establish a journal in which he opposed all progress, and the liberty of the press. A paper intended only for the eye of the Emperor Alexander, in which Kotzebue described one of his opponents in journalism as "the most detestable instrument of hell," at length, in 1818, revealed the full treachery of this literary hireling, and raised a cry of indignation against him throughout Germany. The exposure compelled him to quit Weimar. He next took up his abode at Mannheim, where he resumed his perfidious work, and, at a time when all Germany was yet ringing with the echoes of the French Revolution, proclaimed himself the enemy of liberty and the friend of despotism. This alone would have been sufficient to have brought down upon him the indignation of the enthusiasts; but when to this was added the knowledge that he was the mouth-piece of a foreign despot, who was desirous of establishing an authority over the country, indignation rose to ungovernable hatred. He had made himself particularly conspicuous in applauding the dismissal of twelve hundred students from Göttingen, on account of a brawl be-

tween them and the citizens, and a morbid young student, named Charles Louis Sand, took upon himself to avenge, à la Charlotte Corday, the cause of liberty and the Fatherland.

On the 9th of March, 1819, he left Jena on foot for Mannheim, and arrived there on the 23d. Dressed in old German costume, and assuming the name of Henricks, he presented himself at Kotzebue's house, on the pretense that he had brought letters from Weimar. After two ineffectual attempts, he at length gained admission, and was shown into a private room; scarcely had the victim crossed the threshold when Sand plunged a long poniard into his breast, and when he had fallen, to make his work sure, inflicted three more wounds upon the body. The noise of the scuffle speedily brought servants and family to the tragic scene, and the assassin was found, dagger in hand, quietly contemplating the dying man. Yet no one attempted to arrest him, and he descended the staircase and presented himself before the throng of people, whom the cries of "Murder!" had already gathered about

the spot, and still flourishing the poniard in one hand, and a written paper in the other, exclaimed, 'I am the murderer, and it is thus all traitors should die.' Then he fell upon his knees, and clasping his hands raised them to heaven, exclaiming, "I thank thee, O God, for having permitted me successfully to fulfill this act of justice." Upon the paper were inscribed the words, "Death-blow for Augustus von Kotzebue in the name of Virtue."

No sooner had he spoken the last words than, tearing open his waistcoat, he repeatedly plunged the weapon into his own bosom, and fell to the ground. He was now, in a swooning condition, conveyed to prison, but as soon as he recovered he tore off his bandages and made the most desperate efforts to put an end to his life. At the trial his handsome person and his calm exaltation excited the utmost sympathy, and he went to the scaffold devoutly believing that he had performed an act of noble self-devotion, and far more pitied by the populace than was his miserable victim.

Temple Bar.

CHARLES LAMB'S HUMOR.

THE very bitter and sarcastic references to Charles Lamb in the posthumous "Reminiscences" of Carlyle suggest a problem with two sides. The one relates to the quality of Lamb's humor; the other to the limits of Carlyle's insight, and the possibility of his judgment being swayed by considerations *purely personal*. One of the greatest faults that can be found with a writer who deals in any form with topics that closely touch social or critical questions, is the tendency to submerge all general canons of criticism under a merely personal bias. From nothing more than from this cause are the springs of impartial and efficient criticism likely to be disturbed and corrupted. The reverence which should be reserved for that serene and gracious self-denial which, in face of all temptation, will persist in looking straight at the subject and reporting upon it, and it alone, is perverted and bestowed on forcible self-expression and diseased egotism. That this was almost invariably the case with Carlyle is a point which we think could be demonstrated by ample array of instances and illustrations from his works; but this were far too wide a subject for our present limits, and we must content ourselves with asserting here that these "Reminiscences," where Carlyle was writing with perfect freedom and with no thought of

outside criticism, completely establish the fact. Mr. Froude's indiscretion in publishing the work pretty much as it stood has two things—and we think only two—to be said in its favor:

1. That we get here a glass through which we can look back at all Carlyle's writings, and see that his very strength lay in his narrowness—in the quaint and intense play of his own personality over everything with which he dealt, a personality which, in trying to veil itself with a view to effect, originated his humor, and yet constrained and weakened it, in robbing it of all expansiveness and geniality. It has been rather neatly said:

"If Carlyle is admitted to have power as a 'teacher,' then in the very measure of that power is he declared to be deficient in the creative spirit. Shelley said that 'the secret of morals is love, or a going out of self.' Mr. Carlyle, notwithstanding his great *show* of dramatic positions, never really goes out of self, though he shows amazing power of carrying the atmosphere of his quaint and intensely narrow individuality into spheres wholly foreign to it; and hence arises the peculiarly grotesque humor which we so often find in him. It is by means of his sharply individual and sometimes even morbid conceptions that he teaches formal lessons; and, when such a one

does this, he shows himself only a higher pedant, and no artist.

"This attempted infusion of his intense personality beyond the line that must ever divide mere autobiography from dramatic writing—the line, in short, where true creation begins—is what nearly ruins Mr. Carlyle's books as works of art, ingenious and quaintly original though they be. Behind all the wavering images he conjures up, the man himself is seen to manoeuvre and sneer or simper; and the echo of his sharp voice, as it dies away in the distance, dins in our ears, and confuses the words of his characters. His humor is of the compulsive and hard-driving kind which humor should not be, and can hardly be and maintain its essential characteristics."

Carlyle's humor is, then, to use a paradox, *un*genial; and it would seem that he has not the power to appreciate what is truly *genial* in humor. Goethe's sub-acid and cynical by-play put into the mouth of Mephistopheles pleases him better than the more humane humor of Sir Walter Scott's Nicol Jarvie or Dandie Dinmont; and he is bold to assert that Charles Lamb had no humor at all.

2. It is an advantage that such outbursts should have been published, while as yet the facts in regard to others and to Carlyle's relations to them are fresh in the memories of many, and that thus his assertions can be in so far met and repudiated. With respect to Lamb, however, the process is a literary rather than a biographical one; the proofs of Carlyle's injustice and incapacity here depend less on facts than on general impressions. If we show that Charles Lamb himself had, under the veil of true and genial humor, made pathetic confession of all the weaknesses now so cruelly and sardonically charged against him, and in such a manner as to disarm the attack or the reproach of the severest moralist; and if, besides, we find that excuses have been pleaded in mitigation, if not in justification, of certain indulgences—it should surely suffice to attest the fact of an utter lack of genial and comprehensive sympathy on Carlyle's part; and, in restoring Lamb to his true and rightful place as a fine and gentle humorist, demonstrate Carlyle's inevitable incapacity of judgment, and his grim, black-browed injustice toward a whole class of natures at the antipodes from his own. This is our aim, and we believe we shall succeed in realizing it.

As in the case of all true humorists of the more erratic and sentimental class (and Charles Lamb's was essentially erratic and sentimental, notwithstanding an effort to hide his sentiments sometimes, and to seem self-contained and, in the more innocent sense, *worldly*), the "Essays of Elia" are essentially self-revelations. Between

the lines we can read the main points of a biography. De Quincey, it will be remembered, jest-ed about the unimportance of the ordinary facts of biography because, as he said, it was inevitable that a man should have been born; that he should, if too lucky not to have been hanged, have still deserved hanging; or that, having escaped the halter, he should have died in bed. These facts, or such facts as these, will not be specifically communicated in set phrase by your erratic and sentimental humorist, nor are they of importance in view of a general estimate. That Charles Lamb had, as Carlyle says, an "insuperable proclivity to gin" is of less importance than the mental conditions which predisposed to it, and rendered it, as we may say, the almost inevitable accompaniment of his genius, which a true heart would excuse and shroud in reverent silence. Carlyle has grimly spoken of the insanity which haunted the Lambs; it would have been well for his memory if he had spared these words, since Lamb himself, in his half-veiled yet frank "Confessions of a Drunkard," has not ventured plainly to speak of it. That was not because he would have willingly hidden any predisposing cause, but because the tragedy of the suggestion would have broken in on the pathetically-humorous appeal for the sake of which the essay was written. There was a deep in the region of causes which even his playful humor would not justify him in indicating:

"Oh pause, thou sturdy moralist, thou person of stout nerves and a strong head, whose liver is happily untouched, and ere thy gorge riseth at the *name* which I have written, first learn what the *thing* is; how much of compassion, how much of human allowance thou mayst virtuously mingle with thy disapprobation. Trample not on the ruins of a man. Exact not, under so terrible a penalty as infamy, a resuscitation from a state of death almost as real as that from which Lazarus rose not but by miracle.

"Begin a reformation and custom will make it easy. But what if the beginning be dreadful, the first steps not like climbing a mountain but going through fire? What if the whole system must undergo a change, violent as that which we conceive of the mutation of form in some insects? What if a process comparable to slaying alive have to be gone through? Is the weakness that sinks under such struggles to be confounded with the pertinacity which clings to other vices, which have induced no constitutional necessity, no engagement of the whole victim, body and soul?

"I have known one in that state, when he has tried to abstain but for one evening—though the poisonous potion had long ceased to bring back its first enchantments, though he was sure it would rather deepen his gloom than brighten it—in the violence of the struggle, and the necessity he had felt of getting rid of the present sensation, at any rate, I have known

him to scream out, to cry aloud, for the anguish and pain of the strife within him.

"Why should I hesitate to declare that the man of whom I speak is myself? I have no piling apology to make to mankind. I see them all in one way or another deviating from the pure reason. It is to my own nature alone I am accountable for the woe I have brought upon it.

"I believe that there are constitutions, robust heads and iron insides, whom scarce any excesses can hurt; whom brandy (I have seen them drink it like wine), at all events whom wine, taken in ever so plentiful a measure, can do no worse injury to than just to muddle their faculties, perhaps never very pellucid. On them this discourse is wasted. They would but laugh at a weak brother who, trying his strength with them and coming off foiled from the contest, would fain persuade them that such agonistic exercises are dangerous. It is to a very different description of persons I speak. It is to the weak—the nervous; to those who feel the want of some artificial aid to raise their spirits in society to what is no more than the ordinary pitch of all around them without it. This is the secret of our drinking. Such must fly the convivial board in the first instance, if they do not mean to sell themselves for a term of life."

The vein of quaint self-analysis and self-portraiture which runs through all the "Essays of Elia," imparting a kind of whimsical unity in spite of the variety and vagary of moods and even of opinions, forms the most attractive element. And how uniformly faithful and comprehensive are his judgments on himself, though half disguised under affected playfulness!—

"My late friend" (he says, writing of Elia) "was in many respects a singular character. Those who did not like him hated him; and some, who once liked him, afterward became his bitterest haters. The truth is, he gave himself too little concern what he uttered, and in whose presence. He observed neither time nor place, and would c'en out with what came uppermost. With the severe religionist he would pass for a freethinker, while the other faction set him down for a bigot, or persuaded themselves that he belied his sentiments. Few understood him; and I am not certain that at all times he quite understood himself. He too much affected that dangerous figure—irony. He sowed doubtful speeches and reaped plain, unequivocal hatred. He would interrupt the gravest discussion with some light jest; and yet, perhaps, not quite irrelevant in ears that could understand it. Your long and much talkers hated him. The informal habit of his mind, joined to an inveterate impediment of speech, forbade him to be an orator; and he seemed determined that no one else should play that part when he was present. I have seen him sometimes in what is called good company, but where he has been a stranger, sit silent, and be suspected for an odd-fellow, till, some unlucky occasion provoking it, he would

stutter out some senseless pun (not altogether senseless, perhaps, if rightly taken), which has stamped his character for the evening. It was hit or miss with him; but nine times out of ten he contrived by this device to send away a whole company his enemies. His conceptions rose kindlier than his utterance, and his happiest *impromptus* had the appearance of effort. He has been accused of trying to be witty, when in truth he was but struggling to give his poor thoughts articulation. He chose his companions for some individuality of character which they manifested. Hence, not many persons of science, and few professed *literati*, were of his councils. They were, for the most part, persons of uncertain fortune; and, as to such people commonly nothing is more obnoxious than a gentleman of settled (though moderate) income, he passed with most of them for a miser. To my knowledge this was a mistake. His *intimados*, to confess a truth, were in the world's eye a ragged regiment. He found them floating on the surface of society, and the color or something else in the weed pleased him—the burs stuck to him—but they were good and loving burs for all that. He never greatly cared for the society of what are called good people. If any of these were scandalized (and offenses were sure to arise) he could not help it. When he has been remonstrated with for not making more concessions to the feelings of good people, he would retort by asking, What one point did these good people ever concede to him?"

So that poor Lamb was quite conscious of his weakness in the way of offending people by his inveterate habit of jesting and punning. And yet, he pleads that he could not help it. We easily see how, when Carlyle was preaching and moralizing over the fowls, he would come out with, "P-p-perhaps you are a p-p-poulturer!" Something of the same vein of quaint self-analysis we find in another essay:

"In a degree beneath manhood, it is my infirmity to look back upon those early days. Do I advance a paradox when I say that, skipping over the intervention of forty years, a man may have leave to love *himself*, without the imputation of self-love?"

"If I know aught of myself, no one whose mind is introspective—and mine is painfully so—can have a less respect for his present identity than I have for the man Elia. I know him to be light, and vain, and humorous; a notorious . . . addicted to . . . averse from counsel, neither taking it, nor offering it . . . besides, a stammering buffoon; what you will; lay it on and spare not; I subscribe to it all, and much more than thou canst be willing to lay at his door—but for the child Elia—that 'other one,' there in the background—I must take leave to cherish the remembrance of that young master with as little reference, I protest, to his stupid changeling of five-and-forty, as if it had been a child of some other house, and not of my parents. I can cry over its patient small-pox at five, and rougher medications. I can lay its poor fevered head upon the

sick pillow at Christ's, and wake with it in surprise at the gentle portion of maternal tenderness hanging over it, that unknown had watched its sleep. I know how it shrank from any the least color of falsehood. God help thee, Elia, how thou art changed! Thou art sophisticated. I know how honest, how courageous (for a weakling) it was—how religious, how imaginative, how hopeful! From what have I not fallen, if the child I remember was indeed myself, and not some dissembling guardian, presenting a false identity, to give the rule to my unpracticed steps, and regulate the tone of my moral being."

Yet once more we have his confession with respect to the type to which he would doubtless have held Mr. Carlyle to belong:

"I would not be domesticated all my days with a person of very superior capacity to my own—not, if I know myself at all, from any considerations of jealousy or self-comparison, for the occasional communion with such minds has constituted the fortune and felicity of my life—but the habit of too constant intercourse with spirits above you, instead of raising you up, keeps you down. Too frequent doses of original thinking from others restrain what lesser portion of that faculty you may possess of your own. You get entangled in another man's mind, even as you lose yourself in another man's grounds. You are walking with a tall varlet, whose strides out-pace yours to lassitude. The constant operation of such potent agency would reduce me, I am convinced to imbecility. You may derive thoughts from others; your way of thinking, the mold in which your thoughts are cast, must be your own. Intellect may be imparted, but not each man's intellectual frame.

"As little as I should wish to be always thus dragged upward, as little (or rather still less) is it desirable to be stunted downward by your associates. The trumpet does not more stun you by its loudness than a whisper teases you by its provoking inaudibility."

In view of the personal dislike Carlyle formed for Lamb, it may be interesting to read Lamb's eccentric confession of incapacity to love Scotchmen, though too definite conclusions as to actual habit and experience should not be drawn from a playful, erratic, and humorous exercise of the kind:

"I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. They can not like me—and, in truth, I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do it. There is something more plain and ingenuous in their mode of proceeding. We know one another at first sight. There is an order of imperfect intellects (under which mine must be content to rank), which in its constitution is essentially anti-Caledonian. The owners of the sort of faculties I allude to have minds rather suggestive than comprehensive. They have no pretenses to much clearness or preci-

sion in their ideas, or in their manner of expressing them. Their intellectual wardrobe (to confess fairly) has few whole pieces in it. They are content with fragments and scattered pieces of truth. She presents no full front to them—a feature or side-face at the most. Hints and glimpses, germs and crude essays at a system, is the utmost they pretend to. They beat up a little game peradventure—and leave it to knottier heads, more robust constitutions, to run it down. The light that lights them is not steady and polar, but mutable and shifting; waxing, and again waning. Their conversation is accordingly. They will throw out a random word in or out of season, and be content to let it pass for what it was worth. They can not speak always as if they were upon their oath—but must be understood, speaking or writing, with some abatement. They seldom wait to mature a proposition, but e'en bring it to market in the green ear. They delight to impart their defective discoveries as they arise, without waiting for their development. They are no systematizers, and would but err more by attempting it. Their minds, as I said before, are suggestive merely. The brain of a true Caledonian (if I am not mistaken) is constituted upon quite a different plan. His Minerva is born in panoply. You are never admitted to see his ideas in their growth—if, indeed, they do grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of clock-work. You never catch his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests anything, but unloads his stock of ideas in perfect order and completeness. He brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it. His riches are always about him. He never stoops to catch a glittering something in your presence to share it with you, before he quite knows whether it be true touch or not. You can not cry *halves* to anything that he finds. He does not find, but bring. You never witness his first apprehension of a thing. His understanding is always at its meridian. You never see the first suspicion. Surmises, guesses, misgivings, half-intuitions, semi-consciousness, partial illuminations, dim instincts, embryo-conceptions, have no place in his brain or vocabulary. The twilight of dubiety never falls upon him. Is he orthodox—he has no doubts. Is he an infidel—he has none either. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no border-land with him. You can not hover with him upon the confines of truth, or wander in the maze of a probable argument. He always keeps the path. You can not make excursions with him, for he sets you right. His taste never fluctuates. His morality never abates. He can not compromise, or understand middle actions. There can be but a right and a wrong. His conversation is as a book. His affirmations have the sanctity of an oath. You must speak upon the square with him. He stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's country. 'A healthy book!' said one of his countrymen to me, who had ventured to give that appellation to 'John Bunce.' 'Did I catch rightly what you said? I have heard of a man in health, and of a healthy state of body, but I do not see how that epithet can

be properly applied to a book.' Above all, you must beware of indirect expressions before a Caledonian. Clap an extingisher upon your irony, if you are unhappily blessed with a vein of it. Remember you are upon your oath."

Lamb's humor is, perhaps, not rich, but it is true and rare. The "Dissertation upon Roast Pig," which must be more familiar to most readers than some of his finer and more reserved examples, is surely permeated by a vein of most delicious by-play—full of fanciful irony and humorous suggestion.

Then, for a more refined and aerial spirit—something that lightly carries the ideas into an atmosphere of true exhilaration and hopefulness—"Grace before Meat" should be read; and after that perhaps "Barbara S—," which is not only delicate in every touch, but pervaded by the purest pathos. If Lamb does not in these three essays show that he is a humorist, and, moreover, that he can traverse varied spheres of interest on which to found his humorous sallies, we know not where to find such qualities in the whole range of English literature. It is unjust to judge him as the mere punster and conversationalist. The possession of humor does not of itself imply goodness. But Charles Lamb, in spite of his dram-drinking, was a good man, and his humor draws color from his character. It is always pure, elevating, and fitted to touch to fine issues, to soften the heart and expand the sympathies.

Mr. Carlyle's magnificent and egotistic celebrations of his father and mother, which proclaim, no less than the pæans sung over the perfections of his wife, the over-intense and therefore limiting and discolored nature of his genius, may well be contrasted with the naïve and indirect and surely very humorous style in which Lamb unpretendingly, but not the less effectively, celebrates the virtues of his father and mother—their noble hospitality and gentleness, characteristics in which they do not seem to have been surpassed by Carlyle's parents, so egotistically belauded. Read this passage from the close of the essay on "Poor Relations," which, in its suggestiveness and half-veiled pathos, exhibits the very elements so lacking in Carlyle's portraiture, thus making it form, in essential respects, a good alternative to that other—restoring faith in human nature, with all its elevating accompaniments, and insinuating softly the finer elements of influence:

"This theme of poor relationship is replete with so much matter for tragic as well as comic associations, that it is difficult to keep the account distinct without blending. The earliest impressions which I received on this matter are certainly not attended

with anything painful, or very humiliating, in the recalling. At my father's table (no very splendid one) was to be found, every Saturday, the mysterious figure of an aged gentleman, clothed in neat black, of a sad yet comely appearance. His deportment was of the essence of gravity; his words few or none; and I was not to make a noise in his presence. I had little inclination to have done so—for my cue was to admire in silence. A particular elbow-chair was appropriated to him, which was in no case to be violated. A peculiar sort of sweet pudding, which appeared on no other occasion, distinguished the days of his coming. I used to think him a prodigiously rich man. All I could make out of him was that he and my father had been school-fellows, a world ago, at Lincoln, and that he came from the Mint. The Mint I knew to be a place where all the money was coined—and I thought he was the owner of all that money. Awful ideas of the Tower twined themselves about his presence. He seemed above human infirmities and passions. A sort of melancholy grandeur invested him. From some inexplicable doom I fancied him obliged to go about in an eternal suit of mourning; a captive—a stately being let out of the Tower on Saturdays. Often have I wondered at the temerity of my father, who, in spite of an habitual general respect which we all in common manifested toward him, would venture now and then to stand up against him in some argument touching their youthful days. The houses of the ancient city of Lincoln are divided (as most of my readers know) between the dwellers on the hill and in the valley. This marked distinction formed an obvious division between the boys who lived above (however brought together in a common school) and the boys whose paternal residence was on the plain; a sufficient cause of hostility in the code of these young Grotiuses. My father had been a leading mountaineer, and would still maintain the general superiority in skill and hardihood of the *Above Boys* (his own faction) over the *Below Boys* (so were they called), of which party his contemporary had been a chieftain. Many and hot were the skirmishes on this topic—the only one upon which the old gentleman was ever brought out—and bad blood bred; even sometimes almost to the recommencement (so I expected) of actual hostilities. But my father, who scorned to insist upon advantages, generally contrived to turn the conversation upon some adroit by-commendation of the old Minister; in the general preference of which, before all other cathedrals in the island, the dweller on the hill and the plain-born could meet on a conciliating level, and lay down their less important differences. Once only I saw the old gentleman really ruffled, and I remember with anguish the thought that came over me: 'Perhaps he will never come here again.' He had been pressed to take another plate of the viand which I have already mentioned as the indispensable concomitant of his visits. He had refused with a resistance amounting to rigor, when my aunt, an old Lincolnian, but who had something of this, in common with my cousin Bridget, that she

would sometimes press civility out of season, uttered the following memorable application: 'Do take another slice, Mr. Billet, for you do not get pudding every day.' The old gentleman said nothing at the time, but he took occasion in the course of the evening, when some argument had intervened between them, to utter with an emphasis which chilled the company, and which chills me now as I write it, 'Woman, you are superannuated!' John Billet did not survive long, after the digesting of this affront, but he survived long enough to assure me that peace was actually restored; and, if I remember aright, another pudding was discreetly substituted in the place of that which had occasioned the offense. He died at the Mint (Anno 1781) where he had long held, what he accounted, a comfortable independence; and with five pounds, fourteen shillings, and a penny, which were found in his escritoire after his decease, left the world, blessing God that he had enough to bury him, and that he had never been obliged to any man for a sixpence. This was—a Poor Relation."

Of the self-denial and nobility of Charles Lamb's life, one of his biographers gives the following report:

"There was an hereditary tendency to insanity in the Lamb family. Charles himself, it has been said, had for a short time suffered from it, and had spent six weeks in an asylum at Hoxton. The malady next seized his sister with fatal violence. Mary Lamb, borne down with a constant and harassing struggle with poverty (for they were very poor), had been for some time in bad health, which at last resulted in madness. On September 22d, in a fit of sudden frenzy, she seized a knife from the dinner-table and stabbed her bedridden mother to the heart.

"At the coroner's inquest, which was held next day, the jury returned a verdict of lunacy, and Mary Lamb was removed to an asylum, where she gradually recovered her reason. Charles at first bore this sudden and awful blow with an unnatural calmness, which perhaps preserved him from madness. The responsibility which was thrown upon him, however, soon called forth the latent strength of his character. He felt, to use his own words, that he 'had something else to do than regret.' He saw that if his father was to have those comforts which his age and infirmities rendered indispensable, and if his sister was ever to be restored to the soothing occupations and endearments of home, instead of being permanently consigned to a mad-house, it must be through his own exertions. His brother John, though holding a lucrative place in the South-Sea House, with a selfishness which, notwithstanding Charles's affectionate excuses, it is impossible to forgive, never even hinted a desire to share the heavy burden which was thus cast upon him. Charles Lamb felt that he could not contemplate any connection which would interfere with the performance of these sacred duties; and, in accordance with this conviction, his love for the

unknown 'fair-haired maid' was deliberately and resolutely sacrificed.

"During the few months that his father survived Mrs. Lamb's death, Charles gave up almost the whole of his precious leisure to him, and complied cheerfully with all his childish caprices. A letter to Coleridge, dated December 2, 1796, gives a glimpse of the trials he had to undergo to humor and amuse his father:

"'I am got home,' he writes, 'and, after repeated games of cribbage, have got my father's leave to write awhile—with difficulty got it; for, when I expostulated about playing any more, he very aptly replied, "If you won't play with me, you might as well not come home at all." The argument was unanswerable, and I set to afresh.'

"Charles Lamb's first care on his father's death, early in 1796, was to release his sister from confinement. This was opposed by his brother John and some other members of the family, who thought that, as there could be no assurance given that her madness would not return, she ought to be placed under permanent restraint. But Charles was resolute, and, on his entering into a solemn engagement that he would take care of her and support her through life, he was permitted to remove her to his home. From that time they were hardly separated for a day, except when the return of Mary Lamb's illness rendered it necessary that she should be placed under temporary restraint. His income at this time was only a little more than a hundred a year; but he always had a reserve fund sufficient for these emergencies. He watched over his sister's health with painful care, and through life bore the heart-breaking anxiety occasioned by his sister's precarious state and frequent relapses—and which, to a man of his exquisite sensibility, must have been so much more terrible in the presence of any actual misfortune—if not without a murmur, yet with a loving effort to spare her the knowledge of the anguish he sometimes endured. Perhaps this life-long devotion was more truly heroic even than the sacrifice of his love. Many a man capable of the one act of self-abnegation might yet have missed this loving

'To the level of every day's
Most quiet need.'

"Mary Lamb was always conscious of the approach of her illnesses, and submitted voluntarily to medical treatment. Charles Lloyd once met the brother and sister in the fields near Hoxton, both weeping bitterly, walking hand in hand toward the asylum."

And Thomas De Quincey, in one of his less-known writings, thus becomes enthusiastic over Lamb's generosity and goodness, a thing he was less and less prone to be, on the printed page, as he advanced in life:

"The Lambs had heard of my being in solitary lodgings, and insisted on my coming to dine with them, which more than once I did in the winter of 1821-1822. The mere reception by the Lambs was so full of goodness and hospitable feeling, that it

kindled animation in the most cheerless or torpid of invalids. I can not imagine that any *memorabilia* occurred during the visit. There were no strangers; Charles Lamb, his sister, and myself, made up the party. Even this was done in kindness. They knew that I should have been oppressed by an effort such as must be made in the society of strangers; and they placed me by their own fireside, where I could say as little or as much as I pleased. We dined about five o'clock, and it was one of the hospitalities inevitable to the Lambs, that any game which they might receive from rural friends in the course of the week was reserved for the day of a friend's dining with them.

"The very basis of Lamb's character was laid in horror of affectation. If he found himself by accident using a rather fine word, notwithstanding that it might be the most forcible in that place (the word *arrest*, suppose, in certain situations for the word *catch*), he would, if it were allowed to stand, make merry with his own grandiloquence at the moment; and in after-moments he would continually ridicule that class of words by others carried to an extreme of pedantry. The word *arride*, for instance, used in the sense of *pleasing* or *winning the approbation*—just as Charles Fox, another patron of simplicity, or at least humility of style, was accustomed to use the word *villipend*, as a standing way of sarcastically recalling to the reader's mind the Latinizing writers of English. Hence—that is, from this intense sincerity and truth of character—Lamb would allow himself to say things that shocked the feelings of the company, shocked sometimes in the sense of startling or electrifying, as by something that was odd; but also sometimes shocked with the sense of what *was* revolting, as by a swift laying bare of naked, shivering human nature. . . . In miscellaneous gatherings Lamb said little unless an opening arose for a pun. And how effectual that sort of small shot was from *him* I need not say to anybody who remembers his infirmity of stammering and his dexterous management of it for purposes of light and shade. He was often able to train the roll of stammers into settling upon the words immediately preceding the effective one, by which means the key-note of the jest or sarcasm, benefiting by the sudden liberation of his embargoed voice, was delivered with the force of a pistol-shot. That stammer was worth an annuity to him as an ally of his wit. Firing under cover of that advantage, he did triple execution; for, in the first place, the distressing sympathy of the hearers with *his* distress of utterance won for him unavoidably the silence of deep attention; and then, while he had us all hoaxed into attitude of mute suspense by an appearance of distress that he perhaps did not really feel, down came a plunging shot into the very thick of us, with ten times the effect it would else have had. . . .

"I knew Lamb" (he exclaims in continuation), "and I know certain cases in which he was concerned—cases which it is difficult to publish with any regard to the feelings of persons now living, but which (if published in all their circumstances) would show

him to be the very noblest of human beings. He was a man in a sense more eminent than would be conceivable by many people, *princely*—nothing short of that—in his beneficence. Many liberal people I have known in this world—many who were charitable in the widest sense—many munificent people; but never any one upon whom for bounty, for indulgence and forgiveness, for charitable construction of doubtful or mixed actions, and for regal munificence, you might have thrown yourself with so absolute a reliance as upon this comparatively poor Charles Lamb."

If sometimes Lamb's humor tends to render him even in appearances unjust, he likes to make amends tenderly. Though in his essay on "Imperfect Sympathies," for example, he confesses to some dislike to certain traits in the Quakers, how aptly and beautifully elsewhere he can render atonement!—

"The very garments of a Quaker seem incapable of receiving a soil; and cleanliness in them to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the Shining Ones."

Again, see how lightly he can touch the self-pitying side of human nature. He is dealing with the "convalescent," but the convalescent of a particular type; and his touches succeed each other with a perfect sense of fairness, notwithstanding his fine vein of humor, which would tempt to exaggeration and injustice:

"He has put on the strong armor of sickness, he is wrapped in the callous hide of suffering; he keeps his sympathy, like some curious vintage, under trusty lock and key, for his own use only.

"He lies pitying himself, honing and moaning to himself; he yearneth over himself; his bowels are even melted within him, to think what he suffers; he is not ashamed to weep over himself.

"He is for ever plotting how to do some good to himself; studying little stratagems and artificial alleviations.

"He makes the most of himself; dividing himself, by an allowable fiction, into as many distinct individuals as he hath sore and sorrowing members. Sometimes he meditates—as of a thing apart from him—upon his poor, aching head, and that dull pain which, dozing or waking, lay in it all the past night like a log, or palpable substance of pain, not to be removed without opening the very skull, as it seemed, to take it thence. Or he pities his long, clammy, attenuated fingers. He compassionates himself all over, and his bed is a very discipline of humanity, and tender heart."

And this is the kind of man who, though

certainly not without his faults, remained noble in his mind and in his private life, passing through deep sufferings uncomplainingly, and exercising many self-denials, who remained genial, and who ever delighted to relieve the pains and the trials of others—and yet, of whom Mr. Carlyle can write as follows:

"Charles Lamb and his sister came daily once or oftener; a very sorry pair of phenomena. Insuperable proclivity to gin in poor old Lamb. His talk contemptibly small, indicating wondrous ignorance and shallowness, even when it was serious and good-mannered, which it seldom was, usually ill-mannered (to a degree), screwed into frosty artificialities, ghastly make-believe of wit, in fact more like 'diluted insanity' (as I defined it) than anything of real jocosity, humor, or geniality. A most slender fiber of actual worth in that poor Charles, abundantly recognizable to me as to others, in his better times and moods; but he was cockney to the marrow; and cockneydom, shouting 'glorious, marvelous, unparalleled in nature,' all his days had quite bewildered his poor head, and churned nearly all the sense out of the poor man. He was the leanest of mankind, tiny black breeches buttoned to the knee-cap, and no further, surmounting spindle-legs also in black, face and head fineish, black, bony, lean, and of a Jew type rather; in the eyes a kind of smoky brightness or confused sharpness; spoke with a stutter; in walking tottered and shuffled; emblem of imbecility bodily and spiritual (something of real insanity I have understood), and yet something, too, of human, ingenuous, pathetic, much enduring. Poor Lamb! he was infinitely astonished at my wife, and her quiet encounter of his too ghastly London wit by a cheerful native ditto. Adieu, poor Lamb!"

Only think of Carlyle's notion of hospitality and friendliness, and of the reverence and reticence which the giving and receiving of such at-

tentions as these should imply! Charles Lamb and his sister went, Carlyle himself says, "once a day or oftener" to visit him at a certain period. Clearly, then, they went believing that they derived some kind of cheering aid on their thorn-strewn way; believing also, doubtless, that they gave some pleasure, and depending upon the confidence which such mutual intercourse and mutual enjoyment demand. Brave, old, broken-down creatures, affecting a cheerfulness and humor (on Charles's part still adequate to a pun, alas!) wherever they could, to ward off thoughts of the insanity that dogged them throughout their lives, like some worse Brocken-specter that could not be left behind! They fancied Carlyle was their friend and helper, and went oftener than they were wanted, apparently. But Carlyle does not speak his honest feelings—ah, no! He lets them come and go, and sardonically laughs at them, jests about "imbecility" and "insanity," and vents his spleen and contempt on paper, to be posthumously given to the world! We shall only say again, let any one who wants a true alternative or relief from Carlyle's grim and black-browed chuckle of almost brutal self-satisfaction in such self-revelation, take down Elia's essays, and read that on "Poor Relations" carefully to the end; and then thank Heaven for the beautiful, bountiful gift of true humorous geniality, and, what is yet higher and better, faith in human nature, which is, *pace* Carlyle, happily preserved to us in literature that he would dub cockney and treat with a malignant scowl; as if it were impossible for a cockney to have a heart, or that it were always possible even for a great Scotchman to have a big one.

ALEX. H. JAPP (*Gentleman's Magazine*).

CANDIDATING; OR, OLD TIMES IN THE SOUTHWEST.*

I HAVE found no class of people in the Southwest so omnipresent as office-seeking politicians. I have visited no neighborhood so remote, no valley so deep, no mountain so high, that the secluded cabins had not been honored by the visits of aspiring politicians, eager to secure the votes of their "sovereign" occupants. In multitudes of such cabins and settlements,

their first impressions in regard to me were that I was either a sheriff, collecting the county and State taxes, or a "candidate" soliciting votes. The one vocation was as general and as universally recognized as an honorable employment as the other. If I did not make myself known as a clergyman as soon as I arrived at many of these out-of-the-way cabins, I was frequently greeted with the salutation:

"How 'dy, sir? I reckon you are a candidate, stranger!"

Some months preceding each election these

* A chapter from a forthcoming book from the press of D. Appleton & Co., by the Rev. H. W. Pierson, D. D., entitled "In the Brush; or, Old-Time Home-Life in the Southwest."

aspirants for official honors publicly announced themselves as candidates for the particular office that they sought. In those States where the election was held the first Monday in August, these announcements were usually made the preceding spring at the February county or circuit court. On such occasions the court adjourned for the afternoon, and after dinner the crowds in attendance gathered in the court-house, and, one after another, all the aspirants for all the different offices, State and national, came before the assembled people, announced themselves as candidates, and set forth their qualifications for the office sought and their claims upon the suffrages of their fellow-citizens. Sometimes half a dozen or more would announce themselves as candidates for the same office. In listening to their speeches one would be led to think that the chief excellence and glory of our Constitution was that it secured to every citizen the right to be an office-seeker. "My fellow-citizens, I claim the *right* of an American citizen to come before you and solicit your suffrages," was asserted by a great many of these candidates, and very often by those who could present but a sorry list of other claims for the office sought.

I have often found these gatherings occasions of the rarest interest and sport. On one occasion the candidate's name was *Coulter*, and the office sought was the county clerkship. The incumbent was a consumptive, in such poor health that he had been compelled to spend the winter in a milder climate, and it was doubtful if he would be able to discharge the duties of his office another term. "My fellow-citizens," said Mr. Coulter, "I am very sorry for Mr. Anderson [who was present], our worthy county clerk, sorry that his health is so poor—sorry that he was obliged to leave us last winter, and go and breathe the balmy breezes of a more genial climate. But as he was gone, and there was some doubt about his coming back, I did not think it would be out of the way to try my Coulter a little. I experimented with it. It worked well. I tried it in several precincts. It ran smooth and cut beautifully. I am so much pleased with the way it works that I am determined to enter it for the race." This play upon his name was received with great favor. His old father sat upon a table immediately under the Judge's seat from which he spoke, and gazed up at him with open mouth and the most intense parental pride and joy. The crowd cheered to the echo, and I learned some months afterward that this remarkable (?) display of wit was rewarded by the clerkship sought.

In these public speeches, and on all other occasions, both public and private, this pursuit of office was always spoken of as a "race." The

most common remarks and inquiries in regard to any political canvass were such as these:

"I intend to make the 'race.'" "It will be a very close 'race.'" "Do you think Jones will make the 'race?'" "Smith has a strong competitor, but I think he will make the 'race.'" "I will bet you fifty dollars that Peters will make the 'race.'" "To 'make the race' was to secure an election.

On another occasion, I heard a speaker who had been a candidate for the same office, and had canvassed his county, making speeches in every neighborhood, for twelve successive years. Though I saw him very often and knew him very well, I never heard him speak but once.

A part of his speech I could not forget. It was as follows:

"Fortunately or unfortunately, my fellow-citizens, some twelve years ago I was seized with a strong desire to represent my county in the Lower House of the Legislature of my native State. Fellow-citizens, you all know me. I was raised among you. I was a poor boy. I am a poor man now. I ask you to vote for me as an encouragement to the poor boys of the county, that I may be an example to them—that they may point to me and say, 'There is a man, that was once as poor as any of us, who has been honored with a seat in the Legislature of his native State.' I have taught school a good many winters, and the boys that I have taught like me. They will give me their votes. I have sometimes thought I should have to teach school over the county until I have taught boys enough to elect me."

I can not go through with all of his speech, but his peroration was too rich to omit:

"My fellow-citizens, when I look back over the twelve years since I became a candidate for this office I feel encouraged. When I look back and think of the very few that for years gave me any encouragement, and compare them with the numbers that now promise me their votes, I am proud of my success. I begin to feel that my hopes are about to be realized—that a majority of my fellow-citizens will honor me with their suffrages, and that I shall proudly go up to the Capitol and take my seat among the legislators of the State. But, fellow-citizens, if, unfortunately, I should fail in this election, *I take the present opportunity to announce myself as a candidate in the next race.*"

This candidate was like the suitor whom the lady accepted to get rid of him. Though a large number of his fellow-citizens were very intelligent men, they finally concluded not to vote against him, and allow him to be elected. I afterward saw him in the Legislature, and he was certainly superior to some of his colleagues. He intro-

duced me to a fellow-member from the mountains who could not read or write at all; and told me, privately, that he read and answered all the letters that passed between him and his family and constituents. Mr. George D. Prentice was accustomed to give this legislator from the mountains an almost daily notice in the "Louisville Journal."

After these public announcements were made, the candidates entered upon their work in dead earnest. They often issued printed handbills, announcing the days on which they would speak at different places. They traveled together, and addressed the same crowds in rotation. These political discussions between candidates for the higher offices, such as Governor, member of Congress, etc., were often very able and eloquent. Indeed, I have rarely, if ever, heard more able political discussions than some of these. Where they canvassed a State or Congressional district together, they spoke in rotation, an hour each by the watch, and then concluded with half-hour speeches. This gave to each an opportunity to answer the arguments of the other. As both addressed the same audience, and each was applauded and cheered by his own party, they were both stimulated and excited to the highest degree possible. Each wished not only to gratify his political friends by the ability and skill with which he discussed the questions at issue, but to secure from the audience as many votes for himself as possible. They were like lawyers before a jury, each anxious to secure a verdict in his own favor. I have often thought that this method of conducting a political campaign had many advantages over that which generally prevails in the Northern and Eastern States, where a candidate, with no ability to speak, is nominated by a caucus, and the parties afterward meet in separate mass-meetings, and the speakers convince voters that are already convinced and annihilate opponents that are not there. In this manner neither party has the opportunity to correctly and fairly represent its views to the other.

But public political discussions made but a small part of the labor performed by the great majority of these candidates. They solicited the votes of the people in private, and on all sorts of occasions. Some of them mounted their horses, and went from house to house together as thoroughly as if they were taking the census. A story is told of two opposing candidates who spent a night together at a cabin. Each was anxious to secure the "female influence" of the family in his own favor, and one of them took the water-bucket and started for the distant spring to get a pail of water, thinking to make a favorable impression on the hostess by rendering her this aid in preparing the coffee for their supper. His opponent,

not to be outdone by this master-stroke of policy, devoted himself to the baby with such success that he won its favor, and succeeded in getting it into his arms. The other candidate returned from his long walk with his well-filled water-bucket, to see his opponent bestowing the most affectionate caresses and kisses upon a baby that very sadly needed a thorough application of the water he had brought, and to hear him pour into the mother's charmed ear abundant and glowing words of praise for her hopeful child. The water-bucket was set down in despair. It is quite unnecessary to say which of the candidates secured the vote from that cabin.

These candidates were always to be found at all large gatherings of the people. They were to be seen at barbecues, shooting-matches, corn-huskings, gander-pullings, basket-meetings, public theological discussions, and all sorts of religious and other gatherings of the people. Here they were busy shaking hands with everybody, and using every possible expedient to win their votes. My friend the late Rev. Dr. W. W. Hill, of Louisville, Kentucky, related to me a very characteristic and amusing incident, illustrating this style of electioneering.

While rusticating, quite early in his ministry, at a somewhat celebrated medicinal spring among the hills, he was invited by his host to go with him to a public discussion on the question of baptism, that was to come off in the neighborhood between two distinguished champions, holding opposite views in regard to the "subjects" and "mode" of baptism. Judge C—, a candidate for Congress from that district, who had a very wide reputation as a skillful and successful electioneer, was present, as polite and busy as possible, shaking hands with everybody, and inquiring with wonderful solicitude after the health of their wives and families. At the close of the services, or, as the people there would say, "when the meeting broke," his host invited the Judge and several of his neighbors to go home with him and eat peaches-and-cream. He said his peaches were very fine, and his wife had saved a plenty of nice cream for the occasion. The invitation was accepted, and a very pleasant party accompanied him to his house. When the company were seated at the table, the Judge found the peaches very rare, the cream delicious, and was profuse in his compliments to both host and hostess. At length the host said:

"Well, Judge, what did you think of the discussion to-day?"

"The discussion," said the Judge, glancing up and down the table, and speaking as if rendering a judicial decision from the bench, "was very able on both sides. The preachers acquitted themselves most honorably, most handsomely.

And yet I must say in all honesty that Parson Waller [the Baptist] was rather too much for Parson Clarke [the Methodist]. He had the advantage of him on a good many points. But, then, he had the advantage of him so far as the merits of the question are concerned, *I think*. The Greek settles that question. *Blablow* may not always, in all circumstances, mean 'immerse,' but *blabtezer*, its derivative, means immerse—go in all over—every time. There's no getting away from that."

"What did you say that Greek word was that always means 'immerse'?" said my friend, the young Presbyterian preacher, a recent graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary, who was sitting immediately opposite the Judge.

"Do you know anything about Greek?" responded the Judge.

"Not much," replied the young preacher.

"Do you know *anything* about it? Have you ever studied it at all?" continued the Judge.

"I have studied and read it some for about a dozen years," rejoined my friend.

The Judge immediately started off upon an episode full of anecdote and amusement, and did not get back to answer the question in regard to the Greek while the company remained at the table.

The Doctor informed me that, as they left the table, he walked off alone into the garden, but was soon overtaken by the Judge, who exclaimed:

"Where did you come from, stranger, and how did you get among these hills, a man that has studied Greek a dozen years? Now, let me own up. I don't know a thing about Greek; never studied it at all. I don't know a Greek letter from a turkey-track. I am a candidate for Congress, out on an electioneering excursion. I knew everybody at the table but you, and I saw that it was a Baptist crowd. I wanted to win their favor and get their votes. I heard Parson Smith preach on baptism in the city last winter, and I was giving them his Greek as well as I could remember it. Now," said the Judge, with a jolly laugh at the ridiculousness of his position, "if you let this out on me so that my opponent can get hold of it before I am through this canvass, I'll never forgive you."

It is but simple justice to these Baptists to say that, had the Judge chanced to dine and eat peaches-and-cream that day with a company of adherents of the other champion, his predilections would have been just as strong in favor of Parson Clarke, and he would have marshaled his Greek just as positively in favor of "infants" as "subjects" and "sprinkling" as the "mode."

I am sure I shall be pardoned if I interrupt

the flow of my narrative to speak of what seems to me the remarkable fact that, more than forty years after the scenes I have just described, I am able to say that the "Parson Smith," so named by the candidate as furnishing his Greek was a revered friend whom, until quite recently, I had not met for more than twenty years; to whose hospitable home, cheered by the bright sunshine of one of the noblest and the best of wives and mothers, I was for years welcomed on my return from my long horseback-journeys, with a cordiality as warm, I am sure, as though I had been a member of his own ecclesiastical fold or diocese, who, now in his eighty-eighth year, resides in New York City, the honored and beloved senior Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

And I take great pleasure in saying that no bishop or member of his own Church or any other, who has not, as I have, often met him in his parochial journeyings, traveled over thousands on thousands of miles of the same indescribably rough roads, climbed on horseback the same steep mountain-paths, and partaken of the rough but generous hospitality of the same rude cabins, can possibly understand with what patience, with what energy, with what unconquerable devotion, he has thus toiled for wellnigh half a century for the dear Church and the dearer Master he has so long loved and served with such pure and glowing love.

One scene in the life of the venerable Bishop is worthy of the period of the most accomplished artist, worthy to be inscribed upon the walls of the national Capitol as a companion to Bierstadt's "Emigrants crossing the Plains," illustrating as it does the manner in which the heroic heralds of the cross have ever accompanied and followed our bold and daring emigrants, and in every new State laid, broad and deep, the foundations of learning and religion by establishing the church and the school.

Having in his extended parochial travels become painfully conscious of the need of increased efficiency in the public-school system of the State, he accepted, and discharged for two years—1839 and 1840—the duties of Superintendent of Public Instruction. To this work, in addition to his Episcopal duties, he devoted himself with untiring energy and zeal, visiting and making educational addresses in seventy-six out of the then ninety-one counties of the State. Many of these counties could only be visited on horseback, the only wheeled vehicle ever seen by the inhabitants being the cart in which the laws passed by successive Legislatures were transmitted to the different county-seats.

On one of these journeys the Bishop found at a mountain-inn a Methodist circuit-rider, class-

leader, steward, and local preacher, assembled for an "official meeting." All hearts beat in the warmest Christian sympathy. As, after a frugal meal, the Bishop's horse was brought to the door, and he was about to renew his journey, all these heroic Christian workers gathered sympathizingly and helpfully around him, one holding his horse by the bridle, another holding the stirrups, and the other helping him to mount. When fairly seated in his saddle, the Bishop reverently uncovered his head, and, lifting his hand to heaven, said, "Send, Lord, by whom thou wilt send, but send help to the mountains!" to which they all responded with a hearty Methodistic "Amen and amen!"

The method of private electioneering by going from house to house, or attending such gatherings unattended by an opponent, was called electioneering on the still hunt. In pursuing the wild game of those regions two methods were adopted. Sometimes the hunters went in large parties, with horses, hounds, and horns, and pursued and killed their game by these public and noisy demonstrations. At other times they went alone and quietly through the fields and woods, came upon their game noiselessly, and killed it by stealth. This latter method was called by the people "*the still hunt*." In like manner the politicians had two methods of electioneering, as already described. The one was by public gatherings and by public speeches. The other was by these more private and quiet measures, to which they appropriated this old phrase from the hunter's vocabulary, and called "*the still hunt*." I remember on one occasion hearing two candidates for the office of sheriff address a crowd in one of the wildest regions in the Southwest, each in advocacy of his own claims. One of them was quite an effective and the other a very indifferent speaker. In a conversation with the former, at the conclusion of the discussion, I told him that, judging from the speeches, and the responses they received from the crowd, I thought his chances must be altogether the best for securing the election.

"Ah," said he, "it won't do to judge by the speeches, or to depend upon them to secure an election. My opponent is the hardest sort of a man to beat. He is powerful on the still hunt."

Many of these candidates displayed most wonderful industry and energy in this "*still-hunt*" method of electioneering. In a conference with the officers of a county Bible Society, in regard to the time it would take a Bible-distributor to visit every family in the county, for the purpose of supplying them with a copy of the Bible by sale or gift, one of them gave his experience in canvassing the county for the office of prosecuting attorney, told how many families he could

visit in a day, and said he thought it would not take the Bible-distributor longer to make his visits than he took to persuade them to vote for him. This was a new and very satisfactory method of arriving at the time really required for a thorough religious canvass of the county.

The "*still-hunt*" method of electioneering also developed and gave occasion for the display of great tact and skill in influencing every variety of mind and character. Arguments in regard to the questions at issue were often of the least possible influence and importance in securing votes. A lady, whose guest I was, told me that the member of Congress from the district in which she resided, who had been reelected a great many times, and was at that time Speaker of the House of Representatives, had often visited her house and neighborhood. She said that, when he first began to canvass his district for Congress, he always carried his fiddle with him, and made very indifferent speeches to the people in the daytime, but played the fiddle, greatly to their admiration, for their dances at night. His fiddling and dancing, fine personal appearance, and wonderful skill and tact in mingling with the people and securing their personal admiration and favor, were far more effective than his speeches, and enabled him to "make the race" against all competitors. He was a remarkable illustration of the success of the "*still-hunt*" method of electioneering. With a most indifferent early education, without a knowledge of English grammar at the commencement of his Congressional career, he was reelected so often, and continued in Congress so long, that he became perfectly conversant with his duties, served on nearly or quite every committee, was made chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, became the recognized leader of his party, and was ultimately Speaker of the House of Representatives through two Congresses—from December 1, 1851, to March 4, 1855. With these long years of Congressional experience, he became a very effective stump-speaker, and this, with his "*still-hunt*" powers, enabled him to secure his reelection again and again for some thirty years, until he quite wore out the patience of the aspiring members of his own party who were anxious for "rotation" in the office.

After growing gray in the service, he was at length beaten by a youthful member of his own party on this wise: It was one of the established laws of conducting a political canvass of the district that, after the different persons had announced themselves as candidates for an office, no one of them should call a meeting or address an audience in any part of the district without notifying all the other candidates, that they might have the opportunity to be present to answer

their opponent and make a plea in their own behalf. A young and aspiring member of the party, whose father had grown gray in the vain hope of a "rotation" in this office in his favor, determined to take advantage of this "established law" of the party, and, if possible, secure for himself the office for which his venerable father had so long waited in vain. He accordingly announced himself as a candidate for the office, purchased a very superior horse—there was then no railroad in the district—published a list of appointments to address the people of the district at different places on successive days, but made these appointments so far apart—some eighty miles or more—that it was impossible for his venerable opponent to ride the distance. He had complied with the "letter of the law," but it was one of those cases where "the letter killeth." Young, vigorous, and possessing great powers of endurance, he would address the people at one o'clock in the afternoon, and then make a long ride far into the night if necessary, and start early in the morning and ride an equal distance to the next afternoon appointment. In this manner he canvassed the district alone. He made his speeches and had no one to answer them. He had the fullest possible opportunity to tell the people how long they honored his opponent, that he had no further possible claims upon their suffrages, and to make very earnest and even pathetic appeals in his own behalf. His venerable opponent was not present to counteract the force of these appeals, either by the eloquence he had acquired in Congress, or with his once effective fiddle; and so this son of a disappointed office-seeking father not only triumphed in the horseback "race," but "made the political race" for the office sought, and took his seat in Congress. I heard him make several speeches to his constituents, but thought them far less remarkable than the John Gilpin features of his political campaign.

I have already remarked that sometimes as many as half a dozen persons would announce themselves as candidates for the same office at the opening of a political campaign. As the canvass progressed, one after another would become satisfied that his prospects were entirely hopeless, and publicly announce his withdrawal from the race. On one occasion I heard a candidate announce his withdrawal in a speech that I thought described the condition of a great many politicians. It was as follows:

"My fellow-citizens, I came before you at the opening of this campaign and announced myself as a candidate for sheriff of the county. I now appear before you to withdraw from the race. I have a great many friends, strong friends. They stand up to me nobly. Nobody could wish for

better friends. There is only this one trouble in my case—I haven't got quite enough of them.

"I have already gone so far in this race that I don't know myself. I have lost myself entirely. When I go into the different precincts and hear all the tales that they have got afloat about me, and the character that they give me, it is somebody that I don't know anything about—somebody that I never heard of before. Fellow-citizens, it isn't me, I assure you, that they are talking about. They have mistaken the man. If any of you should want to know anything about me, just ask the boys in my precinct. They know me. They will tell you. They all stand up for me."

I will relate but one more veritable incident to illustrate political life in the Brush, and to show the expedients sometimes resorted to by able and eloquent men to make sure of an election to an important office. I had spent a Sabbath and preached in behalf of the American Bible Society at a small county-seat town upon one of the large rivers in the Southwest. While at breakfast on Monday morning, the circuit judge of that judicial district, who was a resident of the village, sent his colored boy to the house where I was staying, with the message that he had heard that I was going to Big Spring that day, and he wished to know whether I was going in the morning or afternoon. He said that he had expected to go there in the morning, but if he could have my company he would defer his ride. As I had an appointment to meet the officers of the county Bible Society, and attend to the appointment of a Bible-distributor, and order Bibles from New York for the supply of the county, I sent back word to him that I could not close up my business so as to leave until afternoon.

After dinner we mounted our horses and started upon our pleasant ride of about twenty miles. The day was pleasant, the distance not great, the Judge was intelligent and a very fine talker, and I enjoyed the ride greatly. In former visits to the village I had been a guest in his family, when he had been absent from home, holding his courts in distant parts of his district, so that I had not before become as well acquainted with him as I was with his family.

I had been greatly interested and delighted with my long conversations with his venerable mother, and on her account I was very happy to enjoy this long horseback-ride and pleasant talk with her distinguished son. She was one of the most interesting and remarkable women I have ever met in any part of our country. She was one among the first white children born west of the Alleghanies. Her father had participated in the early Indian wars, and her recollections and

rehearsals of the thrilling scenes of early border life and warfare were the most vivid and interesting of any to which I have ever listened. Born in a frontier cabin, with but few neighbors, surrounded by wild beasts and Indians, the toils, hardships, and excitements of their pioneer-life gave little opportunity for education, and she told me that her entire school-life was less than nine months. And yet I have rarely conversed with any one whose language was as smooth, correct, and elevated. The secret of this seemed to lie in the fact that she had read and reread the writings of Sir Walter Scott until not only all his sentiments and characters, but his very style, had become her own. She would repeat his poetry by the hour with wonderful taste and beauty. Scotch blood flowed in her veins, and the warmest blood of the fatherland glowed in her heart. With a wonderful command of language, with an easy, elevated, and flowing style, she would for hours together relate the thrilling scenes of her childhood, and the varied incidents of her early border-life. Her admiration of her father, and especially of his bravery, was unbounded. I remember the pride with which she told me of a visit she once received from a veteran hunter and Indian-fighter, who had been a companion of her father in those early struggles and conflicts, and of the fervor of his parting benediction: "Jenny, God bless you, you are the child of a hero, as brave as ever shouldered a rifle!"

Kind and genial, as full of sunshine as of stories of the olden time, beloved by young and old, the evening of her life was truly beautiful. Many years have passed since I saw the dear old lady, and I do not know that she is now alive, but I do know that she has not been forgotten. Her measured, flowing periods still roll on in my memory, her quiet, sunny smile beams on me now, as when I sat at her hospitable hearth and board.

I was very happy to have an otherwise lonely afternoon's ride beguiled with the company of the son of such a mother. I had never heard the Judge speak, either in court or upon the stump; but he had an established reputation as an able lawyer and eloquent speaker. I soon found that he had inherited the conversational powers of his mother, and the time wore pleasantly away as we rode on. At length our conversation turned upon the present method of attaining judicial and all other offices, and he gave me the following chapter in his own experience, which I reproduce from memory. In justice to my friend the Judge I should say that he expressed himself as entirely opposed in principle to an elective judiciary, and gave this chapter in his own experience as an illustration of the way in which even a judicial election *could* be carried:

"I made," said the Judge, "a very thorough canvass of the district with my opponent. We closed our public discussions, and I returned home a few days before the election, which was to come off on the first Monday in August. My opponent was Judge K—, whom you know as a very worthy man, a perfect gentleman, and a superior judge. He was honored by the bar, popular with the people, and a very hard man to defeat. He had held the office several years. I wanted it, had worked very hard for it, and was determined to gain it if possible. I looked over the district very carefully, made the closest estimate I could, and found I should be defeated unless I could make very heavy gains in some precinct. It was a desperate case, and I could in honor only electioneer on the 'still hunt.' I concluded to mount my horse and ride to C— F—, which you have visited and know is about the most ignorant and uncivilized region in the State. I thought it more than probable that I would find a barbecue-dance in progress there on Saturday afternoon, at which all the people in the precinct would be present. When I arrived I found a dance in full progress in the open air under the trees, and an ox roasting over the fire near by. It was the last of July, and very hot and very dry. A perfect cone of dust arose above the crowd, in which all the dancers were enveloped. It was a strange, wild scene—a scene to be witnessed nowhere else but in the wildest portions of our Southwestern wilds. There were old men and old, grizzly-headed women, young men and young women, parents and children, grandparents and grandchildren, all mingling together and dancing with backwoods energy and wild delight. As I dismounted, hitched my horse, and went up and joined those that were looking on, one and another saluted me, very respectfully, with—

"'How 'dy, Broadcloth?'"

"As the weather was very warm, I had worn from home a black alpaca sack-coat. This was the only deviation from home-made butternut-colored jeans in the entire crowd. My black coat, therefore, distinguished me from everybody else; and as I walked about among the people the invariable salutation was—

"'How 'dy, Broadcloth?'"

"I moved around among them very quietly an hour or more, observing all that was going on, and watching for the most favorable opportunity to make myself known to them and win their favor. At length my course was clearly settled in my own mind. I saw what would be my opportunity. I could see that the fiddler was already so drunk that he would fall off the block, dead-drunk, before a great while. I had learned to play the fiddle when a boy. I could take the

fiddler's place, and prevent the calamity of a complete break-up of the dance.

"His powers of motion failed sooner than I had expected, and there was great sorrow in all the company. After a while I intimated quietly to some of them that I could play the fiddle, and they shouted at the top of their voices:

"'Broadcloth can fiddle! Broadcloth can fiddle! Hurra for Broadcloth!'

"At once there was a general rush of the company about me, all of them imploring me to take the fiddle and play for them. I replied, very positively:

"'No, gentlemen, I won't fiddle for you!'

"'Why not, Broadcloth? Why not?' they all responded.

"'I will tell you why not,' I said. 'I came here a stranger, and you haven't treated me with any civility at all; you haven't invited me to dance; haven't introduced me to the ladies; haven't made me one of yourselves at all; and I won't fiddle for you.'

"But they made so many apologies for the past and promises for the future that I finally relented, changed my mind, and agreed to fiddle for them. This announcement was greeted with a general shout of joy. I then began to brag in the most extravagant manner possible. I told them that when they saw me draw the bow, it would be such music as they had never heard since they were born. I took off my coat, unbuttoned my shirt, rolled up my sleeves, took the fiddle, and drew the bow across it, back and forth, for a minute or two, with all my might. They responded to this very noisy musical demonstration with a scream and yell of wild delight, and a 'Hurra for Broadcloth!' I took my seat and began to play just before sundown, and played—until the sun was up the next morning. During the night they came around me, and said:

"'Who are you, Broadcloth, anyway?'

"I told them I was a candidate.

"They shouted:

"'Broadcloth is a candidate! Hurra for Broadcloth!' And then asked me what I was a candidate for.

"I told them I was a candidate for circuit judge, and they repeated:

"'Broadcloth is a candidate for circuit judge. Hurra for Broadcloth for circuit judge!'

"This was as much information as I dared to give them in one installment. I did not wish to give them any more until what I had told them was perfectly fixed in their minds, so that they would not make any mistake when they came to vote on the following Monday.

"One of them, a little more thoughtful than the rest, came to me afterward, and, applying an oath to the party to which I belonged, said he hoped I was not a ——. I did not, in behalf of myself or party, resent the oath or favor him with any definite reply to his question. I knew that the greater part of the company generally voted with the opposite party, and that, enthusiastic as they now were in my favor, too much information on this point would be fatal to my prospects. I felt quite sure that neither my opponent nor any of his friends would give them this information, and undo the work I had accomplished between that time and Monday morning.

"As the morning dawned, in response to the inquiries of some of the more enthusiastic of my friends, I gave them my name in full, which was greeted and repeated in cheer after cheer.

"When I bade them good-by, mounted my horse and rode away, they followed me with their cheers, and when out of sight among the dense forest-trees I could still hear their enthusiastic—

"'Hurra for S——, candidate for circuit judge!'

"When the election returns were announced, every vote in the C—— F—— precinct had been cast for me. That night's work with the fiddle secured my election."

MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE.

WHEN the Royal Agricultural Society held its meeting in Carlisle last summer, I was called upon to preach a sermon at the special service for which, according to a good custom of some years' continuance, the society makes arrangements. The congregation consisted chiefly of the herdsmen and others brought together by the great exhibition. A very inter-

esting occasion it was; and it seemed to me that the nature of the congregation, and the thought of the collection of animals, in the midst of which our church-tent was pitched and our worship was conducted, might suggest as the most suitable topic for consideration the difference between man and beast. Accordingly, I spoke upon this great subject; and I think now, as I

did then, that it was as good a subject as I could have chosen.

But, of course, it was not possible to do more than touch the fringe of so vast a question in a sermon, especially in a sermon to such a congregation; and I have felt a temptation, ever since the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, to develop somewhat more carefully and systematically thoughts which were in my mind when I preached to the herdsmen. The consequence has been, that I have determined to put together some thoughts concerning "Man's Place in Nature"—a grand subject, if not a novel one—a subject which has, however, presented of late years some novel aspects, and is worthy, therefore, of continued consideration.

It is true that there are certain points of view, from which if we regard the subject we may make very short work of it. Man's place in nature (as most of us would be willing to concede) is that of *facile princeps*: he is the lord and master of all; he stands unique among the creatures of God; his attributes and his destiny are such as to separate him, not only in degree, but in kind, from all other living beings. Divine and human testimony combine to establish this view; and it will assist me to introduce those considerations which will form the substance of this essay, if I first refer to the testimony of which I speak, and dwell for a few moments upon it.

The Holy Scriptures are built upon the hypothesis of the supremacy and the unique position of man in creation, as upon a foundation. Indeed, it may be said that every religion which ever has been, or ever can be established in the world, is based upon this; men may deify and worship bulls, and cats, and crocodiles, as the ancient Egyptians did; but the deifiers and worshipers must have been, and doubtless were, quite sensible of their own superiority to the creatures which they so treated. For my purpose, however, it will be sufficient to observe the remarkable manner in which the only religion in which most of us are likely to feel much interest is expressly and professedly built upon the supremacy of man. The great purpose, almost the only purpose, of the opening chapters of Genesis would seem to be the laying of this foundation. The first chapter of Genesis is not an essay on geology, but an essay on man. "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth. . . . So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. . . . The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nos-

trils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." Passages such as these are the foundation-stone of that religion which alone influences, to any extent, the minds of the most civilized and advanced of the nations of the world.

In truth, the hypothesis of the possibility of a revelation, or indeed of a religion of any kind, implies an antecedent hypothesis as to the unique and supreme position of man. Without the supposition of man being a creature capable of a revelation from God, it is manifest that the whole conception of the Bible, Old Testament and New alike, evaporates and vanishes. No one, I suppose, would care to argue that even the highest among the beasts was susceptible of even the lowest degree of religious feeling.

But something analogous to this may be said with regard to literature not claiming, like the Holy Scriptures, a divine origin. The utterances of poets and philosophers must be taken into account in any system of anthropology; the very existence of poetry and philosophy, like the existence of religion and sacred books, is a fact to be taken into account in estimating man's position. With regard to their utterances, I confess that I would rather trust a poet as an expounder of man, than I would trust a student of natural history; I do not say that either is to be followed blindly without consulting the other; each has his own department, and each is perhaps liable to be led astray, so as to see one profile of the human face, and one only; but, if we must have one side of humanity chosen as the principal subject of examination, the spiritual side, which presents itself to the poet or the philosopher, is grander, more human, more worthy of study, than the physical or animal side. I would even venture to say that, in a matter of this kind, the prophetic insight of the true poet is more powerful, as a means of investigating truth, than the habit of accurate observation of physical phenomena which distinguishes the student of natural history.

Make Shakespeare in this, as in most other things we may, the spokesman for the whole family of poets. Remember Hamlet's words: "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!" Shakespeare knew nothing about the evolution of man from inferior forms, and even if he had I do not think that the knowledge would have interfered with his conclusion; but I venture to assert that such words as those which I have just quoted are more deeply and solemnly true, and throw more light upon man's constitution, than much which has been put forward by physical students.

Let me give one more poetical utterance. It is in a lower key and much less forcible than Shakespeare's, but I think it worthy of production because it exhibits very keenly that complicated constitution of man's nature which so utterly differences him from other creatures, and which makes it so absolutely clear that he must have a class entirely appropriated to himself :

"Chaos of thought and passion, all confused ;
Still by himself abused or disabused ;
Created half to rise and half to fall ;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled ;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world." *

Not an altogether comfortable description of human nature, and yet one which we can not disclaim as having no marks of truth : a description, which, if it has any truth in it, must prove that a real science of anthropology must transcend physics.

I have connected philosophers with poets as exponents of man's place in nature. It is not that the philosophers, either ancient or modern, have been entirely of one mind on the subject, and that we can consequently point to certain conclusions as having the unanimous verdict of the whole philosophic tribe. On the other hand, the opinions held have been most various, and these opinions have divided philosophers into different schools, both in ancient and in modern times. But the mere possibility of the discussions in which the most thoughtful men have been engaged in all ages, the formation of schools, the earnestness with which arguments have been carried on concerning man's greatest good, the grounds of duty, the nature of his destiny, and the like great human questions, all this seems by itself to prove, or rather to postulate, the unique position of man and the high elevation of that position. Socrates and Plato, Cicero and Seneca, studied man's place in nature with such light as they could find ; and Pascal, with a brighter light shining upon the problem, has nevertheless devoted a large section of his "Pensées" to the "Greatness and Misery of Man."

It is impossible to do more than touch in the most passing manner upon the views held by ancient philosophers ; but I should like to quote two short passages, put by Plato into the mouth of Socrates, as indicating the high view which it was possible for a philosopher more than two thousand years ago to take of the moral obligations and the future destiny of man.

The first quotation is from the "Apology" :

"I thought," says Socrates, "that I ought not to

do anything common or mean in the hour of danger ; nor do I now repent of the manner of my defense, and I would rather die, having spoken after my manner, than speak in your manner and live. . . . The difficulty, my friends, is not in avoiding death, but in avoiding unrighteousness ; for that runs faster than death." *

The other quotation represents some of the last words of Socrates before taking the poison :

"I would not have [you] sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, Thus we lay out Socrates, or, Thus we follow him to the grave, or bury him ; for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer, then, and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that as is usual and as you think best." †

I am disposed to think that language of this kind, to which a deeply-thinking man has been led by the contemplation of his own being, and by the effort to bring his practical conduct into harmony with that which he believes to be right and true, is more valuable than any words which he may utter when indulging in dry speculation upon human nature. The philosopher is most likely to be a successful student of man when he feels that he is a man himself. Pope tells us that

"The proper study of mankind is man,"

which in a certain sense is true ; but it is equally true that the proper student of mankind is man, for man's nature can not be put under a microscope, or measured by mathematical rules, or submitted to chemical tests ; it is too subtle for any analysis such as these ; it can only be thoroughly examined when a man studies his own conduct and character, and satisfies himself that he is something which no other creature of God is, that he has powers which no other creature has, and that therefore he is somehow different, not merely in degree, but in kind, from all other creatures which the earth contains.

Consciously or unconsciously the question "What is man?" has been one of those which have exercised human thought in almost all periods ; and undoubtedly one great help in answering the question is to be sought in the conclusions of the thoughtful and the good ; the conclusions of heathen philosophers are not even now to be despised ; they have their value, nay, in a certain sense, they are more precious than those reached by men who have had the privilege of Christian teaching, because they show the results to which the human mind comes by its own pure, unaided efforts. In fact, it is difficult to say, since the atmosphere of human thought has been

* Jowett's "Translation," vol. i, p. 353.

† "Phædo," vol. i, p. 466.

* Pope's "Essay on Man."

so thoroughly impregnated with Christian doctrine, how much of current opinion belongs to man and how much to divine revelation; but it is remarkable that the most recent effort to substitute another religion for the old faith of the Church depends upon exalted though fanciful views of the nature of man. In the religion of humanity, for the idea of God is substituted that of the human race; the human race is immortal, all-powerful, all-worthy; the thought of advancing and benefiting the race is the one sufficient spring of high and noble action, and the thought of the perpetuity of the race takes the place of the belief of personal life in the world to come. A strange religion, no doubt—one of which it is not difficult to prophesy that it will never be very widely spread, and will never take deep root, but interesting so far as my present subject is concerned, inasmuch as it indicates a deep-lying conviction and a powerful testimony in favor of the dignity of man's place in nature.

But we may leave philosophical speculations and philosophical religions, and come down to the region of the common-sense of mankind. This common-sense tells us, not merely that "man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave,"* but that he stands absolutely by himself in creation. His superiority is not of the same kind as that which a dog might claim over a lobster, or an eagle over a beetle, or a fish over a worm. The difference is of a kind which a naturalist simply can not measure; it depends upon moral characteristics, involves considerations of feelings and affections, deals with conscience and the sense of right, recognizes the power of an independent will, can not limit itself to the life which now is, but stretches out into the future, and only attains its complete development on the other side of the tomb. I do not say that some or all of these points of difference may not be contested, and are not contested by some among us; but I think I am not wrong in saying that the general sentiment or opinion, or, as I have called it, the *common-sense* of mankind, is a testimony, whatever it may be worth, on the side of those who would assign to man an indefinite superiority above other creatures, that kind of superiority which is asserted by the transcendent phrase, "created in the image of God."

Hence it might seem to be a waste of time, especially in this late period of the world's history, to discuss in any way man's place in the creation. But views have been advanced in our own time by scientific men, and coming from them have necessarily considerable weight, which tend very much, and perhaps it may be said very painfully, to degrade the view which men in gen-

eral, to say nothing of poets and philosophers, have been in the habit of holding concerning man. Suppose we are told, for example, that all life comes from a slime which has been spontaneously generated, that from this slime come the simplest forms of living things, and that from these simplest forms are developed more complicated forms, from which are preserved and further developed those which in the struggle for existence prove themselves fittest to survive; and that this process, combined it may be with some subsidiary hypothesis, is sufficient, without any supposition of purpose, any action of a creative will, any master-mind to account for all that exists, including man—does not this kind of anthropogony (in giving which I believe I am literally representing and not caricaturing the views of Ernst Haeckel, as expounded in his "History of Creation") tend to make us at least rather uncomfortable, as though we were threatened with losing our birthright? I am not denying the truth of some doctrine of evolution, or development; I have no more difficulty in believing on good evidence that the human race was brought to perfection by evolution than I have in believing that a bird was once an egg, or an oak once an acorn; but I find an almost impossibility in believing that there was no *purpose* in this evolution, and no *mind* directing it and producing the result. I deem this view of the origin of man to be utterly untenable, but I am not going to attempt to deal with it specifically; I only refer to it as giving a reason why I regard man's place in nature as a subject worthy of consideration by thinking persons in this nineteenth century.*

Regarding, then, what has been said hitherto as introductory, I now come to the substance of my paper, and I propose to set out a few thoughts which have occurred to me concerning the specific, or if not all of them specific at least some of the most remarkable, differences between man and the other animals which occupy the surface of our globe. The first difference which I shall notice is that well-known one which depends upon the distinction between instinct and reason.

* Supposing the first place in nature assigned to man, as no doubt would be the case whatever judge or jury might be appointed to try the case, it is a curious subject of speculation what creature should have the second place. The monkey might claim it on the ground of corporal resemblance and of some of his habits; the dog might allege that he was man's dearest companion, knew his ways and tastes best, and was most in sympathy with him; the "half-reasoning elephant" could not be summarily passed over; and with regard to social arrangements and domestic life probably the ant would put in a claim to be heard. I confess that, while the first place can be decided without doubt, the second appears to me to be absolutely incapable of being awarded.

* Sir Thomas Browne.

The term instinct is perhaps not easy to define accurately; in the first dictionary upon which I lay my hand I find it described as "a natural impulse to certain actions which an animal performs without deliberation, without having any end in view, and frequently without knowing what it does." A not altogether satisfactory definition, as it assumes something concerning the animal which it would be hard to prove. Here is a more recent definition: "Instinct is action taken in pursuance of an end, but without conscious perception of what that end is."* This again does not quite satisfy me, as it assumes a want of perception which it might be difficult to demonstrate. Is not instinct rather that which leads to an action having some end, but not dictated by the teaching either of any other creature or of experience? It is the doing something intelligent without having been in any way taught to do it, which constitutes the peculiarity and the marvel of instinct; and it may be said in general that reason belongs to man, and instinct to other animals; while yet it must not be asserted that the animal has a monopoly of instinct, or the man of reason.

When, however, we come to examine the proportion in which instinct and reason are divided between man and other animals, we shall find that the monopoly, though not complete, is, as far as instinct is concerned, very nearly so. Infants suck by instinct, and when we have said this we have gone a long way toward exhausting the obligations under which human creatures are laid by this part of their natures. I do not say that there are not other actions, even in adults, as, for example, the shutting of the eyes suddenly under the influence of a sudden danger, which may perhaps be properly called instinctive; but, when all has been put together which can fairly be attributed to instinct in man, it really amounts to the merest trifle in the conduct of his life. Just compare it, for example, with what takes place in the case of insects. I pass over the familiar cases of bees, wasps, ants, and spiders, and will mention what is done by the stag-beetle. The larva of the stag-beetle has to make for itself a hole in which it can become a chrysalis. The female larva digs a hole of exactly her own size; but the male makes one as long again as himself, because when he becomes a beetle he will have horns as long as his body, which the female will not; but how could he know this?

It would be very easy to fill a volume with wonderful examples of instinct, though it would be difficult to surpass that which I have just given; and it is manifest that any examples of

instinct in man, even though the domain of instinct be wider than I have represented it, are absolutely trivial when compared with the almost miraculous doings of instinct in the lower regions of animal life. But when we look at the other attribute which I have coupled with instinct, and which I have called reason, the tables are exactly turned. Here we find in the animal the merest glimmering, and in man something which amounts to almost unlimited power. It was the habit at one time to deny reason to the lower animals altogether; but I think that this is going too far; hundreds of dog-stories seem to assert reasoning power for dogs beyond all doubt. I should be disposed to grant it without hesitation to horses, cats, elephants, foxes, in fact to all the higher animals. Can any one deny it to birds, who reads the story of the war between the herons and rooks at Dallam Tower, and of the permanent peace established upon the basis of a division of territory? In fact, the difficulty seems to me to be that of knowing where reason ends, rather than that of coming to the conclusion that it certainly exists. But, after all, to what does the highest effort of reason amount in the case of any creature except man? A dog can never really advance in the scale; he may be domesticated, but he can not be civilized; he can wag his tail if he is pleased, but he can never say "Thank you!" and those herons and rooks at Dallam Tower have been contented with that one great feat of war and diplomacy, and have exhibited no special signs of intelligence since the

* This story, which may be found in Bewick's "History of British Birds," has been lately told more fully in a pamphlet entitled "Observations on the Heron and the Heronry at Dallam Tower, Westmoreland," by the late Thomas Gough, of Winbarrow (Kendal, 1880):

"There were two groves at Dallam Tower, one of which for many years had been resorted to by a number of herons, which there built and bred; the other was one of the largest rookeries in the country. The two tribes lived for a long time without any disputes. At length the trees occupied by the herons, consisting of some very fine old oaks, were cut down in the spring of 1775, and the young brood perished by the fall of the timber. The parents immediately selected new habitations; but, as the trees in their old locality were only of late growth, and not sufficiently high to secure the nests from boys, the herons attempted a new settlement in the rookery. They met with an obstinate resistance from the rooks, many of which, as well as some of their antagonists, lost their lives. The herons at last succeeded, built their nests, and brought out their young. But this was only a truce. The war was renewed in the following spring, and the herons were again the conquerors. Since that time peace seems to have been agreed upon between them; the rooks have relinquished possession of that part of the grove which the herons occupy; the herons confine themselves to those trees they first seized upon, and the two species live together in as much harmony as they did before the quarrel."

* Von Hartmann, quoted from Butler's "Unconscious Memory." I have substituted *end for purpose*.

treaty was signed. In fact, the meaning of reason, when applied to man, is so different from that which the word bears when applied to birds and beasts, that it seems almost a difference in kind. With the beasts it means doing something unlike their ordinary doings, and suggesting the thought of likeness to that which is human; with man it means just that which makes him man; it is his ordinary stock in trade; it is that which guides and governs his daily and hourly life; it is that which finds its natural outcome in language and literature and science and philosophy. Without reason man would not be man. The least gifted man, if he be not an idiot of the lowest type, has something which the most sagacious animal has not; and the most gifted man—what has he? What can measure the mental gifts of a Newton or a Shakespeare?

Nearly connected with the question of instinct and reason is that of inarticulate sound and language. "The study of words," says Max Müller, in his introduction to his lectures on the science of language,

"may be tedious to the schoolboy as breaking of stones is to the wayside laborer; but to the thoughtful eye of the geologist these stones are full of interest; he sees miracles on the high-road, and reads chronicles in every ditch. Language, too, has marvels of her own, which she unveils to the inquiring glance of the patient student. There are chronicles below her surface, there are sermons in every word. Language has been called sacred ground, because it is the deposit of thought. We can not tell as yet what language is. It may be a production of Nature, a work of human art, or a divine gift. But, to whatever sphere it belongs, it would seem to stand unsurpassed—nay, unequalled in it—by anything else. If it be a production of Nature, it is her last and crowning production which she reserved for man alone. If it be a work of human art, it would seem to lift the human artist almost to the level of a divine creator. If it be the gift of God, it is God's greatest gift; for through it God spake to man and man speaks to God in worship, prayer, and meditation."

Accepting this eloquent description of language, it is almost unnecessary to remark upon the light which the possession of language throws upon man's place in nature. We often speak of "dumb animals," and in one sense horses and dogs and cats are dumb; they can make their feelings known to us partly by sound and partly by action; but they have no articulate means of expressing their thoughts to man, and apparently have only an imperfect power of communication with each other. That there is a power of communication few will doubt. I remember upon one occasion walking up Cader Idris, and observing a sheep standing by himself, apparently as sentinel; when he saw me he uttered a sound

which I can only describe as a whistle, and running off at full speed was joined by his companions at a short distance, who fled likewise. I have seen also a jackdaw in the midst of a congregation of rooks, apparently being tried for some misdemeanor. First Jack made a speech, which was answered by a general cawing of the rooks; this subsiding, Jack again took up his parable, and the rooks in their turn replied in chorus. After a time the business, whatever it was, appeared to be settled satisfactorily; if Jack was on his trial, as he seemed to be, he was honorably acquitted by acclamation, for he went to his home in the towers of Ely Cathedral, and the rooks also went their way.

I mention these familiar instances which occur to me, and I apprehend that every one must have made observations of beasts and birds more or less similar, or at all events read of them; but, after all, to what do they amount? It appears to have been proved recently that the vital principle in a vegetable is identical with that in an animal, as perhaps we might have guessed that it was; and yet there is no error in speaking of vegetables as being quite distinct from living creatures; and so it is not necessary to disbelieve in a certain power of confabulation in beasts and birds, in order to be able to assert that in the true sense of the word language is a human possession. It is human as reason is human; language is uttered reason, reason is language in embryo; and it is notable that, in the finest form of human language that has yet existed, *λόγος* is both *word* and *reason*.

From language we may naturally pass to the consideration of the ties of love and affection which bind mankind together. It seems to me that the relation in which the sounds uttered by birds and beasts stand to human language is closely analogous to that in which the feelings of animals toward each other stand to the sentiments which bind men and women together, whether in the family, the Church, the state, or any other human society. Nothing can be stronger than the love of offspring which is implanted in animals, from insects up to mammals; the plover will adopt all kinds of tricks in order to conceal the place in which her nest is made; the whale will fight for her young; monkeys may be seen in the Zoölogical Gardens nursing sick baby monkeys on their laps with a gentleness which would do credit to a trained nurse; dogs and horses have their friends and favorites as well as their enemies; the sheep upon the Cumberland fells are said to know those which belong to the same *heaf*; cats appear to give evening parties; and throughout the whole animal kingdom there is the most curious parallel upon a low level to those feelings and social ties which,

in the high level of humanity, constitute the very essence of family and social life. You may say, if you please, that the two things are identical, and that the one can be evolved out of the other; but I think we should, at least, try to realize the distance which separates the highest link of the chain of evolution from the lowest. For example, there is a true family life in a bird's nest:

"Birds in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out and chide and fight."

I remember as a child being a little annoyed at having robins and sparrows set up as an example of good behavior; but, in reality, how very transient and superficial is the love which belongs to a bird's nest!—in a few weeks these five or six robins or sparrows will care no more for each other than for any other of the robin or sparrow race; whereas "children of one family" are constantly found joined together by a love which only grows with years, and they part for their posts of duty in the world with the hope of having joyful meetings from time to time, and of meeting in a higher world when their life on earth is finished.

So, likewise, that instinct which leads to the building of the nest is the type of the law of nature which leads men and women to bring up families. But no one will dare to measure the infinite altitude at which human marriage and family life stand above any type or shadow of them that we can find among the humbler creatures; the one reminds us of the other much as a mole-hill might remind us of Skiddaw, or a roadside puddle of Derwentwater. A protuberance on the earth's surface, or a depression in the same, would serve as a definition in both cases, and the identity of definition might seem to prove the identity of the things themselves; but we can never confound a mole-hill and a mountain, and so we need not confound the family love of a bird with the feelings of the human heart.

Once more, I have spoken of friendship among animals; there are preferences, alliances made between animals thrown together by circumstances, likes and dislikes, actions of kindness, leagues for self-defense, and so forth, which may fairly be described as belonging to the same class of feeling as friendship among ourselves. But contemplate friendship in its reality and its fullness, and you feel almost as much ashamed of comparing anything which exists in the animal world to human friendship as you would of comparing a dog and a man together. Doubtless the dog *is* like the man, and a comic artist or author can easily and very effectively substitute

one for the other; but we feel that the substitute *is* comical and nothing more; the moment we deal with the subject seriously the gap between man and dog becomes infinite; and so, when we have amused ourselves with the habits of animals, and have fancied that we see in them the germs of those feelings of love of which the highest natures know the most, we should do well to read a few stanzas of "In Memoriam":

"Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

"What art thou? then? I can not guess;
But though I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less.

"My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now,
Though mixed with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

"Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee, though I die."*

Passing to a different department of the subject, I am disposed to think that the difference between man and beast finds a valuable illustration in the manner in which *adjectives* are applied respectively to one and the other. There is sometimes a good deal of eloquence in adjectives, though doubtless they are sometimes misapplied. Take, for example, the epithet *honest*:

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Whether this line of Pope's expresses the whole truth or not, certainly the epithet *honest* is not applicable to any creature whatever except man. You may see a dog steal a piece of meat, and you may flog him to prevent the theft from happening again; or you may see a pair of old rooks sitting by the side of the incipient nest of a young, unsuspicious pair just beginning life, and carrying off for their own nest stick after stick which the young folks have brought home with great trouble and industry; or you may be vexed to find that all your care has not been able to keep the mice from your favorite bit of cheese; but no thought of *dishonesty* enters into your estimate of all this felonious conduct; you laugh at it, or you are vexed by it, as the case may be; but the question of honesty and dishonesty, of right and wrong, never presents itself for a moment.

Or, again, we speak of a *noble* man or a *noble* woman. In this case the adjective does not belong to man or woman exclusively; but the par-

* "In Memoriam," cxxx.

tial share which animals have in such an epithet as *noble* only emphasizes the manner in which it supremely belongs to man. You may speak of a noble horse, or of the lion as a noble animal; the dog is supposed to have noble qualities which do not belong to a fox or a weasel; and the hawk was held in the days of falconry to have a true nobility; but what does this nobility amount to? You would shoot your noble horse if he broke his leg in hunting; you would beat your dog if he stole your meat; you would kill your lion if you could; and your noble hawk is but a bird of prey at the best. The word *noble*, when so applied, has a meaning different in kind from that which belongs to it when it is applied to the patriot, the statesman, the soldier, the martyr.

Once more, take that most comprehensive adjective *good*. There is nothing to which the adjective may not be applied if only it deserves it. We have good horses, good dogs, good dinners, good houses, good governments. But there is a supreme and unique character belonging to the word when applied to man. What a comprehensive phrase is that of a *good man*! It implies, I suppose, honor, honesty, gentleness, brotherly kindness, godliness; it does not, of course, imply perfection, but I think, if you were describing the character of some one who had been taken away, and if, after dwelling upon this feature and that, you were to wind up by saying, "In point of fact he was a *really good man*," you would have said as much in his favor as you could easily put into words; and you would perceive in what a different region you were moving from that in which you would find yourself when you spoke of a good horse or a good dog, or of any good thing, whether living or dead. This philosophy of adjectives is worth dwelling upon. But I pass on to another point.

Man has sometimes been defined as a cooking animal, and unquestionably he is the only animal that knows how to cook his food. It is not that he is the only animal that is benefited by keeping a cook; horses, dogs, swine, and perhaps most animals, are very thankful to avail themselves of man's culinary skill; pigs thrive on boiled potatoes, and a horse after a long journey is all the better for a *bran mash*. But no animal hitherto, so far as I know, has made a single step in the direction of cooking its food. Man might also be described as a fire-making animal, for he alone makes a fire either to warm himself or to cook with; but it is not that animals do not appreciate a fire: does not a dog like a snug place on the hearth-rug or even inside the fender? And it is said that the great African apes will come down from their trees and enjoy the warmth of the embers of the fire which the natives have left, though they have not wit enough to kindle

one for themselves. Man feels a want and endeavors to meet it; other animals may feel the want, but they are obliged to submit to it unless man helps them.

This statement, however, requires some little modification. Within certain limits the lower animals are much more skillful in supplying their wants than men. Insects, birds, fishes, reptiles, mammals—one really does not know which department of the natural world exhibits the most skill in supplying its wants. Let me instance the case of *trap-door spiders*. I refer to their doings because they are less familiar than those of ants and bees and other creatures which I might mention. The trap-door spider lives in a burrow which he makes in the ground where the grass grows, generally in a sloping bank; he covers the entrance to his burrow with a trap-door, which works upon a hinge, and which so nearly resembles the surrounding grass that only a careful observer can detect it. This, however, is not all: if an enemy finds the door and opens it, and enters the spider's castle, he may very easily fancy that there is no one at home, for in the sides of the burrow, which is lined with a soft, silky substance, there are other trap-doors communicating with branches of the burrow, and covering these branches so craftily that they may easily be passed by unnoticed. Nay, if the enemy should be clever enough to find his way into one of these branches, he may still find no one at home, the owner of the castle being, perhaps, in a branch of this branch of the burrow, concealed by another skillful trap-door.

Architecture of this kind shuts the mouth of any one who should say that the inferior members of creation do not know how to adapt means to ends. Nor can it be said that the power of adaptation does not go to some extent beyond the wonders of instinct. The old story of the bees who destroyed an intruding mouse with their stings, and then covered it over with wax because they could not get rid of the body and feared the results of its continuance in the hive, is only one of a number which go to prove that in the lower world of living things there is unquestionably a power of adaptation to unforeseen circumstances, a reasoning out of results and acting accordingly, which can not possibly be set down to the credit of instinct properly so called. But the important point to be observed is this, the infinite superiority of the animal's operations when it does not reason, and the infinite inferiority of its operations to those of man when it does. It has been said that a bird will carry an oyster into the air and let it drop upon a rock, in order to break the shell and get at the treasure within; a simple operation this, and yet we stand wellnigh aghast at the bird's prodigious superi-

ority above all that we had expected, and we doubt whether such a wonderful feat can be positively substantiated. I will not say that there may not be in insects and birds and mammals the germ of that faculty which invented the steam-engine: but certainly it seems almost impossible to contain in one description or definition two faculties so diverse in the importance of their results. Adaptation of means to ends is not in the case of man something subsidiary to instinct, and exhibiting itself now and then in exceptional circumstances, but it is the very law of his being. The merest savage contrives machines to catch his prey; he makes his stone implements till he sees his way to bronze and iron; he constructs his boat, or floats on his log of timber; he may be and doubtless is rude and elementary, but he is the genuine ancestor of James Watt and George Stephenson.

There is a higher department of work, of which men may claim the absolute and undisputed monopoly. I mean the department of art. A love of art, an attempt to do something artistic, to make something which shall have a value independent of mere considerations of utility, seems to be a necessary part of man's nature. The rudest races are fond of ornaments, and representations of animal forms have been found upon bones of such antiquity as to carry us back to prehistoric times. I am not aware of the existence of the merest germ of art in the works of the lower animals: they construct things which to a human eye are full of beauty—a honeycomb, a bird's nest, or a cobweb may very well be regarded as beautiful—but these fair works belong to the realm of instinct, and you can no more conclude from a honeycomb that a bee has a sense of the beautiful than you can conclude that it has a taste for mathematics. I do not forget that Mr. Darwin attributes great results to the preference shown in the choice of mates on the ground of beauty, and I do not deny that this may be so; if it be, it is analogous to what takes place among ourselves; but the sense of human beauty which leads to preference or admiration or enthusiastic devotion of man to woman, or woman to man, belongs to an altogether different department of the mind from that which leads to the study and love of art.

The reference now made to human beauty leads me to speak of some other points connected with personal appearance. It has been remarked that man is the only animal that possesses a chin; and I believe the remark to be true. Upon any theory of evolution, which does not proceed upon the supposition of a divine purpose working itself out according to certain laws, and having for its distinct end the production of the noblest form of organized matter, the chin would be a

difficulty. It answers no special purpose, and in the struggle for existence it would seem to give no advantage to the possessor over a creature not possessing such a feature; and yet there it is, and it forms a very important element in the human countenance; no disciple of Lavater would be wise in neglecting its existence. I do not know that there is any other feature which can be said to be monopolized by man; but the human features play so much more important a part than those of any other creature that they seem to be almost different things. What animal has a nose, except man? There are snouts, and beaks, and trunks, and organs which can breathe and smell as the human nose can; but think of the great Duke of Wellington's nose! It was almost the man himself; breathing, smelling, snuff-taking, were all forgotten in the presence of that grand feature, which seemed in itself to declare its owner to be capable of the victory of Waterloo.

The lower animals have a greater share in the eye than they have in the nose and chin. You may tell the temper of a horse to a great extent by his eye; and I have seen a mastiff, when he has been offended, exhibit a savage feeling of resentment by the eye alone, which seemed instantaneously to turn him into quite a different dog; but be as generous as we may in an estimate of the eyes of animals, regarded as features, there is a simply immeasurable distance between the eye of a beast and that of a man; what a boundless thing is that which we call *expression*! how varied and complicated it is! how much genius and labor and skill are required on the part of an artist, to enable him to represent upon canvas the ever-changing expression of the eye of a man or a woman of high intellectual power!

The portrait of a man is generally the portrait of his face; you may have a full-length portrait sometimes, especially if a lord mayor wishes to exhibit his robes, or a master of fox-hounds to show his boots; but these accessories can be put in by inferior hands, the great artist concentrates his efforts upon the face. I may throw in a remark which was made to me by one of the chief portrait-painters of our own day. I told him that I had heard a person remark that, when his pictures came to be looked at in future centuries, men would say, How handsome our ancestors were! To which the artist replied, "I assure you honestly that I have never yet succeeded in committing to canvas one half the beauty which I have seen in any face that I have ever painted." How would the inferior animals fare, if they were treated thus? What would Landseer's dogs or Paul Potter's bull be, if you had merely the countenance? I do not

deny that a sketch of a dog's face may be very spirited, but at best it is only a fraction of the animal; you want him from nose to tail, if you are really to enjoy him. If dogs had any voice in the matter themselves, I am convinced that they would be unanimously in favor of full-length portraits.

And there is a remark which may be made, but which I have never seen made, with reference to the human face divine, as compared with the visage of the inferior animals, namely this, that the human face alone of all faces is capable of increasing in dignity, and even in beauty, with age. The great number of years which belong to human life is in itself a fact to be taken into account in comparing man with beast; but this is not the point upon which I am now dwelling; I am referring to the fact that old men, and old women too, have sometimes a beauty which is quite distinct from that of youth, and which, so far as I know, has no parallel in the lower levels of life. It may be said that human creatures would be seen to decline in beauty if you saw them as you see animals, and if your observation was not confined to the face, while the poor withered body is enveloped in handsome garments. But this only brings us back to the remark before made, namely, that it is the face, and not the whole carcass, which serves for the portrait of a man. And certainly it strikes me as a point worthy of being dwelt upon, indicating, as it does, the high spiritual level of man's being, that it is possible to see in his face lineaments of exquisite beauty when his physical powers are failing and his earthly life almost ebbing away. Who can not call to mind faces, or remember portraits, which fully bear out the observation which I have now made? "The hoary head" may be "a crown of glory," artistically as well as morally and spiritually.

But there is a higher view than any that I have yet taken with regard to man's place in nature. The "main miracle," as Tennyson puts it, is,

"... that I am I,

With power on mine own act and on the world."*

This power over ourselves, power of resisting inducements presented to the lower parts of our nature, and determining our actions upon grounds of justice, morality, conscience, religion, appears to assert for men a position in the world to which the most gifted of the inferior animals can lay no kind of claim. It may be argued, as it is argued, that man is only the highest of organisms, that there is no difference in kind between him and the lowest ascidian out of which he has been evolved, that the whole question of human con-

duct is a matter of nerves and brain, and that morality itself is ultimately a form of phosphorus; but I think that this view is only one of those puzzles which are necessarily presented by the complex nature of man. Man is undoubtedly material, but it would be contrary to all our highest belief and experience to say that he was simply an wholly material; the existence of anything besides matter in man may be the "main miracle" of his existence, but it would seem to be a miracle which the most skeptical mind would do well to accept; the sense of honor, the dominion of conscience, the bonds of friendship and pure love, may be taken as belonging to a region into which the introduction of chemical and electrical considerations means nothing else but absolute confusion. Considerations depending upon matter must undoubtedly enter into almost all moral questions; the degree of criminality attaching to an act may depend upon the question whether the criminal was sober when he did it; proclivity toward moral faults, such as intemperance or unchastity, may be, and often is, connected with inherited physical infirmities; the condition of the atmosphere at a given time may have not a little to do with the commission of crime; but all such considerations as these do not touch the fundamental question, whether for man there is not a right and a wrong, and the power of doing what is right because it *is* right, and of abstaining from doing wrong because it *is* wrong.

I have referred in a former part of this paper to Socrates; I will make one other quotation from Plato's "Dialogues," which bears forcibly upon the point which I am now discussing, and which is interesting because it shows that precisely the same kind of difficulty which is suggested by some of the modern students of physical science existed and was discussed by philosophers more than two thousand years ago.

Socrates is speaking of a certain philosopher to whose writings he had looked for instruction concerning the human mind, and he expresses himself thus:

"What hopes I had formed, and how grievously was I disappointed! As I proceeded, I found my philosopher altogether forsaking mind, or any other principle of order, but having recourse to air, and ether, and water, and other eccentricities. I might compare him to a person who began by maintaining generally that mind is the cause of the actions of Socrates, but who, when he endeavored to explain the causes of my several actions in detail, went on to show that I sit here because my body is made up of bones and muscles; and the bones, as he would say, are hard, and have ligaments which divide them, and the muscles are elastic, and they cover the bones, which have also a covering or environment of flesh

* "De Profundis."

and skin which contains them ; and, as the bones are lifted at their joints by the contraction or relaxation of the muscles, I am able to bend my limbs, and this is why I am sitting here in a curved posture ; that is what he would say, and he would have a similar explanation of my talking to you, which he would attribute to sound, and air, and hearing, and he would assign ten thousand other causes of the same sort, forgetting to mention the true cause, which is, that the Athenians have thought fit to condemn me, and accordingly I have thought it better and more right to remain here and undergo my sentence ; for I am inclined to think that these muscles and bones of mine would have gone off to Megara or Boeotia if they had been guided by their own idea of what was best, and if I had not chosen as the better and nobler part, instead of playing truant and running away, to undergo any punishment which the state inflicts. There is surely a strange confusion of causes and conditions in all this. It may be said, indeed, that without bones and muscles, and the other parts of the body, I can not execute my purposes. But to say that I do so because of them, and that this is the way in which the mind acts, and not from the choice of the best, is a very careless and idle mode of speaking." *

It is admirable to observe how nobly Socrates eschews the notion of being merely a collection of limbs and muscles—the argument is just the same if we should speak of nerves and tissues and electricity and phosphorus—how he feels within him the power and determination to do what he considers to be good and right, how clearly he asserts that this power, whatever it be, is more truly Socrates's own self than the limbs and outward person which his companions saw, and which they would have called by the name of Socrates. He felt absolutely certain that he had within him, or rather that he himself was, something different in kind from bone and muscle ; and that in virtue of this real self he could act as he thought right, and could in all circumstances say, I *will* do this, I *will not* do that. It may be well even in these days to remember the old puzzle : Suppose a donkey is placed with his head between two equally tempting bundles of hay, what will he do ? The inducements to eat on either side are by hypothesis exactly equal ; therefore the logical conclusion would seem to be that he will eat neither, and therefore starve with plenty on either side of him. Perhaps this might be the logical conclusion in the case of a donkey ; but, if a man were so placed, he would show the power of independent will, and would do this or that because he chose to do it, and for no other reason whatever.

I have spoken of the sense of justice and morality, the power of conscience, and the like, as distinctive marks of man's place in nature. It is impossible not to carry this view further, and to speak of the religious sentiment as being characteristically and supremely human. The question of natural religion is one so extensive that it needs to be treated by itself, if at all ; and religion in its widest sense, as including revelation and all the different forms of religious truth which have influenced and do influence mankind, is a subject wellnigh infinite. All that I shall consider it necessary to do for the purpose of this essay is to refer to the almost universal prevalence of the religious sentiment in some form or another. We are told that there are races of savages to whom all conception of God is wanting ; and in like manner we are told that there are races deficient in those thoughts and feelings which we are disposed to regard as belonging to the very essence of humanity ; but these partial and painful anomalies, if they really exist, can scarcely be regarded as interfering with the main proposition, that man as man has a capacity for conceiving thoughts concerning God which no other creature has. The proposition is almost a truism : no one for a moment would dream of attributing the possibility of religious feeling to an animal however high in the scale. But what a magnificent truism it is ! It is not even necessary for my present purpose to postulate the truth of God's being : the question is only of the possibility of framing thoughts concerning such a being as God is conceived to be. A poet is not judged by the literal truth of his representations : he may exhibit the grandest powers that he possesses in the region of pure and absolute fiction ; and so, putting aside if one can for a moment the question of the actual truth of God's existence, the fact that man's mind has been able to rise to the conception of a being omniscient, almighty, "which was and is and is to come," the first cause of all created things, and the loving father of all that lives—this fact is sufficient to difference the mind of man by an absolutely impassable gulf from all that can be called mind in the lower levels of the living world.

And having reached this point I feel as if we had attained an eminence upon which we may "rest and be thankful," while calmly contemplating mightier heights still, to climb which might take us into an atmosphere more distinctly theological than would befit the character of this essay.

HARVEY CARLISLE (*Nineteenth Century*).

* "Phædo," vol. i, p. 448.

M. LITTRÉ AND THE DICTIONARY OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

THE death of M. Littré closes an epoch in the science of lexicography. The historic dictionary of the French language, by which his name is most widely known, is not only the most complete and scientific work of the kind ever published, but, at the same time, in its conception, its growth, and final publication, is one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest monument of consecutive literary labor ever erected by any single man.

The "Dictionary of the French Language," to which he concentrated the study of his whole busy life, has linked his name with the literature of his country for as long as that language continues to be of historic interest.

The qualifications for such a task have rarely, if ever before, appeared in one man to so eminent a degree as in Littré. This dictionary, which represents the crowning work of a lifetime of unremitting study and labor, is not only a massive monument of philological learning, but, above all, is an exhibition of the concentrated energy which one man is capable of when supported by the powers that Littré brought to his task from his birth and education. He had exceptional advantages in both respects, and further added to their power by holding himself all his life in the attitude of an intellectual gladiator by a course of rigorous training that had for its end only one supreme object—more time for work.

Fortunately for us, in the last hours of his life he committed to paper the secret history of how he made his dictionary. We have here the inside history of a work but for which few would believe that its execution could have been the work of a single man. Success has crowned his labor, and the history of its achievement is the history of the life of its author.

I.

MAXIMILIEN PAUL ÉMILE LITTRÉ was born in Paris on February 1, 1801. His father was distinguished by independence of character, courage, scholarly tastes, and great physical strength. These qualities of the father have been reproduced to a remarkable degree in the son. Littré's father was imbued with the philosophic or, in other words, the unbelieving spirit of the eighteenth century. His mother, on the other hand, was a devoted Protestant, and has been pictured to us as a noble, loving woman, possessing preëminently the domestic virtues.

The elder Littré held high rank among the scholars of his day. Saint-Hilaire (the present Minister of Foreign Affairs) dedicated to him his learned "*Politique d'Aristote*," and in this dedication speaks of him as "a scholar who owed to himself alone and to his persevering labor a learning both varied and profound; a distinguished philologist, one of the oldest members of the Asiatic Society of Paris; a man of inflexible uprightness," etc.

The praise that Littré's father receives here from so distinguished a scholar as Saint-Hilaire is heightened when we learn that eleven years of his manhood were spent on a man-of-war cruising in East Indian waters, and that his first acquaintance with the Greek language was made late in life and for the purpose of teaching it to his son.

The training which the younger Littré received in his youth was of a severe and moral kind. He enjoyed the best influences at home as well as at school, where he seems to have left no prizes for anybody in any department in which he entered as a competitor. His fondness for study was inherent, and he had besides a constant incentive to increased application in his father's example and help. Some of his school friends were wont to meet with him at his father's house to study particular subjects; and they always had in the elder Littré a delightful and encouraging guide. It is difficult to over-estimate the value to Littré of this early training at the hands of so scholarly and devoted a father, whose happiness appears to have consisted in consecrating all his time to the education of his son.

A very important factor in this education was the ability to stand consecutive mental labor which Littré inherited from his father, together with his great physical power. He was a favorite with his classmates at college, we are told, and led them all easily in feats of athletic prowess at the gymnasium and the swimming-baths. He was able with outstretched arm to hold up a chair on which was seated a comrade of nineteen years. His grosser muscular forces ministered so effectually to his intellectual vigor, that from a giant in early manhood his figure became attenuated to such proportions as sufficed and only sufficed for the maximum of intellectual activity and endurance.

At eighteen his college work was finished. Loaded down with a hundred books or more, he leaves the study of the elements and enters his name as a medical student at the university. In

addition to the Latin and Greek and the rest of undergraduate accomplishments, he has already so complete a mastery of the German, English, and Italian languages, that the making of verses, and verses not without merit, was one of his favorite recreations. A knowledge of Sanskrit which he soon afterward acquired laid the foundations of his subsequent philological studies.

From the period of leaving college to the date of his father's death in 1827, he devotes eight years to the study of medicine. While yet a student he becomes favorably known among the medical authorities of Paris—so favorably that, while yet wanting the doctor's degree, he is invited to join with several eminent physicians in editing the "*Journal de Médecine*."

At this moment of his life all the indications by which human events are judged are that a career in medicine is to be one full of honorable and substantial reward to Littré. While yet a student he is consulted by the heads of his profession. While yet wanting the title of M. D., he receives honors at the hands of the medical faculty that would have flattered old practitioners. And yet, upon the death of his father, he throws his honors to the wind, and becomes a tutor of Greek and Latin.

This case, which appears on the surface as the evidence of unreasoning impulse, must be explained on grounds of action rather remote from those the world is most familiar with. His father died, leaving the younger Littré, for a legacy, a mother and an education. He found himself at twenty-six years of age without his father, without money, and without a license as a physician. Hundreds of his friends were ready to advance him anything he chose, to enable him to complete his course in medicine. All counted upon his achieving a brilliant future in that profession. But he would not listen to them. He refused to mortgage his life, as he styled it, or be in any way under pecuniary obligations to any one. The sensitiveness of human nature is not easy to appreciate when its susceptibilities reach this stage of development. And yet in Littré this action was an obvious duty that admitted of no discussion in his mind.

For seven years after the death of his father, Littré supported himself and his mother by teaching and by the precarious labors of his pen—first as a tutor of Greek and Latin, teaching the rudiments when he was competent to fill the chair of a professor. In the July Revolution of 1830 we find him bearing a musket among the insurgents, and taking part in a barricade-fight where he nearly loses his life. After the Revolution he gets employment on the "*National*," and begins a journalistic career by doing penny-a-line translation for two years among the

hack writers of the paper. His extraordinary modesty might have kept him here for the rest of his life but for one of those "accidents" that are sure, sooner or later, to befall men of genius. He was unexpectedly called upon to supply another's place in preparing for his paper a review of Herschel's "*Astronomy*." When the editor-in-chief glanced at the review, he sent for Littré, expressed his unbounded surprise and pleasure at the performance, and immediately confided to him an editorial department of the paper.

Littré accepts, but finds little that is congenial to his tastes in newspaper partisanship. He contributes occasionally on matters in which he can interest himself, but steals as much time as possible to devote to medical and philological study. He is more often found in the dissecting than the editorial room.

In 1834 he undertakes the translating and editing of the works of Hippocrates. He now devotes his days and nights to comparing texts, comparing the conditions of medical knowledge in that age, and hunting up obscure indications for a work that renewed in our day the influence of the great physician of Athens who ministered over two thousand years ago. During the preparation of this work he was a frequent contributor to the periodical literature of the day on cognate subjects.

At the end of four years' labor the first volume of Hippocrates appeared. It took its place immediately among the most scholarly works in the language; and his friends became clamorous for Littré's election to the Academy. A seat is vacant in the Academy of Inscriptions, and he is urged to accept it.

The same year that gave birth to his first volume of Hippocrates subjected him to the greatest trial of his life, the death of his mother and only brother, which happened in 1838, and broke him down completely. For months he never touched a pen—wholly absorbed in his affliction.

The election to the Academy of Inscriptions helped, in some degree, to divert his mind; and the necessities of his family (he was married in 1835), as well as a sense of duty toward the learned body to which he had been elected, urged him to devote himself anew, and with redoubled vigor, after his long inactivity, almost exclusively to studies of an historic and scientific character.

It was at this period of his life, and in his fortieth year, that Littré conceived the plan of the great work to which the remainder of his life was consecrated, and for which his life thus far had been but a preparation. The history of his dictionary is the biography of Littré. He so

regarded it himself, for in his * account of the growth of this work, written from his death-bed, he has treated, and with a charm of expression that defies translation, and a modesty that almost equally defies imitation, such incidents as left an impress upon this work, as the only ones of public concern.

II.

"I LAID my project" (writes Littré) "before M. Hachette, the great publisher, to whom I was bound by an old school-friendship. He approved. The title was to be 'Nouveau dictionnaire étymologique de la langue française.' A contract was signed. He advanced four thousand francs." This happened in 1841.

Five years pass before he takes up the dictionary in earnest. The rest of Hippocrates is still to be done, and he despairs of finding the time to carry through at the same time another work of so great proportions. His mother's death adds to the listlessness that marks his manner during this long period of extraordinary inactivity. But a reaction sets in, and, to use his words—

"This torpor, which had lasted but too long, was broken by M. Hachette's summoning me to make a beginning. We know that frequently during sleep the thoughts that have engaged us on the eve develop themselves unconsciously; in the same way, during the too long sleep of our project, his ideas and mine had been modified, and he proposed to me to annul the first contract, enter upon a new one, and give the work a new title, 'Dictionnaire étymologique, historique et grammatical de la langue française.' You will notice the addition of *historique*. That was, in truth, since I came to study my subject under all its aspects, the dominating point which preoccupied me and harmonized most nearly with my quality of scholar and my title of member of the Academy of Inscriptions. I was not the first to conceive of the introduction of history into a lexicon of the French language. Voltaire had sketched the idea when he advised the quoting of sentences taken from the best writers instead of arbitrary examples. But Génin in particular, a man devoted to the old language, recommended going back boldly and seeking there for authorities. I followed the advice of both Voltaire and Génin. From them I composed a plan wholly original with myself. I was the first to undertake the submitting of a dictionary at every step to the test of history, and executing the task to the extent of my power, patience, and opportunity."

* "Etudes et glanures pour faire suite à l'histoire de la langue française." The autobiographic portion is entitled "Comment j'ai fait mon dictionnaire."

Here again was a fortunate "accident" for Littré. Had he delayed, he would have found his work forestalled by another, M. Godefroy's, who was at work upon a similar dictionary. But Littré's was first in the press, and accordingly the work of his rival was turned to another purpose.

"To me the opportunity was offered," continues he, "by the second proposition of M. Hachette. Perhaps, after so many preliminaries, I shall astonish my reader by confessing to him that, far from seizing it with avidity, I asked twenty-four hours for reflection. Those twenty-four hours were a period of agony; I passed the night without closing my eyes, revolving in my mind the burden that I was contemplating definitely to take upon myself. Never did the severe truth of Horace's lines* present themselves to my mind more forcibly than now. The length of the enterprise, which I foresaw would extend into old age, and the necessity of combining this with work that was to give me the means of living, made me hesitate. Finally, toward morning, courage conquered. Shame kept me from receding after having advanced. The attraction of the plan that I had conceived was strongest, and I signed the contract.

"The beginning consisted in collecting examples drawn from our classics, and the texts of the old tongue. The *classiques* worked smoothly without necessitating my searching outside matter; but, when it came to the old language, I took the most famous in each century from the twelfth (there is little of interest in the eleventh) down to the sixteenth inclusive. The sixteenth century is the limit of my historical study. My workshop was immediately organized. M. Hachette placed at my disposal educated assistants who read to me the authors and wrote down upon slips of paper bearing at the top the word for which an example was needed, the phrases I selected. I have mentioned them in the preface of the dictionary, and thanked them, as well as those volunteers whom it pleased to help me.

"My instructions were very general: to gather as many examples as possible of all words (in spite of our search, many a one has been left without a citation); to omit neither archaisms nor newly-coined expressions, nor the contradictions to grammatical rules; to keep a close eye upon perverted and singular meanings, and to give a preference to examples that are interesting either on account of their elegance as an anecdote, or their history. These were the points on which I talked with them; the execution was left to their individual sense—to their habits,

* "Quid ferre recusant, quid valeant humeri."

their personal taste, and also to the accidental meeting of words.

"On my side I read also. I searched particular books, not only to increase the total of work done, but especially to have personally an experience in this kind of work, in order the better to be able to appreciate the contributions of my auxiliaries. However, the test of the enterprise was when the moment came in which I was to utilize these examples and incorporate them into the article to which they referred. Then was I forced to recognize the fact that many of mine, and of my aids, were imperfect from various standpoints. M. Hachette wished that my quotations should confine themselves to naming the author, and should not be accompanied by references that would allow of hunting them up to the edition, chapter, and page. His reasons were that, in view of the multitude of references, and the facility of making a mistake either in the figures, the writing, or the printing, this would become an arsenal of errors. This was his opinion. But that altogether too radical view, even had I agreed in it, would not have remedied many of the faults and failings in certain classes of citations. The only recourse was verification, as often as any doubt was raised, however trifling—a verification often very laborious, and a great consumer of time and research. However, my courage did not fail, and I at length succeeded in giving my citations all their quality of precision. In spite of the prophecy, there was not a nest of errors."

The bloody days of June, 1848, interrupt the work for a time. M. Hachette, after returning from the attack of a barricade that had been raised in his ward by the insurgents, and barely escaping with his life from a volley that covered him with the blood of the men in the ranks with him, orders the work on the dictionary suspended during the continuance of the crisis in public affairs. When civil order once more prevails, the dictionary is resumed.

"Finally," to use Littré's words, "the amount of material grew so, that I judged myself sufficiently equipped with examples. In reality that was not the case; but I none the less wisely made a stop in my collecting work, subject to subsequently resuming it. In view of the scale on which I had projected my dictionary, I should have lost myself hopelessly in time and space had I allowed myself, in the case of each section embraced in it, to yield to the temptation of being complete in each—a very natural temptation, by-the-way. It was imperative that a sacrifice be made, and to get to work at the whole by refusing to put the finishing touches to details. I have had no reason to repent of this determination. The whole was done, and that

was the essential; for in many cases the whole is the supreme judge of the parts. Afterward the parts were taken up again as secondary work, and with better comprehension, which compensated amply for the interruption.

"I remember, when a few years ago an Englishman sought to do for his language what I had done for mine, he applied to me by an intermediary for information as to the manner in which I worked. I gave him with all my heart certain essential instructions; but I recognize but too well to-day that they were certainly insufficient; and that, if I could have placed in his hands the notice I am writing now, I should have been of more use to him in sparing him my gropings in the dark. To me they were not spared. I had, it is true, illustrious predecessors in lexicography—Henri Estienne, Du Cange, Farcellini; Du Cange, in particular, whom I have consulted unceasingly, and to whom I am as grateful as if he were by my side. I have not the presumption to compare myself with them. Their work, on the other hand, was different. They have occupied themselves with dead languages, where all is settled, and I have had to do with a living language, where all is unsettled. Whatever there may be in this difference, they have not told us how they went to work to compose their *Trésors*. I shall be less discreet, and, at the risk of making my reader believe that I am less modest, more personal, or, as the English say, more *égotiste*, I continue my lexicographic narrative.

"I pronounced, then, the gathering of citations at an end. They were written upon little paper squares, each one bearing the name of the author, the title of the work, the page or the chapter. Each assistant made a package of these little squares, already arranged alphabetically. This had to be transformed into a general alphabetical arrangement. This labor, entirely material, of which I took charge, occupied me for more than three months several hours a day. From this an idea can be obtained of how great the mass was. I had a feeling of admiration (not unmingled with secret dread) when I saw it in its magnitude looming up before me. But my labor began to be rewarded, for in that lot of little paper slips I possessed, in embryo, it is true, my foundation of authorities from the classic language and the basis for the history of the whole language.

"Less prepared than I thought myself, but nevertheless enough so as not to go astray, I began putting matter into shape. It was a long job, and I employed at it not months but years. The result was a work of considerable bulk, and one which seemed to me (in my inexperience of myself and my mental states) of well-defined proportions. I did not know then as well as I

know now that, with me, the defined object is not easily to be obtained. How severely was my premature satisfaction to be nipped, and how far was I yet from the limit that I hoped to have already attained! This mass of paper was destined to be doubled, tripled, perhaps quadrupled. I have not kept exact count, but the fact is that that first draught of the work disappeared like an embryo in the second.

"Pushed on and urged, I decided to take in hand my papers, well numbered and bound up in little packages, and prepare definite copy for the printer. What was my despair (the word is no exaggeration) when I became convinced that I was in no condition to furnish copy, either in quantity or quality, adequate to a printer who was going to require it in large quantities! At that moment I was engaged upon the preposition *d*, the most difficult word, I believe, in all the dictionary. The outlook was discouraging. It appeared to be that of a printing process which was to advance slowly—so slowly that neither I nor my publisher, who were no longer young, would ever see the end. The loss would have been great to him; to me it would have been boundless disaster, but especially a moral one. Then I remembered the night of misery and sleeplessness I passed when I made the resolution that turned out so badly, and I repented."

Now came a period of worry at having made improper arrangements in the distribution of material. He has to go over the work and do again what a few more moments at the start would have obviated. After detailing his various stages of perplexity, Littré resumes:

"There is nothing like being in a bad position to have bad thoughts. I tried to persuade myself that my dictionary, imperfect as it was in this last draught, was superior in real advantages to any preceding ones, and that that ought to satisfy me. In this way I proceeded, by flattering myself, to make up my mind to desert my work, and, while all the time seeing what was better and more ample, to resign myself to what was inferior and more contracted. To begin immediately the printing, push it rapidly, and finish the whole in a comparatively short time—what a temptation! But at the same time what degradation before my conscience and duty to my publisher!

"*Hanc demum litem melior natura diremit.* My better nature at last put an end to the inner struggle of which I was at once the battleground and the arbiter. I was ashamed of my weakness. I was ashamed of the flattery by which I had tried to corrupt and lull to sleep my scruples. I was ashamed to have made a distinction between my interests and those of my

publisher. I was ashamed to not fulfill my plan in its full and entire conception by abandoning the healthy and loyal hope of producing, in a path as well beaten as that of lexicography, a dictionary truly original, and of meriting myself, also, some share of gratitude at the hands of workers. These reflections and reproaches rendered me master of myself. And it was well that it was so. Instructive, curious, and historic elements abound in my dictionary. More than once it has happened that, in the search for a word, the searcher has lagged behind and followed the reading-matter as he would the ordinary running text of a book. I confess that anecdotes of these occurrences have never failed to tickle the vanity of my susceptible nature. All this reward would have been lost if I had pitifully given in.

"This is the way in which the work was organized between myself, my co-workers, and our indispensable aids, the printers. I handed over a pile of copy to M. Beaujean.* He indorsed it, and sent it to the printer. But I have not yet mentioned that this printing establishment was that of Lahure. M. Hachette had recommended it as a great establishment for a great work. At the same time he had assured himself of a good foreman and good workmen. When they saw the first specimen of my manuscript, they refused to take charge of it at the ordinary rates of composition, and they struck for higher wages, which M. Hachette allowed. In presenting their complaint, they did not base them upon the bad writing, nor the erasures, nor the difficulty in deciphering; but they maintained that what increased their labor and justified their demand was the old French of the historical part, which it was impossible to set up as rapidly as the rest. Before formulating their complaint, they had submitted the matter to a council of arbitration composed of workmen, which they call *le comité*, and who pronounced in their favor.

"In return for this mass of copy, M. Beaujean received a first draught of proof-sheet, of which he corrected the errors. From this the printer prepared a second proof. M. Beaujean read it, corrected it anew, and noted his observations in the margin. It was this second proof thus noted that was submitted to me. It consisted of four columns of text, equivalent to what is to-day four columns of dictionary.

"This same second proof was, at the same time as to M. Beaujean, sent to my other collaborators, and submitted to their scrutiny. Their observations neglected nothing, from the humble typographical blunder to the most important

* One of Littré's four assistant editors.

points of grammar or etymology. More than once have they added to the wealth of illustration or enriched the history. More than once have I trembled at seeing what errors that had escaped me had been rendered harmless by the scrupulous watchfulness of my assistants.

"When in possession of all these materials for correction, including at times notes of my own that I had been able to gather between the dispatch of copy and the return of the second proof-sheet, I set to work. I first read the proof for myself, and without consulting the work of my assistants; and made corrections from my standpoint. Afterward I consulted M. Beaujean, then M. Jullien, then M. Sommer, and after him M. Deshors, and next M. Baudry, and then Captain André. All went well so long as a lengthy examination was not necessary, nor a second draught, nor additions, nor contraction. But when knotty questions arose, and I could only change by reconstructing my text, then it was that I had to take a long time for reflection, in order to make up my mind to set my hand to the reconstruction of this or that portion of the condemned article. Nothing could exceed the labor required in the correction of certain of these condemned proof-sheets. One may judge of this on learning that often they did not leave my work-room until they had increased by a fifth or a quarter. Undoubtedly the greatest amount of time went to the intellectual work it cost me; but it is necessary to mention also the detail work, which in the result is not even thought of? The material labor was long, too, forced as I was to alter the proofs by notes and tags of paper in such a way that the printer might have the means of finding his way in the labyrinth. How often, when in the thick of my embarrassment, have I not exclaimed, half in joke, half in earnest, 'Oh, my friends, never make a dictionary!' What an amount of patience, ingenuity, and time I devoted to these laborious details I have long since forgiven; for from a general standpoint they have not been without service to me in disciplining my mind inclined to generalities, and obliging it to make its daily nourishment of facts both great and small.

"However carefully the printing was done, those pages were ordinarily too much worked over for me not to insist upon seeing for myself whether all had been properly executed. This verification made, I turned the proof over to M. Beaujean, who finally pronounced the print acceptable. Two months regularly elapsed between the handing in of copy and the perfection of the printed matter. The interval was long but to look fairly at the matter, to consider through how many hands the proof passed, to

take into account the opinions and suggestions of each one, it will be allowed that it would have been as impossible to ask for greater celerity either from the printer, always full of work, or from M. Beaujean, an excellent prime worker, as from me, general superintendent. When it was established that such was to be the average speed, I was enabled, in making an estimate of the growth of my copy, to calculate approximately how many years would be necessary (for it was by years that I had to calculate) in order to accomplish my purpose, supposing none of those mishaps to befall me without which human affairs seem incomplete."

In order to make head against the enormous consumption of copy by the printer, Littré finds himself in need of more help. This time it is from an unexpected quarter—his own family. His wife and daughter volunteer their services, and are willingly enrolled in the work. Littré found great comfort in this arrangement, both in the pleasure of their society and the convenience of having them constantly at hand.

"For this work," continues Littré, "M. Hachette placed at my disposal twenty-four hundred francs a year: twelve hundred francs were for my wife and my daughter and twelve hundred for myself, for we had all of us need of temporary indemnification. My wife and daughter gave less time to the household cares, and I, in the absorbing routine of the dictionary, had no more time for certain collateral occupation which served, as the saying is, to make both ends meet. The *res angusta domi* lorded the situation, and I accepted willingly the full consequences, that is to say, labor and economy. The labor conformed at least to this rule, that it never imposed upon me a necessity that displeased or disgusted me, and the domestic economy was directed to the end that, as far as possible, the present should not be completely sacrificed to the future. Besides, this annual sum of twenty-four hundred francs was merely an advance payment. It entered into the debt of four thousand odd francs that I had contracted for with M. Hachette and of which I shall speak later.

"My obstinacy in submitting to investigation everything that appeared *suspect* in my mind, increased rather than diminished in view of obstacles. I was at liberty to prolong my habitual vigil beyond three o'clock in the morning, which was my regular hour.

"This is the system of regulation which comprised the twenty-four hours of the day, and of which it was essential that the least possible portion be given to the current requirements of existence. I had arranged my affairs so, by a sacrifice of all manner of superfluity, that I was able to have the luxury of a residence both in the

country and the town. The country residence was at Ménil-le-Roi, Seine-et-Oise, a small and old house, garden one third of a hectare, well planted, producing fruits and vegetables which, as to the old man in Virgil, *dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis*. There, in quasi-solitude (for my village is at a distance from the run of Parisians who escape on Sunday from the big city), it was an easy matter to dispose my hours. I arose at eight in the morning—very late, you will say, for a man so much in a hurry. Wait a minute. While they were making my bedroom, which was at the same time my workroom (I told you it was a little old house), I went down to the ground floor, taking some work with me. It is thus, among other things, that I made the preface to my dictionary. The chancellor of Aguesseau had taught me not to despise the moments that seemed of no use. His inexact wife always made him wait for dinner, and she, in presenting him a book at such times, used to say, 'There is the ante-dinner book.' At nine o'clock I went upstairs again and corrected the proofs that had arrived in the mean time until luncheon. At one o'clock I took my place again in my working-room, and there, until three in the afternoon, I paid my duty to the 'Journal des Savants,' which had elected me in 1855, and to whom I felt it a debt of honor to bring my regular contribution. From three until six I worked on the dictionary. At six o'clock I came down-stairs for dinner—always ready, for my wife did not imitate Madame Aguesseau. An hour was about the time usually spent. It is recommended as an hygienic precept not to do study-work immediately after a meal. I have constantly infringed upon this rule, after learning by experience that I suffered no harm from the infringement. It was so much gained, so much snatched from corporeal necessities. Going up toward seven in the evening I took hold of my dictionary and did not relinquish it again. A first relay brought me to midnight, where they left me. The second brought me to three in the morning. Ordinarily my daily task was completed. If it was not I prolonged the vigil, and more than once, during the long days, have I put out my lamp and continued by the light of the dawn of the next day.

"But let us not make a rule of the exception. Three o'clock was oftenest the limit at which I left pen and paper and put everything in order, not for the next day, for the next day had already arrived, but for my next task. My bed was there, almost touching my desk, and in a few moments I was in bed. Habit and regularity (physiological note not without interest) had extinguished all excitement of work. I fell asleep as easily as could have done a man of leisure, and it is in the same way that I arose at eight o'clock,

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the hour of many a lazy one. These night vigils were not without some compensation. A nightingale had taken up its quarters in a little avenue of lindens that traversed my garden, and filled the silence of the night and the surrounding country with its clear and mellow music. O Virgil, how were you able, you author of the 'Georgics,' to make of these glorious notes a song of mourning, *miserabile carmen*!

"In town the time was less strictly organized. The day had comings and goings and unforeseen disturbances. But with the night I became completely my own master; my night belonged to me, and I employed it exactly as I did at Ménil-le-Roi—winter nights, when I missed my musical companion, the sight of the country and the extensive horizon, but which had their periods of silence even in Paris, when everything became hushed toward two and three in the morning—nights which one after the other were spent in the retirement of study.

"From 1860 up to the end of the printing, that is to say during twelve years, I never intermitted the discipline I had imposed upon myself. I will not say that I was not often seized, in certain moments of physical or mental lassitude, with an impatient desire to finish the work. But, strangely enough, it was not when the mass of work, diminished but a little, seemed discouraging by reason of its enormity; it was when it was sensibly diminishing, and that I was approaching the end. Then I chafed under the slow stages that I was forced to take; I counted again and again what yet remained to be set up, and how many hours there were to be devoted to it. Then censuring myself for my weakness, I returned to the regular course of days and nights, which had not brought me so far in order to have me give out in the last stage of my journey and in very sight of the goal. To be wanting in any way to one's own reward, in exhorting one's self to one's self—there is nothing so well calculated to sustain one in good thoughts and firm resolutions as to make to one's self a regular sermon that shall touch the core of things and the core of character. We need no preacher then to close our mouths and open our eyes."

An interruption occurs soon afterward, which brings into strong relief the indomitable energy of Littré. On the death of Comte, he is requested by his widow to write the life of the philosopher. Although an ardent admirer and disciple of the great positivist, Littré first refused, because of the dictionary that completely engrosses him. Comte's widow, however, importunes so effectively that Littré at length yields.

"From this time on I had to modify my order of work and to sandwich in the production of

'Auguste Comte et la philosophie positive'; the title of the work resulting from my negotiation with the widow. I judged that it would require a year for this composition, and the execution did not prove my estimate erroneous.

"Thus decided, I broke off my work on the dictionary at midnight, and from twelve until three I took in hand the life of Auguste Comte. Those three morning hours (for the astronomical day begins at midnight) seized upon regularly for about one year, and joined with what odd moments I was able to scrape together, were sufficient. In 1863 the volume was finished. During the interval I gained a little less upon the proof-sheets of my dictionary—that was all.

"The result proved that Madame Comte had not presumed too much upon my affection; and when I was out of the furnace I applauded myself upon my achievement: the debt of disciple which I owed had been demanded, and I had paid it.

"My permanent assiduity at the work, not allowing itself to be diverted by any distraction or fatigue, was rewarded, and in 1865 I was able to inscribe upon a last leaf, 'To-day I have finished my dictionary.'"

But, although the work was ready for the press, Littré never ceased correcting what he had published. His supplementary work fills fifty pages of the fourth volume, and, in the eight years since that volume was published he has kept the work so constantly at his elbow that the remains he has left us from his subsequent investigations will prove valuable material should a revised edition of the work be undertaken.

Before the dictionary is complete, Littré finds it expedient to alter the contract with his publishers, in order to save himself and family from ruin should the work be a failure financially. The original contract stipulated that forty thousand francs should be the amount advanced, and that this amount should be repaid. It is obvious that, should the work fail, Littré and his family would be financially ruined. He had spent the best share of his life in this work, relying on paying back the advances made out of the proceeds of the sale. The danger of his position does not seem to have struck him until his work was nearly finished, and it is well for him that his dealings were with a firm of such upright character as that of Hachette. His claim was allowed. The contract was altered, and he was saved from bankruptcy in any case. His loss would be thirty years of unprofitable labor, and that of the Hachettes forty thousand francs. The result, however, makes us smile at the doubts he entertained then as to the result.

After describing the way in which his various assistants employed their month's holiday in the summer, he continues:

"I had then in the Rue de l'Ouest, to-day the Rue d'Assas, a very small and inconvenient lodging, but very cheap, as my meager revenue demanded. It was the same one that the Communists occupied in May, 1871, for three days. From the windows they fired upon the Versailles troops who were attacking the place; then, when, routed there as elsewhere, they took to their heels, they were careful not to leave before setting fire to the ground-floor. The house became a blaze; but the fire brigade arriving, controlled this conflagration, as well as that across the way, where M. Michelet lodged, who was fortunately absent, but whom they did not wish to neglect.

"Well, in that apartment which, after undergoing the perils of the siege, the Commune nearly burned down, M. Hachette coming one day to visit me, noticed the piles of papers lying about, which were the not yet printed parts of my dictionary. The proximity of the papers to the fireplace struck him, and concern at the prospect of a fire crossed his mind. 'What could be done,' said he to me, 'to prevent an irreparable loss? Would it be possible to make a copy of all that and have a duplicate?' I objected that it would be a long and expensive job to make a copy of such a mass, that the risks at my house would be doubled at that of a copyist, and that, in a work purely secondary, delays were to be apprehended which it was necessary to obviate. On that the proposition remained where it was before, but I could not rid myself of the danger it had suggested, and I was full of anxiety for fear of possible calamity.

"My careless security had disappeared, and I was thinking of what precautions I might take, if not to destroy, at least to diminish the evil chances whose vivid image caused me to tremble. My manuscript was disposed in packages of one thousand pages. It turned out that I had two hundred and forty of these packages. Accordingly, I ordered eight chests of white-wood, each capable of containing thirty packages, in all two hundred and forty thousand pages. This was the end of the dictionary, and represented about the equivalent of what I had already printed and saved from ordinary danger. These chests were turned over to a packer, who prepared them as if for a sea-voyage to America or the Indies—that is to say, against the length of time, the moisture, and all changes of climate. They had not so far to go, however. I took them to Méné-le-Roi, and placed them in the cellar. . . . Thus I come to the middle of the terrible year 1870."

The next year is one of suspense and danger

to Littré and his family. He escapes on the outbreak of the Commune—the third Parisian insurrection he has witnessed. I pass over the details of the war, with which we are all familiar, and take up the thread of the narrative when order is again prevailing and Littré has been elected a member of the Legislature. He can not work at his dictionary in Paris, owing to the disorder there.

To resume his language: "The proofs were sent, not without difficulty, to Versailles, and returned to Paris with no less trouble. The greatest inconvenience arose from my being separated from all the adjuncts to my dictionary labor. However, that inconvenience was but a passing one. The insurrection subsided, and I returned to Paris, to my books and my workshop. From that time the printing went on rapidly, and ended in 1872, with the end of the year. I have noted above what sincere joy I experienced in 1865, when I wrote the last page of my reconstructed work. The last perfect sheet which I handed over in 1872 renewed with no less of vivacity the feeling of having accomplished a result after great efforts, after many years, in spite of periods of deep inner despair, and rude crosses from without.

"Those last eighteen months (1871-1872) were to me months burdened down beyond measure with difficulty. All the arrangements of my life, to procure to myself the greatest possible amount of time for work, were upset. As member of the National Assembly, I attended the sessions regularly. Not having been able to take up my residence at Versailles because of my book, and deprived of all that was handy to me in Paris, I was obliged each day to make the journey that so many have grumbled at, and which has but just been discontinued. In this way the entire middle of my day was taken away from me. There remained only the forenoons, the nights, the Sundays, and the recesses of the Assembly. Those hours snatched from public duties were employed, I need not say how jealously, or how rejoiced I was to find them sufficient."

III.

"It was at the close of that year, 1872, that my health began fundamentally to be impaired. I was attacked by little fevers; a catarrh located itself in my nasal and respiratory ducts, and did not leave me; the nails of my hands became affected, and dropped off one after the other. Neither time nor medical treatment brought any comfort; time, on the contrary, aggravated each day the burden of old age, and medical care found no support in a constitution falling to ruins. And in truth, far from mending, my

condition, after having lasted in a painful but supportable manner, became involved with rheumatism, which caused and still causes me great suffering, and which also took on the character of permanence. Little by little I came to be entirely confined to my room, almost nailed to my arm-chair. . . . I have made a careful examination, from a medical standpoint, as to whether I was justified in associating the suffering that assailed the close of my existence with the manner of life I led during the last fifteen years of my dictionary; and it has been impossible for me to find any connection of cause and effect. Many a person has worked and does still work as much as I without becoming a prey to the complicated pathology which has taken hold of my person. . . . I accordingly absolve the dictionary entirely from any responsibility in the organic derangements that afflict me.

"The disease, which never afterward left me, caused me, upon my completion of the work (with which event its attack coincided), a disappointment, small perhaps, yet sensible. My design was to have reunited my co-workers at a feast of congratulation and farewell; also M. Hachette, my publisher, and some friends dating from the time of my college days. Turned invalid, I was forced absolutely to renounce all reunions and feasts. I hoped at first that this was but an adjournment; but I hoped in vain. The adjournment was *sine die*. Time mended nothing, it made everything worse; and, in writing these lines, I hold the pen with a feeble and suffering hand.

"My dictionary was not finished until my seventy-first year. The more I advanced into old age, the greater became my boldness and the more did my chances of putting the last touches to the work diminish. My temerity carried the day. I have received the congratulations of one of my colleagues and friends, M. Laurent-Pichat, who sustained my efforts and aided my labor. The expressions he has used have made me hesitate to repeat them; but I beg of my reader, who undoubtedly shares in this feeling, to forget the form in consideration of the substance. 'An illustrious man of our day,' said M. Laurent-Pichat, in a discourse delivered at the distribution of prizes in Charlemagne College, August 5, 1879, 'whose moral heroism stands before us like a great example, undertook an immense work, without a thought for the days of life that were yet reserved to him. He began his task in the years of decline. He worked fifteen years at it, and the printing of the work lasted perhaps as many years again. Success crowned his efforts, he raised a national monument; and he can now take his rest in considering with complacency the monument

which he has consecrated to the French language.' These words, addressed to young people about entering life, regarding an old man who is about taking his leave, appeared to me, in spite of the excess of eulogy, worthy of being stored up; and all the more as my example and

the advice with which I have associated it have, I am sure, engaged more than one man of labor and energy to regard rather what is before him to do than what is before him to live."

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

BONAPARTE.

FROM THE CAMBRIDGE LECTURE-ROOMS.*

IN commencing the last of these lectures on Bonaparte I naturally look back, survey what I have done, and compare it with what at the outset I hoped and intended to do. You will remember that I began by recognizing the impossibility of treating so large and full a career with any completeness, and by inquiring how it might most conveniently be divided. I determined first to lighten the ship by throwing overboard all those military details which belong less to the historian than to the professional specialist; next I pointed out that the career falls naturally into two parts which are widely different and easily separable from each other. The line of demarkation I drew at the establishment of the hereditary empire in 1804. On one side of this line, I remarked, you have Bonaparte, on the other side Napoleon. The two names may be taken to represent two distinct historical developments. To study Bonaparte is in the main to study a problem of internal French history. It is to inquire how the monarchy, which fell so disastrously in 1792, burying for a time the greatness of the Bourbon name, was revived by a young military adventurer from Corsica; and how this restored monarchy gave domestic tranquillity and, at first, a strong sense of happiness to the French people, and at the same time European ascendancy to the French state. On the other hand, to study Napoleon is to study not French but European history; it is to inquire how the balance of power was overturned, how the federal system of Europe crumbled as the throne of the Bourbons had done before, how a universal monarchy was set up, and then how it fell again by a sudden reaction. Availing myself of this distinction, I proposed to investigate the first problem only; I dismissed Napoleon altogether, and fixed my attention on Bonaparte.

And now I find without much surprise that this problem taken alone is too much for me. I have given you not so much a history as the in-

troduction to a history. I break off on this side even of the Revolution of Brumaire. As to the consulate—with its peculiar institutions, its rich legislation, and its rapid development into the empire—I can scarcely claim even to have introduced you to it. I say I am not surprised at this, and I shall be well content if the sixteen lectures I have delivered have thrown real light upon the large outlines of the subject, and have in any way explained a phenomenon so vast, and in the ordinary accounts so utterly romantic and inconceivable, as the Napoleonic monarchy. For everything here has to be done almost from the beginning. In other departments the lecturer follows in the track of countless investigators who have raised and discussed already the principal questions, who have collected and arranged all the needful information. It is quite otherwise in these periods of recent history, where investigation, properly speaking, has scarcely begun its work. I can refer you to very few satisfactory text-books. Histories no doubt there are, full and voluminous enough, but they are not histories in the scientific sense of the word. Some are only grandiose romances. Others are thoroughly respectable and valuable in their kind, but were never intended for students; so that even where they are accurate, even where they are not corrupted by prejudice, or carelessness, or study of effect, they throw little light upon the problems which the student finds most important. In such circumstances it is really a considerable task to sweep away the purely popular, romantic, and fantastic views of the subject which prevail, and to bring out clearly the exact questions which need to be investigated; as, indeed, it is true generally of scientific investigation that the negative work of destroying false views and then the preparatory work of laying down the lines of a sound method are almost more important than the positive work of investigation itself.

The great problem I have raised and examined has been the connection of Bonaparte's power with the Revolution. Let me try, in quit-

* The last of a long course of lectures, printed here as containing a condensed statement of results.

ting the subject, to sum up the conclusions to which we have been led. The first is this, that Bonaparte does not, properly speaking, come out of the Revolution, but out of the European war. What is the popular theory? In few words it is this: that a revolutionary period is often terminated by a military dictatorship, as is shown by the examples of Cæsar, Cromwell, and the Italian tyrants of the fourteenth century; that the cause of this is to be sought in the craving for rest, and the general lassitude and disappointment which follow a vain struggle for liberty; and that Bonaparte's rise to power is simply an example of the working of this historic law. Now, to begin with, I should state the historic law itself somewhat differently. It is rather this: that, when from any cause the government of a state is suddenly overthrown, the greatest organized power which is left in the country is tempted to take its place. Such, for instance, was the municipality of Paris when the French monarchy fell on the 10th of August. Accordingly, the municipality of Paris seized the control of affairs by a violent *coup d'état*. But, as a general rule, the greatest organized power which is at hand when a government falls, is the army. It is, therefore, natural that as a general rule a revolution should be followed by a usurpation of the army. And this might no doubt have happened in France as early as 1792. Instead of the ascendancy of the Jacobins there might have been a tyranny of Dumouriez, but for the accident that the French army at that moment was undergoing a transformation.

But there is also another possibility. A military dictatorship, or the form of government called imperialism, may be brought into existence by quite another cause, namely, by any circumstance which may give an abnormal importance in the state to the army. It is from this cause, for instance, that the monarchy in Prussia has been so military as to be practically an imperialism. This also is the true explanation of the rise of imperialism in ancient Rome. Not the mere lassitude of parties at Rome, but the necessity of a centralized military power to hold together the vast empire of Rome which military force had created—this was the real ground of the power of the Cæsars. Now, in explaining the rise of Bonaparte, I think that too much is made of the cause formerly mentioned, and infinitely too little of this. It is no doubt true that the lassitude of the French mind in 1799 was great, and that the people felt a sensible relief in committing their affairs to the strong hand of Bonaparte; but I do not think that this lassitude was more than a very secondary cause of his rise to power. It is true also that in 1799 the government of the Directory had sunk into such

contempt that it might be regarded as at an end, so that it was open to an organized power like the army to take its place by a sudden *coup d'état*. But this cause too is as nothing, and might almost be left out of the account, compared with another, which in the popular theory is wholly overlooked and neglected.

I trace the rise of Bonaparte's imperialism to the *levée en masse*, and to the enormous importance which was given to the army and to military affairs generally by a war of far greater magnitude than France had ever been engaged in before. No doubt there were many secondary causes, but the point on which I insist is that they were entirely secondary, and that this cause alone is primary. You will not find by studying the Revolution itself any sufficient explanation of Bonaparte's power. Bonaparte did not rise directly out of the Revolution, but out of the war. Indirectly, as the Revolution caused the war, it may be said to have caused the rise of Bonaparte, but a war of the same magnitude, if there had been no revolution, would have caused a similar growth of imperialism. If under the *old régime* France had had to put into the field fourteen armies and to maintain this military effort for several years, the old monarchy itself would have been transformed into an imperialism. That imperialism appeared now in such a naked, undisguised form was the necessary effect of this unprecedented war occurring at the moment when France was without an established government. The circumstances of the Revolution itself, the Reign of Terror, the fall of Robespierre, the establishment of the Directory, all these things made little difference. Bonaparte's empire was the result of two large, simple causes—the existence of a mighty war, and at the same time the absence of an established government.

As the war alone created the power, so it alone determined its character. Bonaparte was driven by his position into a series of wars, because nothing but war could justify his authority. His rule was based on a condition of public danger, and he was obliged, unless he would abdicate, to provide a condition of danger for the country. Why he was so successful in his wars, and made conquests unprecedented in modern history, is a question which I have not had occasion to discuss thoroughly. But I remarked that imperialism in its first fresh youth is almost necessarily successful in war, for imperialism is neither more nor less than the form a state assumes when it postpones every other object to military efficiency.

The second great fact about Bonaparte's connection with the Revolution is that he overthrew Jacobinism. From this fact, too, it may be perceived that he was the child, not of the Parisian

Revolution, but of the *levée en masse*. Bonaparte canceled Jacobinism; he destroyed its influence and persecuted it with unscrupulous violence. He placed himself at the head of the reaction against it. He restored with no little success the dominion of the old monarchical and ecclesiastical ideas. But it is of the utmost importance to define how far this reaction extended. It was not properly a reaction from liberalism, but only from Jacobinism. It was not a reaction from the French Revolution of 1789, but from the Parisian Revolution of 1792. For there were two revolutions, widely different from each other; and, to my mind, he who does not understand this will never understand anything in the modern history of France. The struggle in modern France is not between the spirit of the old *régime* and that of the Revolution; this is wholly erroneous. It is a struggle between the principles of 1789 and those of 1792, in other words, between the principles of European liberalism and a fatal political heresy. The monarchy of the Bourbons was itself liberal for the most part throughout the reign of Louis XVI; it was liberal again in the Constitution of 1791; liberal under the charter of Louis XVIII. Since its second fall in 1830 the principles of 1789 have been represented in various ways by Louis Philippe, Louis Napoleon, and the present republic. There have been two great aberrations toward the heresy of 1792—namely, in 1848 and in the Parisian insurrection of 1871; and in 1830 an apprehension of the revival of those ideas drove the Government of Charles X into measures which looked like a revival of the old *régime*.

The struggle, then, throughout has been to keep to the lines of 1789, and not to be led again into the abyss of 1792. All serious governments alike, that of Bonaparte, that of the Restoration, that of Louis Philippe, that of Louis Napoleon, and the present opportunist republic, have adhered to the principles of 1789—the old *régime* has been utterly dead, and even Charles X did not seriously dream of reviving it—and the only difference among them has lain in the mode of their resistance to the ideas of 1792. How to guard against the revival of those insane chimeras, against a new outbreak of that fanaticism in which phrases half philosophical, half poetical, intoxicate undisciplined minds and excite to madness the nervous, excitable vanity of the city of Paris, this has been the one question: 1792 has been the one enemy. The Restoration and Louis Philippe tried to carry on parliamentary government in the face of this danger—but in vain: 1792 revived in 1848. The two Napoleons tried another method, a liberal absolutism, in which the principles of 1789 were placed under the guardianship of a dictator, and the method

was successful at home, but in foreign affairs it was found to lead to such ambitious aggressiveness that in both cases it brought on the invasion and conquest of France.

When, therefore, I say that Bonaparte put himself at the head of the reaction and revived the old monarchical and ecclesiastical ideas, I do not mean that he exploded the ideas of 1789, but those of 1792. Belonging to the France of the *levée en masse*, which had appeared to be Jacobinical only because the invasion had driven it into the arms of the Jacobins, he quietly put aside the whole system of false and confused thinking which had reigned since 1792, and which he called ideology. He went back to the system which had preceded it, and this was the system of 1789. It stood on a wholly different footing from Jacobinism, because it really was the political creed of almost the whole nation. It was what I may call eighteenth-century liberalism. And in the first part of his reign, in the consulate and even later, Bonaparte did stand out before Europe as the great representative of liberal principles, and none the less so because he had abjured and was persecuting Jacobinism. "But what?" you will say, "how could Bonaparte represent liberalism, when he had himself put aside all parliamentary institutions; when his own Senate and Corps Législatif were, in the first place, not representative at all; and in the second place were in every possible way baffled and insulted by him?" The answer is that liberalism, as it was conceived in Europe in the eighteenth century, had very little to do with liberty, and that the leading representatives of it were generally absolute sovereigns. The great founders of liberalism in Europe were such men as Frederick the Great, the Emperor Joseph, Charles III of Spain, or ministers of absolute sovereigns, such as Turgot and Necker. It was in this succession that Bonaparte had his place, and from many utterances of his I gather that he regarded himself as the direct successor in Europe of Frederick the Great. Most of these sovereigns had not only been absolute, but had been active enemies of government by assembly. Their liberalism had consisted in their jealousy of the Church, their earnest desire for improvement, and a kind of rationalism or plain good sense in promoting it. In their measures they are particularly arbitrary; and, if Bonaparte made the *coup d'état* of Brumaire, we may say of the Emperor Joseph, the great representative of liberalism, that his administration was one long *coup d'état*. If Bonaparte's reign seems in one point of view like a revival of the old *régime*, it is the old *régime* in its last phase, when it was penetrated with the ideas which were to be formulated in 1789,

and when Turgot and Necker were its ministers. If Bonaparte ruled practically without Assemblies, we are to remember that in 1789 itself, when the States-General were summoned, there is no reason to think it was intended to create a standing Parliament, and Mirabeau held that they ought to be dismissed immediately after having voted the abolition of the exemptions of the *noblesse* and clergy.

Such, then, are my conclusions about Bonaparte's relation to the French Revolution. But Bonaparte belongs to Europe as well as France, and in Europe he represents a new principle, that of conquest. I have considered him in this light also, and have pointed out that here too large causes had been working to prepare the way for him. In the system of Europe, in fact, there had been a revolution not less than in the internal government of France. The great event of this European Revolution had been the partition of Poland. This was a proclamation of international lawlessness, of the end of the old federal system of Europe, and of the commencement of a sort of scramble for territory among the great states. And it ought particularly to be remarked that the leaders in this international revolution were precisely the great liberal sovereigns of the age—Frederick, Catharine, and Joseph. So long as sovereigns of tolerably equal power arranged such appropriations among themselves, it might be done without causing a general confusion; but the moment some one power greatly outstripped all others in military strength the policy of the partition of Poland would turn into a universal conquest. Now, this immense superiority was given to France by her *levée en masse*. When she placed a new Frederick at her head it was only natural that she should take the lead in a more general application of the principle of the partition of Poland, and none the less because she became at the same time the representative of liberalism in Europe. By the Treaty of Campo Formio, France, under the leadership of Bonaparte, inaugurated the policy of universal partition and spoliation of the small states of Europe, which in a short time led to the Napoleonic empire.

So far Bonaparte has been to us simply a name for the Government of France, such as the almost irresistible pressure of circumstances caused it to be. Given the changes of 1789 and fall of the monarchy in 1792, given at the same time the European war, an all-powerful military government could not but arise in France, could not but adopt a warlike policy, and in the then condition of international morality, and considering the aggressive traditions of the French, would probably, whether it were directed by Bonaparte, Moreau, or Masséna, embark in a career of con-

quest. But I have also made some inquiry in these lectures into the personal character of Bonaparte. In doing so, I have been forced to raise the general question, at once so interesting and so bewildering to the historical student, of the personal influence of great men.

My desire is to see this question, like other historical questions, treated inductively and without ungrounded assumptions. Great men have been so long a favorite *declamatio* that we can scarcely treat them coolly, or avoid being misled by one or other of the exaggerated notions and bombastic conceits that have been put in currency about them. For a long time it was a commonplace to describe such persons as Bonaparte as a sort of madmen, who amused themselves with devastating the earth purely for their own selfish gratification. The word was—

"Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

But in this generation the very opposite view has had more acceptance; heroes have been made into objects of worship, a fact of which you have been reminded since I began these lectures by the departure from among us of the celebrated founder of the *cultus*. Half a century has passed since Mr. Carlyle issued his first eloquent protests against what he called the mean materialist view that great men are mere charlatans, deceivers, or impostors who have hoodwinked mankind. According to him the fact is quite otherwise; they are the commissioned guides of mankind, who rule their fellows because they are wiser; and it is only by such guidance that man's life is made endurable: and almost all virtue consists in the loyal fidelity of each man to the hero who is his sovereign by a divine election. Certainly this was a much more generous, more ennobling creed than the other, and I think it is also, in general, a truer one. If I criticise it, I do so only because fifty years have now passed over it, and it seems to me that the study of history has entered upon a new stage. In those days history was regarded much in the same way as poetry; it was a liberal pursuit in which men found wholesome food for the imagination and the sympathies. Mr. Carlyle gave good counsel when he said that we should bring to it an earnest and reverent rather than a cynical spirit. But history is now a department of serious scientific investigation. We study history now in the hope of giving new precision, definiteness, and solidity to the principles of political science. We endeavor, therefore, to approach it in the proper scientific temper, and this is not quite the same as, though it is by no means altogether different from, the temper recommended by Mr. Carlyle. It is a temper dis-

posed to shrink from every kind of foregone conclusion, a temper of pure impartiality and candor. Such a temper will be just as little satisfied with Mr. Carlyle's theory of great men as with the old theory; it will refrain from committing itself to any *a priori* theory on the subject. It will study history, not in order to prove that great men are this or that they are that, but in order to find out what they are. Starting from the simple fact that occasionally individual men, who may at first sight appear not very greatly to surpass their fellows, acquire an unbounded influence over them, so that whole nations seem to lose themselves and be swallowed up in their sovereign personality, we do not dream that we can discover by some intuition how this happens, we do not imagine that it is noble to take for granted that it happens in a certain way, or base and cynical to regard it as happening in another way. We simply want to know how it does happen, and for this purpose we examine history in a spirit of pure, unprejudiced curiosity.

Few characters are so well adapted for testing the theory of heroes as Bonaparte. His name occurs to us almost before any other when we want examples of the power of a personality. If we wanted to show how mankind naturally desire a leader, how they instinctively detect the born hero, how gladly and loyally they obey him, what example but Bonaparte should we quote? Where shall we find anything similar to his return from Elba, which seemed to realize the never-realized return of Arthur from fairyland; or, again, to the sudden revival of his family thirty years after his death, when the mere name Napoleon carried his nephew to supreme power? How much more striking than anything which can be produced from the life of Mr. Carlyle's favorite, Cromwell, who does not seem ever to have been popular, and who left no very vivid memory behind him! And yet Mr. Carlyle is strangely shy of Bonaparte. He avoids that wonderful tale, which it might seem that he above all men was called upon to write. Occasionally, indeed, as if to keep up the credit of the theory, he includes Bonaparte as a matter of course among his divine heroes, congratulating that age, for instance, upon its two great men, Napoleon and Goethe—nay, actually putting Napoleon by the side of Cromwell in his lecture on "The Hero as King." But more commonly he carps and grumbles at this enormous reputation; and the short, perfunctory account of him given in the lecture I have just mentioned is nothing less, if you will look at it closely, than a helpless abandonment of the whole theory which the book professes to expound. It acknowledges, almost in express words, that the

old cynical theory of heroes may in some cases, after all, be true, and that in Napoleon to a good extent it *is* true.

In these lectures I have tried, by investigating the facts themselves, to discover the secret of Bonaparte's immense influence. I began with no preconception, with not the smallest desire to prove or disprove either that he was a hero or a charlatan, and quite prepared to believe that he might be neither the one nor the other, and that his success might be due to causes not personal at all. I was also quite prepared, if necessary, to leave the question unsolved, confessing, if I found it so, that the evidence was insufficient to support a solid conclusion. For here is another wide difference between our present view of history and that taken by the last generation. They, as they valued history for the emotions it excited, estimated an historian by the grandeur and gorgeousness of the pictures he drew. It was thus that he was supposed to prove his genius. His function was supposed to be identical with that of the dramatist or novelist; he was supposed to animate the dry bones of historical documents by the same imaginative knowledge of human nature by which a Shakespeare creates his characters. But the modern investigator, if he uses such a gift at all, is most anxiously careful not to mix up divinations or flashes of intuition with clear deductions from solid evidence. He thinks it a kind of fraud to announce what he fancies *may* have happened, without the fullest warning, for what *did* happen; he even distrusts whatever presents itself as poetical or picturesque, and is content to acknowledge, if it must be so—and often it must be so—that only a vague, confused, blurred, and imperfect representation of the occurrence or the person can now be given.

In this spirit, then, I have cautiously examined the character of Bonaparte as it developed itself in his earlier years. If I have not found the Carlylean theory of heroes applicable in this instance, I am far from concluding that it is never applicable. That theory would lead us to assume that Bonaparte had deeper and more intense convictions than the other men of his time, and that because, while others wanted clearness of insight or firmness of will, he alone saw what France and the world needed and had strength and courage to apply the true remedy; therefore all mankind gladly rallied around him, cheerfully and loyally obeyed him as being the stronger, wiser, and, in the true sense of the word, better man. Now, it may be true that other great men have risen so; I lay down no general theory of great men; but Bonaparte did not rise in this way.

In the first place I have pointed out that of the vast fabric of his greatness more than half

was not built by him at all, but for him. He entered into a house which he found ready-made. He neither created the imperial system in France, nor did he inaugurate the ascendancy of France in Europe. Both grew up naturally out of large causes from the time of the *levée en masse*; both were considerably developed under the direction of Carnot; at the time of Bonaparte's brilliant appearance in Italy the general course of development for France was already determined. She was on her way to a period of military government and of military policy likely to lead to great conquests. If Bonaparte had not appeared, to take the lead in this movement and give his name to the period, some other military man would have accomplished a work which in its large outlines would have been the same. It is a mistake, therefore, to regard him as a great creative mind. The system which bears his name was not created by him but forced upon him, for all the large outlines of the Napoleonic system can be clearly traced under the Directory, and at a time when his influence was only just beginning to be felt.

In showing that he did not quell mankind by irresistible heroism, I show at the same time that he did not rise to supreme power by charlatany. In fact, he floated to supreme power upon a tide of imperialism which he did not create, and which must, sooner or later, have placed a soldier at the head of affairs. In this matter all he needed to do was to take care that Europe did not make peace, for in peace the tide of imperialism would soon have ebbed again. And we have seen him at this work during the first months of 1798, when, apparently by his agency, the war burst suddenly into a flame again when it was on the point of being extinguished. But, this point once secured, "his strength was to sit still"; his wisdom lay in doing nothing, in simply absenting himself by his Eastern expedition from the scene of action.

But, though his own share in creating the fabric of his greatness was perhaps less than half, it was positively large. Had there been no Bonaparte, a Moreau or a Masséna might have risen to a position not dissimilar, might have wielded a vast imperial power extending from France far into Germany and Italy; but assuredly they would not have borne themselves in that position as Bonaparte did, nor left the same indelible impression upon history. What, then, were the purely personal qualities which he displayed?

In the first place, he showed a mind capable of embracing affairs of every sort and in no way limited by his own specialty. This, conjoined with a real and by no means vulgar passion for fame, a passion which stood to him in the place of all virtue and all morality, gave to his reign

one truly splendid side. It made him the great founder of the modern institutions of France. Not merely the code, but a number of great institutions, almost, indeed, the whole organization of modern France—administration, university, concordat, bank, judicial, and military systems—are due to him. He saved France from the ruin with which she was threatened by Jacobinism, which in the four years of its definitive establishment (1795-1799) proved utterly unable to replace the institutions it had so recklessly destroyed. Jacobinism could only destroy; the queller of Jacobinism, the absolute sovereign, the reactionist Bonaparte, successfully rebuilt the French state.

The simple explanation of this is, that his government was a real government, the first that had been established since the destruction of ancient France in the Revolution. It could not, therefore, help undertaking, and—as it *was* a real government, and no mere party tyranny—it met with no great difficulty in accomplishing, an immense work of legislation. But an ordinary child of camps would not by any means have risen to the greatness of the position as Bonaparte did; his early admiration and study of Pao-oli, I fancy, had prepared him for this part of dictatorial legislator, while Rousseau had filled him with ideas of the dignity of the office. I have thought I could trace to Rousseau's idea, that the work of legislation requires a divine sanction, Bonaparte's revival of the mediæval empire and his solemn introduction of the Pope upon the scene.

But this unexpected largeness of Bonaparte's mind, which caused him to fill so amply, and more than fill, the imperial place which he had not really created, had besides this good effect a terribly bad one. A Moreau or Bernadotte in that position must have been the strongest sovereign in Europe, and something of a conqueror, nor could he well have avoided perpetual wars. But Bonaparte had added to the more ordinary qualities of a great general a comprehensive strategical talent and war-statesmanship, which till then had seldom been seen in great generals. He seems to have learned the secret from Carnot, and from watching with intense eagerness the course of the first campaigns of the revolutionary war. Possessing this talent, when he found himself at the head of the mighty military state which had sprung out of the *levée en masse*, he not only appeared, as he could not but do, the most powerful sovereign in Europe, but he actually overthrew the European system and founded something like an empire on the ruins of it. Hence the terrible and disastrous Napoleonic period, with all its unprecedented bloodshed and ruin, which, however, I, concerned with Bona-

parte and not with Napoleon, have only exhibited in the background.

Still, however, we are far from penetrating to the personality of Bonaparte. What we have hitherto found would incline us to reject both those theories of great men alike, and to say: "Great men are neither demigods nor yet charlatans. They do not act but are acted on; they are hurried forward by vast forces, of which they can but slightly modify the direction." What glimpses we did get of Bonaparte's real mind were derived less from his deeds than from those plans of his which failed. We examined first and rejected those views of him which represent him as gradually spoiled or corrupted in the course of his career either by success or by disappointment. There are two such views. The one regards him as a fiery Corsican patriot of the type of Sampiero, revenging himself upon France and Europe for the loss of his country; the other treats him as a republican hero and invincible soldier of liberty, who yielded after a time to ambition and wandered from the right course. These two views agree in regarding him as a man of intense passions, what may be called a primitive man.

I have given reasons for treating this appearance of primitive heroism in Bonaparte as a theatrical *pose*, deliberately assumed by him in order to gratify the rage for primitive nature which Rousseau had introduced, and which was at its acme under the Directory. Behind the mask I have found a remarkable absence of passions, except an almost maniacal passion for advancement and fame. The character, indeed, is not Corsican so much as Oriental. He is not vindictive, as a Corsican should be; he is not patriotic, but deserts his country most unnecessarily; he seems to care for no opinion, though he adopts with studied artificial vehemence every fashionable opinion in turn. His early plans, which can be pretty plainly discerned from the commencement of his Italian campaigns, are precisely similar to those afterward formed by the Emperor Napoleon. From the beginning they are plans of lawless conquest on the model of the partition of Poland, plans in which the revolutionary doctrine is used with peculiar skill as an instrument of attack and conquest. His immorality and cynicism are more apparent even on the surface of his deeds in his earlier than in his later years, while there are appearances of a vast plot contrived by him against the Directory,* which might fairly be called the unapproachable masterpiece of human wickedness. But what throws the clearest light upon his character is that darling

plan of his, the failure of which he never ceased to regret, the Eastern expedition. What he did in Europe tells us little of his character, compared to what he dreamed of doing in Asia. He had never meant to be Cæsar or Charlemagne; these were but parts to which he sullenly resigned himself. He had meant to be Alexander the Great, only on a much larger scale. His real career is but a shabby adaptation of the materials he had collected in vain for his darling Asiatic romance. It was something, perhaps, to restore the Pope and the French Church, to negotiate the Concordat, and reenact the crowning of Charles, but it was little compared to what he had imagined. He had imagined a grand religious and political revolution, beginning in the East and extending westward, some fusion apparently of Rousseau's deism with the Allah-ism of Mohammed—a religious revolution extending over the whole East, and then combined in some way with the Revolution of France, when the great Prophet-King should return to the West by way of Constantinople.

But what does this romance tell us of the character of him who conceived it? And how does this character square with those *a priori* theories of what great men should be?

I must say it squares rather remarkably with the old theory which Mr. Carlyle drove out of fashion. Here is really a great deceiver, a man who revels in the thought of governing mankind through their credulity; who, brought up in Europe, has, as it were, rediscovered for himself the art of the great prophet-conquerors of Asia—it is curious that among the literary pieces left by Bonaparte is a version of the famous story of the "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan"—only in those prophet-conquerors there was probably always some grain of conviction or self-deception, and in Bonaparte there is nothing of the kind.

But might he not be partly a charlatan and yet partly a hero? A hero in a certain sense certainly Bonaparte was—that is, a prodigy of will, activity, and force. But was he in any degree a hero in Mr. Carlyle's sense? Mr. Carlyle is a moralist, and seems almost unable to conceive an able man entirely without morality. According to him, the very crimes of a great man are at bottom virtuous acts, for they are inspired by a moral instinct taking, as it were, a strange original form. But I fancy human nature is wider than this theory. Wickedness, I fear, is not always weakness. There really is a human type in which vast intelligence is found dissociated from virtue. Nay, what is stranger still, this kind of hero, whose very existence seems to Mr. Carlyle inconceivable, may exert an irresistible attraction upon his fellow-men, may be served with passionate loyalty, and may arouse in others

* See Arthur Bühtlingk's "Napoleon Bonaparte," vol. ii.

noble sentiments of which he is incapable himself. In the career of Bonaparte, in his ideal schemes, and in the idolatry which has been paid to him, we seem to get a glimpse of this type of man. To do good was not his object.

And here I am compelled to leave the subject. That I have treated it so very imperfectly does not cause me much regret, because I never expected to do otherwise. I shall consider myself to have succeeded in some degree if I have conveyed to any of you a clear notion of the way in which I think great historical phenomena should be treated—that is, by shaking off the trammels of narrative, proposing definite problems, and considering them deliberately; I shall have succeeded still better if I have shown you how the historian should regard himself as a man of science, not a man of literature; how he must have not only a rigid method in research, but a precise political philosophy, with principles fixed

and terms defined much more carefully than historians have generally thought necessary; but I shall only have succeeded altogether to my wish if I have also impressed upon some of you the immense importance of these great topics of recent history, the urgent necessity, if we would handle properly the political problems of our own time, of raising the study of recent history out of the unaccountable neglect in which it lies, and if I have raised in the minds of those of you who are conscious of any vocation to research and discovery the question whether this task—the task, that is, of welding together into an inseparable union history and politics, so that for the future all history shall end in politics and all politics shall begin in history—be not the best and worthiest task to which they can devote their lives.

J. R. SEELEY (*Macmillan's Magazine*).

STRANGE PLAYERS.

NO doubt the actor's art depends considerably upon his physical gifts and qualifications. It is not enough for him to sympathize sincerely with the character he undertakes, to feel deeply its emotions, to weep or to laugh with it, as the case may require; he must be prepared also to represent or to personate it; he must so express it as to render it credible, intelligible, and affecting to others. Aspect, elocution, attitude, and gesture, these are the means wherewith he accomplishes his effects, illudes his audience, and wins of them their applause: these are his professional implements and symbols, and without these there can be no acting. "A harsh, inflexible voice, a rigid or heavy face," Mr. G. H. Lewes has said, "would prevent even a Shakespeare from being impressive and affecting on the stage"; and the same critic has decided that, unless the actor possesses the personal and physical qualifications requisite for the representation of the character he undertakes, no amount of ability in conceiving it will avail.

But, of course, stage portraiture can only be a matter of approximation: the actor has to seem rather than to be the character he performs, although it is likely that the actors themselves do not so clearly perceive this distinction. Macready enters in his diary at one place: "Began to read over 'Macbeth.' Like MacIse over his pictures, I exclaim, 'Why can not I make it the very thing, the reality?'" At another time

he writes: "Acted Macbeth as badly as I acted it well on Monday last. The gallery was noisy, but that is no excuse for me. I could not feel myself in the part. I was laboring to play Macbeth. On Monday last I was Macbeth." And again a little later: "Acted Macbeth in my best manner, positively improving several passages, but sustaining the character in a most satisfactory manner. J'ai été le personnage." The admired comedian Molé had a sounder view of his professional duties when he observed of one of his own performances: "Je ne suis pas content de moi ce soir. Je me suis trop livré, je ne suis pas resté mon maître; j'étais entré trop vivement dans la situation; j'étais le personnage même, je n'étais plus l'acteur qui le joue. J'ai été vrai comme je le serais chez moi; pour l'optique du théâtre il faut l'être autrement."

This *optique du théâtre*, in fact, with certain artifices of the toilet skillfully employed, so materially abets the player in his efforts to portray, disguising his imperfections and making amends for his shortcomings, that it becomes a question at last as to what natural advantages he can or can not dispense with. Is there anything, he may be tempted to ask, that positively unfits him for creditable appearance upon the scene? The stage is a wide field, an open profession, finds occupation for very many; what matters it if some of its servants present sundry physical defects and infirmities? Can absolutely nothing

be done with the harsh, inflexible voice? Is the rigid, heavy face so fatal a bar to histrionic success? It is desirable, of course, that Romeo should be young, and Juliet beautiful; that Ferdinand should be better-looking than Caliban, and Hamlet less corpulent than Falstaff; that Lear should appear venerable, and Cæsar own a Roman nose; but even as to these obvious conditions the play-going public is usually prepared to allow some discount or abatement. No doubt, too great a strain may be placed upon public lenity in this respect. There is an old story told of the seeking of a theatrical engagement by a very unlikely candidate. It was objected that he was very short.—So, he said, was Garrick. It was charged against him that he was very ugly.—Well, Weston had been very ugly. But he squinted abominably.—So did the admirable comedian, Lewis. But he stuttered.—Mrs. Inchbald had stuttered, nevertheless her success upon the stage had been complete. But he was lame of one leg.—Mr. Foote had been very lame—in fact, had lost one of his legs. But his voice was weak and hollow.—So, he alleged, was Mr. Kemble's. But, it was finally urged against him, he had all these defects combined.—So much the more singular, he pleaded. However, the manager decided not to engage him.

Some years since a book was published entitled "The Lost Senses," which set forth how, notwithstanding grievous afflictions and physical infirmities, the writer had contrived to lead a studious, useful, and not unhappy life. How many of his faculties can an actor afford to lose? There have been mad players. The case of the Irish actor Layfield, narrated by O'Keefe, is perhaps hardly in point. Layfield was struck with incurable madness while in the act of playing Iago to the Othello of Sheridan, and died shortly afterward in an asylum. The first symptom of his malady is said to have been the perversion of the text of his part and his description of Jealousy as a "green-eyed lobster." And the later eccentricities of the veteran Macklin may be attributed rather to excessive senility than to absolute mental disease. We are told that, properly attired as Shylock, he entered the greenroom, where the other players were already assembled. He was about to make his last appearance upon the stage. "What! is there a play to-night?" he inquired. All were amazed; no one answered. "Is there a play to-night?" he repeated. The representative of Portia said to him, "Yes, of course. 'The Merchant of Venice.' What is the matter with you, Mr. Macklin?" "And who is the Shylock?" he asked. "Why, you, sir, you are the Shylock." "Ah," he said, "am I?" and he sat down in

silence. There was general concern. However, the curtain went up, the play began, and the aged actor performed his part to the satisfaction of the audience, if he stopped now and then and moved to the side the better to hear the prompter. "Eh, what is it? what do you say?" he sometimes demanded audibly, as he lifted up his hair from his ear and lowered his head beside the prompter's box.

But Reddish, the step-father of George Canning, was decidedly a mad player. He had been dismissed from Covent Garden Theatre because of his "indisposition of mind," when, upon the intervention of certain of his friends, the management granted him a benefit. The play of "Cymbeline" was accordingly announced with Reddish as Posthumus. Ireland, in his biography of Henderson, relates that an hour before the performance he met Reddish "with the step of an idiot, his eye wandering, and his whole countenance vacant." Congratulated upon his being sufficiently recovered to appear, "Yes, sir," he said, "I shall perform, and in the garden scene I shall astonish you!" "The garden scene?" cried Ireland; "I thought you were to play Posthumus." "No, sir, I play Romeo." And all the way to the theatre he persisted that he was to appear as Romeo; he even recited various of the speeches of that character, and after his arrival in the greenroom it was with extreme difficulty he could be persuaded that he had to play any other part. When the time came for him to appear upon the stage, he was pushed on, every one fearing that he would begin his performance of Posthumus with one of Romeo's speeches. "With this expectation," writes Ireland, "I stood in the pit, close to the orchestra, and being so near had a perfect view of his face. The instant he came in sight of the audience his recollection seemed to return, his countenance resumed meaning, his eye appeared lighted up, he made the bow of modest respect, and went through the scene much better than I had before seen him. On his return to the greenroom, the image of Romeo returned to his mind, nor did he lose it till his second appearance, when, the moment he had the cue, he went through the scene; and in this weak and imbecile state of his understanding performed the whole better than I ever saw him before." Ireland even pronounced that the actor's manner in his insane state was "less assuming and more natural" than when he had "the full exercise of his reason." Reddish was not seen again upon the stage, however; he died soon afterward hopelessly mad, an inmate of York Asylum.

In the records of the Théâtre Français a very similar case may be found. The actor

Monrose, famous at one time for his admirable personation of the character of Figaro, had been for some months in confinement because of the disordered condition of his mind. His success in Beaumarchais's comedy had in truth turned his brain. He had so identified himself with the part of the Spanish barber that he could not lay it down or be rid of it. On the stage or off, sleeping or waking, he was always Figaro. He had forgotten his own name, but he answered to that of Figaro. In conversation he was absent, appeared not to hear or not to understand what was said to him; but a quotation from the "Barbier" produced an immediate reply, a merry laugh, a droll gesture. It was resolved that a performance should be given for his benefit, and that he should appear as Figaro upon the occasion. The house was crowded to excess. Mademoiselle Rachel and all the leading players of the Français lent their services. The representation produced a profit of eighteen thousand francs. Dr. Blanche, the leading physician of the asylum in which the actor had been confined, was present throughout the evening, in close attendance upon his patient, soothing and encouraging him in the intervals of the performance. The anxiety both of spectators and actors was very great. The scene was described as "exciting in the highest degree." It was dreaded lest the actor's malady should suddenly disclose itself. The audience hesitated to applaud, lest they should dangerously excite the poor man. Mademoiselle Rachel was so affected that she twice lost recollection of the words she should speak, although she was appearing in one of her most favorite and familiar characters. The representatives of Rosina and Almaviva could not disguise their terror; at each word, at each gesture, of Figaro's they looked for betrayal of his insanity. It was said, however, that the actor had never played better than on this his last night upon the stage, when he was released but for a few hours from the mad-house. He sought to reassure his friends by his ease of manner, his smiling glances, his air of complete self-possession. At one time only did he seem thoroughly conscious of the painful position in which he was placed. Toward the close of the third act of the comedy Figaro is required to exclaim three times, "Il est fou!" We are told that at this utterance "every heart beat with terror, . . . and here, and here only, did Monrose himself seem to betray that he was aware of the truth; he spoke with increasing vehemence, and with an expression of the most poignant grief."

In the "Memoirs" of Mrs. Bellamy of Covent Garden Theatre it is told how an insane actress once forced her way on to the stage and represented to perfection the madness of Ophelia;

but the story is not very credible. Mrs. Verbruggen—she had been known, too, as Mrs. Mountford, and in her honor Gay, it was said, had written his "Black-eyed Susan"—had been confined for some time in an asylum; her mind had suffered because of the perfidy of Mr. Barton Booth the tragedian, who had suddenly transferred his affections from her to the beautiful Miss Santlow, the dancer. Mrs. Verbruggen was allowed considerable liberty, however, for her malady had not assumed a violent form, so that she was able with little difficulty to elude the watchfulness of her attendants and make her way to the theatre. She had ascertained that "Hamlet" was to be represented; as Ophelia she had been wont to receive the most fervent applause. "Concealing herself till the scene in which Ophelia makes her appearance in her insane state, she pushed on to the stage before her who played the character that night, and exhibited a far more perfect representation of madness than the utmost exertions of mimic art could do. She was in truth Ophelia's self, to the amazement of the performers as well as of the audience. Nature having made this last effort, her vital powers failed her."

There have been blind players. In the "Wolverhampton Chronicle," December, 1792, appeared a statement to the effect that one Briscoe, the manager of a small theatrical company then in Staffordshire, although stone-blind, represented all the heroes in his tragedies and the lovers in genteel comedies. In 1744, on April 2d, the Drury Lane play-bill was headed with a quotation from Milton: "The day returns, but not to me returns." The performances were given for the benefit of Dr. Clancy, author of the tragedies, "Tamar Prince of Nubia," and "Hermon Prince of Chorea," who had become blind. The public was duly advertised that, "Dr. Clancy being deprived of the advantages of following his profession, the master of the playhouse had kindly favored him with a benefit-night; it was therefore hoped that, as that was the first instance of any person laboring under so heavy a deprivation performing on the stage, the novelty as well as the unhappiness of his case would engage the favor and protection of a British audience." The tragedy of "Ædipus" was represented, and the blind man personated the blind prophet Teresias. The performance produced some profit, and Dr. Clancy was further assisted by a pension of forty pounds per annum out of the privy purse. Imperfect sight has been no bar to success upon the stage. Even Roscius is said to have been afflicted with obliquity of vision, and therefore to have played in a vizard, until his audience, recognizing his great histrionic merits, induced him to discard his mask that they might the better en-

joy his exquisite oratory and the music of his voice. The great Talma squinted. And a dramatic critic writing in 1825 noted it as a strange fact that "our three light comedians, Elliston, Jones, and Browne," each suffered from "what is called a cast in the eye." Mr. Bernard, in his "Retrospections," describes a provincial actor of some reputation who, although possessed of but one eye, played "all the lovers and harlequins." With shortness of sight many of our players have been troubled, or how can we account for such well-known facts, for instance, as the eye-glass of Mr. Bancroft and the *pince-nez* of Mr. Irving? Poor Mrs. Dancer—she was afterward famous as Mrs. Spranger Barry and as Mrs. Crawford—was so short-sighted that Hugh Kelly, in his satirical poem of "Thespis," rudely spoke of her as a "moon-eyed idiot." And once when by accident she dropped her dagger as she was about to commit self-slaughter upon the stage in the old tragic way—she was playing Calista in "The Fair Penitent"—her imperfect vision hindered her from perceiving where her weapon had fallen, and she could not recover it. "The attendant endeavored to push it toward her with her foot; this failing, she was obliged to pick it up, and very civilly handed it to her mistress to put an end to herself with: an awkward effect, as it took from the probability of the scene," simply comments O'Keeffe, who relates the story. The late Herr Staudigl, who usually wore spectacles when he was not engaged upon the stage, found his weakness of sight a special disadvantage when he personated Bertram in "Robert le Diable." He could not find the trap-door through which Bertram should descend in the final scene of the opera, although pains had been taken to mark broadly with chalk the exact position of the opening. The famous bass was usually conducted carefully to the spot and held over it that he might not miss it by the Robert and Alice of the night. From the first, indeed, the trap-door in "Robert" had been a source of inconvenience. On the night of the production of the opera, Nourrit, who played Robert, an impassioned artist, "entraîné par la situation, se précipita étourdiment dans la trappe à la suite du dieu des enfers." The audience, much alarmed, exclaimed, "Nourrit est tué!" Mademoiselle Dorus, the representative of Alice, shed tears. No harm had been done, however. Robert was not hurt. He had fallen upon the mattresses arranged for Bertram. "Que diable faites-vous ici?" said Bertram's interpreter, Levasseur, to Nourrit, as they met beneath the stage. "Est-ce qu'on a changé le dénoûment?"

The late John Baldwin Buckstone was extremely deaf; his infirmity scarcely affected his performance, however, if, as Mr. Tom Taylor

wrote, it "raised a wall of separation between him and all but a small circle of intimates." His quickness of intelligence in matters of his craft was so great that he might have been closely watched not only on the stage at night but even at the morning's rehearsal without discovery being made that he could hear no word of what was passing about him. "He was guided, in his by-play as well as in his spoken part, entirely by his knowledge of the piece acquired in reading it, and by his quick eye, which could catch much of what his stage-interlocutors said from the movement of their lips and the expression of their faces. I remember his telling me," Mr. Taylor notes, "that it was only by this means he knew when his cue to speak came." An earlier actor, one Winstone, attached to the Bristol Theatre, remained upon the stage as an octogenarian although he was so affected with deafness that he could not possibly "catch the word" from the prompter. Delivering his farewell address, he secured the assistance of one of the performers to stand close behind him, advancing as he advanced and retiring as he retired, like a shadow, and charged to prompt him should he fail in the words of his speech.

Foote presents the most remarkable instance of a one-legged player. While on a visit at Lord Mexborough's, riding a too spirited horse, he was thrown, and received so severe a hurt that his left leg had to be amputated. It was suggested at the time, "as a marvelous proof of the efficacy of avarice," that Foote had unnecessarily undergone amputation that he might surely enlist the sympathies of the Duke of York, and by his influence obtain the Chamberlain's license for the little "theatre in the Haymarket"; but such a supposition is wholly incredible. Foote jested, as his wont was, even under the surgeon's knife. A little while before he had caricatured, in his farce of "The Orators," the manner and aspect of Alderman Faulkner, the eccentric Dublin publisher, whose wooden leg had been turned to laughable account upon the stage. "Now I shall be able to take off old Faulkner to the life," said the satirist, when it was announced to him that the operation must be performed. But, in truth, he felt his misfortune acutely; he suffered deeply both in mind and body. He wrote pathetically of his state to Garrick: "I am very weak, in pain, and can procure no sleep but by the aid of opiates. Oh! it is incredible all I have suffered." After an interval he reappeared upon the stage, however, the public finding little abatement of his mirthfulness or of his power to entertain. But, as O'Keeffe writes, "with all his high comic humor, one could not help pitying him sometimes as he stood upon his one leg leaning against the wall while his servant was

putting on his stage false leg, with shoe and stocking, and fastening it to the stump; he looked sorrowful, but, instantly resuming all his high comic humor and mirth, hobbled forward, entered the scene, and gave the audience what they expected, their plenty of laugh and delight." He wrote his comedy of "The Lame Lover," as it were to introduce his false leg to the public, and as Sir Luke Limp protested that he was not the worse but much the better for his loss. "Consider," he urged, "I can have neither strain, splint, spavin, nor gout; have no fear of corns, kibes, or that another man should kick my shins or tread on my toes. . . . What! d'y'e think I would change with Bill Spindle for one of his drum-sticks, or chop with Lord Lumbar for both of his logs? What is there I am not able to do? To be sure, I am a little awkward at running; but then, to make me amends, I'll hop with any man in town. . . . A leg! a redundancy! a mere nothing at all. Man is from nature an extravagant creature. In my opinion, we might all be full as well as we are with but half the things that we have!"

Charles Mathews the elder, though he did not incur the loss of a limb, was thrown from his carriage and lamed for life. When he was enabled to return to the stage, he reappeared leaning upon a crutch stick and personating a lame harlequin in a comic extravaganza entitled "Hocus Pocus, or Harlequin Washed White," designed especially for his reintroduction to the public. Some few years since Signor Donato, a one-legged dancer, appeared in the course of a Covent Garden pantomime, and surprised the audience by the grace and agility he displayed, his mutilated state notwithstanding. He wore the dress of a Spanish bull-fighter, and to the stump of his leg a tassel was affixed, so that it resembled somewhat an old-fashioned sofa-cushion. In his "Retrospections of the Stage," Mr. Bernard describes a veteran manager who, though bent with age and afflicted with gout in all his members, delighted to represent the heroes of light comedy. He was unable to walk or even to stand, and throughout the performance had to remain seated in his easy-chair, his lower limbs swathed in flannels, and to be wheeled on and off the stage as the circumstances of the play required. He endeavored to compensate for these drawbacks by taking large pinches of snuff very frequently, and by energetically waving in the air a large and dingy pocket-handkerchief. In this way he would represent such characters as Plume, the vivacious hero of Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer," to audiences that were certainly indulgent and tolerant if they were not enthusiastic.

One of Mr. George Vandenhoff's "Dramatic

Reminiscences" relates to a one-armed tragedian he encountered in 1840 on the stage of the Leicester Theatre. The poor man's left arm, it seems, "had been accidentally shot off," nevertheless he appeared as Icilus, as Pizarro, and as Banquo, concealing his deficiency now with his toga, now with his mantle, and now with his plaid. Mr. Vandenhoff writes: "I had really not noticed the poor fellow's mutilation, though I had observed that he seemed rather one-sided in his action, till I played Othello to his Iago; and then what was my horror, on seizing him in the third act, to find that I had got hold of an armless sleeve stuffed out in mockery of flesh, for he did not wear a cork arm! I was almost struck dumb, and it was only by a strong effort that I recovered myself sufficiently to go on with the text. Poor fellow! he was a remarkably sensible man and good reader; but, of course, he could never rise in his profession with only one arm." Art might have helped him, however, as it helped the late M. Roger, the admired French tenor, to a mechanical hand when by the accidental bursting of his gun his own natural right hand was so shattered that immediate amputation above the wrist became absolutely necessary. By touching certain springs with the left fingers the artificial right hand performed several useful functions, opened and closed, held a pen or paper, grasped and even drew a sword from its sheath. Those uninformed upon the subject might have witnessed the performances of the original John of Leyden in Meyerbeer's "Prophète," and never have suspected the loss he had sustained. By a similar accident the English comedian, John Bannister, injured his left hand, and for some time it was feared that amputation must be undergone. The actor, however, escaped with the loss of two joints from two of his fingers and one joint from a third; this involved his always appearing on the stage afterward with a gloved hand. In Anthony Pasquin's "Life of Edwin," the comedian, there is an account of a "barn-door actor," boasting the strange name of Gemea, who, having lost an eye, wore a glass substitute, and was further troubled in that he had been deprived of the use of his left arm, which, paralyzed and withered, hung down uselessly at his side. Nevertheless, he contrived to play Richard III occasionally, when he endeavored to keep his lame limb out of the way tucked under his cloak behind him. But as he stalked about and spoke his speeches, the pendent arm shifted its position, came into sight, swung forward, and incommoded him greatly, to be "instantly and unkindly slapped back into its place by the right hand." Throughout the performance, indeed, his right hand was found to be constantly en-

gaged in keeping his left in order; the spectators, meantime, greeting with laughter and applause this curious conduct on the part of the strangest Richard that could ever have been seen upon the stage.

Old age, it need hardly be said, is no disqualification to the player. Curious cases of longevity abound upon the stage. It is almost a condition of the actor's life that he shall be old and seem young. What does the artist's age matter if his art does not grow old? As one of the characters observes in the comedy of "Confident par Hazard"—"Mon acte de naissance est vieux, mais non pas moi." A youth of twenty was charged with being in love with the septuagenarian actress Déjazet. He denied it, but his blushes seemed to contradict his denial. "Oh!" said Nestor Roqueplan, an elderly gentleman, but a few years the junior of the lady, "il n'y a pas de mal à cela; et vous avez tort de vous en défendre. Quand je l'ai aimée, j'avais votre âge!" The famous French actress Mademoiselle Mars at sixty was still accepted by the Parisian public as an admirable representative of stage heroines of sixteen. The English actress, Mrs. Cibber, advanced in years, studying through her spectacles the part of Cælia in "The School for Lovers," declined the proposition made to her that Cælia's age should be altered and advanced from sixteen to twenty-three. The old actress preferred that Cælia should be as young as possible; and at night the audience confirmed her judgment, and held that Mrs. Cibber was no older than the part represented her to be. Mrs. Cibber, however, had preserved a certain youthful grace and slenderness and symmetry of figure; this was not the case with Mademoiselle Mars, whose form had become robust and portly—"square-built," to adopt the term employed by Captain Gronow, who, while admiring the actress's "fine black hair and white and even teeth, and voice of surpassing sweetness," noted that "the process of dressing her for the stage was a long and painful one, and was said to have been done by degrees, beginning at early dawn, the tightening being gradually intensified until the stage hour, when the finish was accomplished by the maid's foot being placed in the small of the lady's back, and thus the last vigorous haul being given to the refractory staylace." The fat have been usually received with complacency and indulgence by the playgoing public, however. Is not the well-rounded form of Mademoiselle Croizette always cordially welcomed to the stage of the Théâtre Français? A German gentleman visiting England some sixty years ago questioned whether there existed in any other European theatre "so many untheatrical female figures" as on the London stage. "The man-

agers," wrote this cavalier, "appear to have made it their object to blend together the two extremes of emaciation and corpulence, with a manifest partiality, however, to the latter. That class of women who are not improperly termed in Germany 'female dragoons,' seem here considered as the most suitable recruits." And he comments upon the "monstrous absurdity of the performance by Mrs. Jordan, a dame of forty with a portly figure and lusty proportions, of the character of Miss Lucy, a country girl of sixteen who takes delight in playing with her doll in the form of 'The Virgin Unmasked.'" But the Londoners "liberally remunerated her with the most enthusiastic applause." For poor Mademoiselle Mars a hint came at last that she was lagging superfluously upon the scene, and that she had outlived the favor and the indulgence of her public. Even while certain of her admirers continued to maintain that "Mademoiselle Mars a l'âge qu'elle a besoin d'avoir, parce qu'elle a la force et la grâce de cet âge," a wreath not of live flowers but of *immortelles* such as adorn graveyards was thrown to her upon the stage. The actress withdrew from the scene. The insult may have rather expressed an individual opinion than a general sentiment; but it sufficed. Audiences rarely permit themselves thus to affront their favorites; albeit it is told of a very plain-faced actor, that when he played Mithridate, at the line addressed to him by Monime, "Seigneur, vous changez de visage," the parterre would sometimes cry out, "Laissez-le faire!"

"Mislike me not for my complexion," says the black Prince of Morocco. Is the player ever misliked for his complexion? Like a good horse, a good actor may be of any color. Lord Byron found at Venice in 1818 an Othello who for some "exquisite reason" declined to assume "the shadowed livery of the burnished sun," and played the part with a white face; but this was in Rossini's opera, not in Shakespeare's tragedy. "They have been crucifying Othello into an opera," wrote Byron, "the music good but lugubrious," etc. Jackson, in his "History of the Scottish Stage," mentions an actress reputed to be "not only excellent as to figure and speaking, but remarkably so as to singing," who was wont to appear as Juliet and Polly in "The Beggar's Opera," but who had the misfortune to be a negress! Foote proposed that the old Roman fashion should be revived, and that the lady should wear a mask, while it was remarked that, in the case of a black Juliet, Romeo's comparison of her beauty to the "rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear" would have a special application. Jackson passing through Lancashire had witnessed the lady's performance of Polly. He writes, "I could not help observing to my friend

in the pit, when Macheath addressed her with 'Pretty Polly, say,' that it would have been more germane to the matter had he changed the phrase to 'Sooty Polly, say.'"

Mr. Ira Aldridge, who was pleased to call himself the African Roscius, and who for some years flourished as a tragedian, was a veritable negro born on the west coast of Africa, the son of a native minister of the gospel. It was intended that the boy should follow his father's calling and become a missionary; for some time he studied theology at an American college and at Glasgow University, obtaining several premiums and a medal for Latin composition. But in the end he adopted the profession of the stage, appearing at the Royalty Theatre in the east of London and at the Coburg, in a round of characters of a dark complexion, such as Othello, Zanga, Gambia, Oroonoko, Aboan, and Mungo. He fulfilled various provincial engagements, and at Dublin his exertions were specially commended by Edmund Kean. At Belfast Charles Kean played Iago to Mr. Aldridge's Othello and Aboan to his Oroonoko. He appeared at the Surrey Theatre, at Covent Garden, and the Lyceum. The dramatic critic of the "Athenæum" in 1858 particularly noticed one merit of his performance of Othello; he dispensed with the black gloves usually worn by Othellos of the theatre and displayed his own black hands, with "his fingernails expressively apparent." He traveled upon the Continent, and was received with enthusiasm in the theatres of Germany. Princes and people vied in distinguishing him, crowded houses witnessed his performances, and honors, orders, and medals were showered upon him. He extended his repertory of parts, playing Peruvian Rolla, who was no doubt dark-skinned but not of African complexion. By-and-by he exhibited a black Macbeth, a black King Lear. For him was revived the doubtful play of "Titus Andronicus," and he personated Aaron the Moor to admiring audiences. On the German stage, strange to say, he was permitted to deliver the English text while his fellow-players were confined to the German version of their speeches. However,

the audiences of New York and Boston were similarly tolerant in the case of the German tragedian, Herr Bogumil Dawison, who played Othello in German to Mr. Edwin Booth's Iago in English.

Many foreign players have appeared successfully upon the English stage speaking English or broken English. More rarely have English actors ventured to speak from the stage in a language not their own. In the last century, however, Mr. Bellamy, with a company of English amateurs who "spoke French like natives," presented the tragedies of "Andromaque," "Athalie," and "Zaire" in French at the Richmond Assembly Rooms, expressly engaged and fitted up for the occasion, some assistance being rendered by the Marquis de Verneuil and Madame Brilliant. Junius Brutus Booth, whose "knowledge and accent of the French tongue" an American critic describes as "simply perfect," played "Oreste" in French, when "Andromaque" was produced at the French theatre, New Orleans, "in a manner to rouse the wildest enthusiasm." Curiously enough, Macready had contemplated the same feat with Rachel for his Andromaque or his Hermione; but he abandoned the notion, satisfied that, although he might succeed in conveying the substance and passion of the scenes, the minor beauties and more subtle meaning belonging to the genius of the language would certainly escape him. It may be added that, within the last few months, certain English performers have amused themselves by joining in a representation in French of Augier's comedy "L'Aventurière," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

We have wandered from our theme a little. But perhaps it has been shown sufficiently that the physical qualifications of the players have been always regarded liberally by the public, and that generally there has prevailed a disposition to accept just what the stage has been prepared to tender, without subjecting it to anything like harsh requisitions or exactions.

DUTTON COOK (*Belgravia*).

THE CURIOSITIES OF CRITICISM.

WHAT critics have said about authors, and what authors have said about critics, is a topic that might be treated of with more learning than Mr. Jennings has displayed in a little work on the "Curiosities of Criticism" (Chatto & Windus). He has written chiefly about modern and English critics. He has not gone back to the fine old quarrels in which Callimachus, Theocritus, and Apollonius Rhodius were mixed up. At the court of the Ptolemies, poets and their rivals behaved much as they did at the court of Louis XIV. They made fun of each other's legs and verses, and compared each other to the scavenger-bird of Egypt. Envy was then believed by Callimachus, as by Balzac and by authors at large, to be the motive power of criticism. The quarrel in Greece was so old as to have become proverbial, and when Plato quotes the lines about "poets hating poets, and potters potters," he was doubtless thinking of feuds between the poets who succeeded and were popular, and the poets who failed and said disagreeable things. The philosophers were no better. Several Platonic dialogues are really criticisms of the popular Sophists, by the Sophist whose unpopularity ultimately took the strong shape of a dose of hemlock. There are few better examples of the "candid friend" style of criticism than the passages in which Aristotle reviews the Platonic theory of ideas. Later criticism at Alexandria produced the exuberant spitefulness of Zoilus and the meddlesome activity of Zenodotus. Aristarchus became the patron of all sound criticism, and commentators preferred being wrong with him to being right with Aristophanes. French society, from the age of Boileau to that of Paul de St.-Victor, would have provided Mr. Jennings with abundance of anecdotes. Molière and his critics alone would supply material for a very curious and amusing chapter; and the quarrels of classicists and romanticists, of Balzac and Sainte-Beuve, of the critics who write and run away, and of the critics who cross swords, might have been made no less entertaining. The mere name of Pope suggests a whole literature, at which Mr. Jennings has glanced, of spiteful criticism. But he has preferred to deal, as a rule, with the feuds of our own century—with Keats and the "Quarterly," Mr. Tennyson and the same censor, Mr. Gilbert and the "Pall Mall Gazette."

In any active literary age, it must needs be that offenses come. In such ages criticism is a profession. Now, all professions, from acting to medicine, have their jealousies, but it is not the

business of other professions to be perpetually talking. This is the business of criticism, and so the troubled waters are constantly being stirred over again, and the mud is brought up to the top. Criticism is an art practiced on the most sensitive of all human beings—poets and men of letters. No other class is so ready or so able to cry out when it is hurt, and Mr. Jennings has made an amusing selection of the cries of injured vanity. Swift called "the true critic" "a dog at the feast." Ignorance, he said, is the father of criticism; noise, impudence, pedantry, ill-manners, are her offspring. Mr. Ruskin, that gentle critic who has scalped Guido, Salvator Rosa, Claude, and Mr. Whistler, is, in his milder moods, of the opinion that criticism is a piece of bad breeding. Goldsmith thought that "by one false pleasantry the future peace of a worthy man's life is disturbed." And this is the incessant charge against critics, that they poison the existence of authors, good and bad. The accusation seems to have very little sense in it. Authors are really engaged, voluntarily, in a kind of game. They throw down the challenge to the critic, they are miserable if he does not take it up, and they become half wild with rage if his verdict is not favorable. Experience, by this time, might teach even authors that critics have little power to make or mar.

Let a book be good or bad, if it has the element of popularity in it, it will succeed, in spite of the righteous or unrighteous wrath of reviewers. And, if a book has not the salt of popularity in it, no amount of favorable or even gushing notices will rescue it from neglect. Every great poet of the century—except, perhaps, Scott—was violently attacked in his beginnings. It was partly pedantry, partly dullness, partly political spite, that caused the "Edinburgh Review" to speak of "Christabel" as "a miserable piece of coxcombery and shuffling," while the thin and precious volume that contains "Kubla Khan" was "one of the most notable pieces of impertinence of which the press has lately been guilty. . . . With one exception, there is literally not one couplet in the publication before us which would be reckoned poetry, or even sense, were it found in the corner of a newspaper or upon the window of an inn." This blatant nonsense no more harmed Coleridge than Jeffrey's "This will never do" harmed Wordsworth. Though the world is weary of the story of Keats and the "Quarterly," we are obliged to agree with Mr. Jennings that the reviewer did harm the poet.

The publishers of "Hyperion" (Taylor & Hesse, 1820) say, "The poem was intended to be of equal length with 'Endymion,' but the reception given to that work discouraged the author from proceeding," and thus a narrow and prejudiced criticism caused a heavy loss to literature. And yet even now a fair judge will admit that the "Quarterly" reviewer did hit a number of terrible blots in "Endymion." It would have been a misfortune if Keats's first work had been eagerly applauded, and if all contemporary versifiers had followed the worst examples of his bad early manner. There was a good deal of truth in the remark, "he wanders from one subject to another, from the associations, not of ideas, but of sounds, and the work is composed of hemistichs which, it is quite evident, have forced themselves upon the author by the mere force of the catchwords on which they turn." Chapman had set the example of the same false method, in his translation of the "Odyssey."

But, if Keats's energy was relaxed by the abuse of critics, we scarcely can remember another example in which malicious or just criticism stood in the way of a good book, or prevented a bad one from attracting its congenial audience. Of the latter process, a rare example is Macaulay's crushing exposure of Robert Montgomery. Of the former, we see a kind of trace when Shelley complains, after an assault by the "Quarterly," "My faculties are shaken to atoms and torpid; I can write nothing." The real mischief which even sound criticism does is to check spontaneity. A writer may be warned of a fault, and may accept the warning, but his natural power is abated for the moment; he thinks of his paces, and, if we may say so, is thrown out of his stride. But this sort of effect soon passes away, and the results of criticism may, in the long-run, prove salutary. That righteous judgment does not interfere with a bad book's vogue, we see every day in the illustrious example of certain novelists. To take an example of the other sort, a powerful critic long ago informed the author of "A Daughter of Heth" that, whatever he might succeed in, one field was closed against him—the field of fiction. But this prophecy has been eminently unfulfilled. Again, it often happens that a new book, novel or poem, is very much to the taste of the critics. The press is unanimous in its praise. The author's heart rejoices; he looks forward to many editions, and thinks that even on the system of "half-profits" there must be money for him. But the public has not agreed with the reviewers, and the publishers' books show a sale of some fifty copies, and an alarming deficit. Authors should reflect on these verities, and so learn to bear criticism without screaming aloud or writhing in silent an-

guish. And yet, though no one knows better than the critic the truths which we have advanced, it is probable that critics, next to really great poets, themselves suffer most keenly from unfavorable reviews. These are the amiable inconsistencies of human nature.

The ingratitude of poets has often left us mourning. Mr. Tennyson has altered or suppressed almost all the passages in his volume of 1833 which the critics pointed out to his notice. The "wealthy miller's mealy face" is no longer affectionately compared to "the moon in an ivy-tod," whatever an "ivy-tod" may be. His chestnut-buds are no longer "gummy." "Then leaped a trout" has taken the place of "a water-rat from off the bank." The famous passage about

"One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat,
Slowly, and nothing more,"

which provoked the flippant inquiry, "What more would she like?" has been modified. An ecstatic address to "Darling room, my heart's delight," is omitted altogether, and, in short, Mr. Tennyson has usually accepted the advice even of unfriendly critics. Yet he has never shown any fervent gratitude, and even wrote fifty years ago an angry little poem on "Fusty Christopher."

We, in our humble way, are suffering from a want of kindly recognition. Two years ago we reviewed Mr. John Payne's privately printed translation of Villon's poems. While we found much to admire, we had to say that the version of the famous "Ballad of Old Time Ladies" was perhaps the worst ballad ever written. We did not like the expression "the middle modern air" from which Thais is supposed to hide. It did not seem a natural expression in Villon's mouth. "*Heloïse the staid*" seemed not to be well fitted with an epithet. We disliked "the queen whose orders were" to the effect that Buridan should be drowned. And we complained that, "But what has become of last year's snow?" was a poor rendering of *Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?* Mr. Payne has just republished his Villon, in a form suited to a "squeamish" modern taste, which dislikes the free filth of the Parisian burglar, when rendered, in cold blood, into English. The new volume deserves, and, we hope, will obtain, popularity. But while Mr. Payne has altered all but one of the peculiarities which offended us in his ballad, he does not seem the more grateful. He accuses us of probably being familiar with only one text of Villon (M. Lacroix's, 1877), and of not having taken the trouble to make ourselves "adequately acquainted with the subject under review." This unkindness is just what critics must expect. But still

Mr. Payne has tried to act on our ignorant advice. For "Hides from the middle modern air" he now reads "cousins-german in beauty rare," which is much more accurate. For "where is Heloisa the staid?" he writes, "where did the learn'd Heloisa *vade*?" *Vade* is a charming word, though Webster says "it is obsolete or not used." Mr. Payne might have written "wade" or "fade," but "*vade*" is certainly more old-fashioned. As for "the queen whose orders

were," she has become "the queen who willed whilere." And, instead of making "where" rhyme to "were," "wear," "where" (repeated), Mr. Payne now calls our lady, "virgin debonair." Thus criticism has had some effect on him (which is in itself a curiosity), but has not begotten a spirit of friendly gratitude. The critic must be satisfied, then, with doing good, careless of its recognition.

Saturday Review.

SINCERITY IN BIOGRAPHY.

THE rapidity of criticism nowadays is a patent evil. For years a number of men, eminent for the special talents required for such a task, have been engaged on a work of national importance, the revision of the New Testament. It appears, and in twenty-four hours the critics are sitting in judgment. Mr. Carlyle's "Reminiscences" are given to the world, and contain such acidities as those who knew this great but rather cantankerous genius were not surprised at. Straightway down come the critics in wrath that Mr. Carlyle's nose was not rubbed off his face. It is open to a critic, as a consequence of the publication of the "Reminiscences," to revise his opinion of Mr. Carlyle, but it is another thing to quarrel with the editor who has given him the means of doing so.

The cue is given generally by some able writer, strongly biased, or by some audacious young spark, some young man of the clubs, full of animal spirits, and undoubting faith—in himself; and the rest follow suit. "Every one according to his cue." There is no need to go to the opposite extreme of haste and, like one of the weekly papers, a Church one, review a book only when it has become the guardian of the best Aylesbury. Bishop Wilberforce said it would be a very good thing if we all had our cooling days. A little decent pause, a little holding of the breath before the shout of ill-informed condemnation, is desirable.

These remarks are provoked by the manner in which Mr. Froude has been hastily assailed for his courageous honesty and faithful adherence to plain duty. When we had occasion in the May number of "Temple Bar" to regret the picture which Carlyle had painted of himself, we were not of those who blamed Mr. Froude for placing it on view. Had we foreseen the storm of abuse hurled at him, we should have delivered our conscience on this matter for such as it is

worth. What is it these people want? These idolaters of Carlyle, having first done their best to spoil a noble character by a life-long flattery, want to impose their opinion of Carlyle on the world, and object to Mr. Carlyle's own objections to their fictitious portrait of him. We are not concerned to prove Mr. Carlyle a prophet, a saint, or a particularly good man, but we are concerned in having an honest portrait of him. We do not expect to find him perfect, should be rather disappointed to find him without the necessary shadow, and, knowing it to be impossible, should suspect doctoring.

Where would Dr. Johnson be, if Boswell had painted out all his roughness, softened all his rudeness, taken all the bosses out of the old oak, and sent him up a clean poplar to the sky? Where would Byron be if Moore had striven to make a saint of him, and sent all his billings and cooings to the dove-cote? How much better if Lockhart had frankly shown the one slight blemish on bright and genial Scott, instead of murdering the reputation of Constable and the Balaclavas, honest men, whose only fault was a blind follow-my-leader, when Scott showed the way! Even the scoundrel Cellini has our sympathies by reason of the truth that is in him, and shrewd Pepys lives in our affections, spite of his love of money, foreign kisses, and occasional opening of the palm to bribes. Carlyle, while casting about for the reason of Burns's popularity with every class of life and different forms of mind, settles on sincerity, on "his indisputable air of truth," as the chief cause. Mr. Froude recognizes this, and that we want Carlyle the man; we want him as we want Cromwell's wart, Johnson's splutter, and Scott's foxy look; we want him good and bad, brightness and shadow—and it is precisely this we have in the "Reminiscences."

The gold in Carlyle must needs have some

alloy, but he has done such service to the state, is so far raised above ordinary men by genius and by worth, he is at once too great and too good, to suffer in reputation from the whole truth being told of him. Without unsaying, therefore, a word which we said in May, we repeat what we there said, that we can not afford to do without the qualifying colors supplied by Carlyle himself to the image erected by his idolaters.

We know too much how biographies are sometimes cooked, sometimes from family affection, sometimes from party motives, sometimes from the ignoble reasons of space. Again, there are cases where so much more canvas must be covered than the subject warrants; or, editors will not take pains to absorb and assimilate and give out a result, but they must shoot the correspondence into the literary highway. Even this is better than a foregone conclusion to exhibit a preternatural character for holiness or genius. What melancholy reading most biographies are, wherein the hero is niched up high out of our earthly vision, and aureoled for the family descendants!

Most religious biographies are sufficient to make one a sinner, so dreary are they in their monotonous goodness, so banked out by flattering laurels is the view of any weakness or shortcoming. Lives of Roman Catholic saints have an artificial air about them, and a wooden aspect. We don't believe in them at all, and, if theirs is goodness, commend us to a little of this world's ways. More pardonable, but slightly nauseous, are widows' tributes to the departed. There are rare cases where an unclouded judgment has perceived that the highest tribute to the memory of a loved one is the truth; but they are rare.

If honesty was more than ever necessary in biography, it was so in the case of Mr. Carlyle. He had been praised not only where he deserved it, but also precisely where he did not, and, if his character had been suffered to retain the false colors his worshipers desired for it, a certain support would have been given to all his opinions bad as well as good, of which they are now deprived. Thackeray has told us—

"How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are."

And even Carlyle had his weaknesses and littleness, for, with much rugged and honest protest against all forms of insincerity, Carlyle yet mixed an unhealthy worship of mere force of will and intellect. "God forbid," said he, "that the time should ever come when we shall esteem riches the synonym of good!" To which we add, God forbid that will or intellect, or mere force of any kind, should come to be synonymous with good!

The deification of mere intellect is probably as dangerous as the deification of wealth, if not so obviously debasing; and Carlyle's notion that intellect was a security for morality is not borne out by the facts of life, while the deification of force is the subversion of right by might, and the return of society into savagery. When not employed in this worship of force, he set himself to "hurl forth defiance, pity, expostulation, over the whole universe, civil, literary, and religious," as he wrote to De Quincey, when he proposed to found a Misanthropic Club at Craigenputtuch. It is this hurl of defiance which probably makes people consider Carlyle a democrat, but there was a good deal more of the Tory than the Radical in Carlyle.

We can not get away from the idea that there were two Carlyles, and that the last was not the better of the two. Whether or no he sympathized with Frederick the Great, and allowing that he really did get disgusted with the imperial robber during the fifteen years in which he was engaged chiseling out a monument to him, yet he has erected this monument with the black flag flying on the top of it. It will not do the harm it might have done had it been more intelligible and more brief. But the harm it must have done Carlyle himself, for fifteen years to be trying to make the worse appear the better cause, is evident in the way in which he got soured toward the world and most of his contemporaries.

The difference in style and choice of language between the magnificent "Essay on Burns" and "Frederick the Great" represents the difference between Carlyle unappreciated and condescending to express ideas of great breadth and depth in the ordinary language of the day and Carlyle bowed to as an authority and dealing out his thoughts just as they came to him with the certainty of imposing the conveyance of the idea as well as the idea itself upon a grateful audience. Where he had been a servant in the service of letters he had become master: instead of seeking fame he had been made dictator. Wordsworth had in much earlier days called him "a pest to the English tongue," but this is an exaggerated method of expressing the natural regret of a man of rhythm at seeing his native language distorted. Like Turner, Carlyle had two styles. As with Turner's early pictures, Carlyle's early essays, while having the same force of ideas as his later works, yet had the advantage of a comparatively clear delivery. Like Turner, once known and famous, and able to assert his individuality, Carlyle indulged in every fancy which sported before his imagination. As Turner in his latter pictures gave free scope and what appears to some lay minds unbridled license

to his imagination, as he cast upon the canvas the very dream of a thought, so Carlyle at the last gave out some of his thoughts in the process of formation, and trusted to the intelligence of his reader to find his way to his meaning.

There is a lesson in Carlyle's life, the immense power of the world to ruin a man. That it did not ruin Carlyle, but only stimulated some of his defects, leaving the great truth of his nature untouched, is not owing to the world, but to his early training, and to his communings with himself on the lonely peat-moor of Craigenputtoch. Had he continued to live at Craigenputtoch, drank in of the wisdom he there sought, and kept aloof from the flatteries of men, much that horrifies his worshipers in the "Reminiscences" would have been absent. None the less would he have fought against vice, cant, and the decaying patriotism and strength of the nation, but there would have been allied with this more charity to individuals, and possibly less continual reference to self.

But it was not to be, and Carlyle, poor and struggling, and out of the hard earth forcing the violet to bloom, fled from this rough but healthy school, to a London world which secured him as a novelty, and which liked to hear his bitter observations, which drew him out purposely by acting as foil to him, and, marching in the opposite way of his well-known opinions, gave him what he grew to want ever more and more, an audience to listen to his replies. Who can doubt that any vanity there was in the man was stimulated by this incessant flattery? Who does not understand how Wordsworth and Lamb, who did not condescend to this mode of dealing with Carlyle, came to be disliked by him? But this is the least part of the mischief. These very worshipers who were crying aloud in the streets, "A prophet, a prophet!" this very world who threw wide open its portals to one who gave it a reflex brilliancy, did with Carlyle as they had done with Irving, checked his progress. They flung themselves across his path, and turned his truth almost into a lie; for can we imagine that Carlyle in his days of wrestling would have placed a whip in the hand of the white man to scarify the black, that he would have idolized force as the ultimate good, and got to look upon his fellow-creatures, "*down upon them*" alas! as "weltering of my *poor* fellow-creatures . . . stuck in that fatal element"?

And now this very world, these very worshipers cry out, "Prophecy smooth things, prophecy deceits." Suppress everything unpleasant, or rough, everything which lowers our idol in public estimation. This injudicious advice has fortunately come too late, although we do not believe it would have deterred Mr. Froude from

the course he has taken, for which fifty years hence people will thank him, as we now thank Wraxall for the very truths which in his days were called lies. He has resisted the temptation to palter with the truth of history. It matters little or nothing, in dealing with an ordinary man, which of his opinions you give or suppress, but every opinion of Carlyle is a line or dot in the plate on which the engraver of his portrait is working. Leave it out and you have an approach more or less to a portrait, but not *the* portrait. Yielding to no one in a love of Lamb, for his grand unselfishness, for the originality of his quaint wit, for his letters equal to any in the English language, yet we will still have Carlyle's estimate of him also, we can see dimly through "the ghastly London wit," of which Carlyle accuses Lamb, Carlyle's difficulty in estimating a subtilty of mind which his hotter intellect burned up as cinder.

Seeing that Wordsworth sometimes climbed to the sublime heights and had visions of beauty denied to the many, we yet can not afford to part with Carlyle's finding him like a rustic fiddle. It is the measure of Carlyle's inability to appreciate a genius which had in it the repose of nature rather than the vehemence of force. Everything had to be served up hot with Carlyle. So, too, there is a certain limited truth in Carlyle's estimate of Shelley. A defect of Shelley is pressed out to its extreme point, and thus made to be seen. This does not injure Shelley, but slightly mars the catholicity of Carlyle, that he did not see the insignificant relation of this defect to Shelley's merits.

We see some of the results of the opposite method to Mr. Froude's in the Metternich and Talleyrand memoirs. Taking these seriously, we are called upon to believe that Metternich was nothing short of a pious statesman, and Talleyrand only anxious for the reign of law. The piety of the one and the morality of the other are for the stage, and have a certain dramatic interest, but let some master-mind fasten on these men, and throw off the stage properties and the Monmouth Street attire, and give us the very men, and while we should miss the lofty characteristics claimed by these great actors for themselves, we may find in return human beings with many lovable qualities, standing on pedestals a little more level to the ordinary human eye. Metternich would not then appear as the Pecksniff of politics, nor Talleyrand as the Tartuffe, characters they somewhat resemble when drawn by their own pencil.

The "Life of Wilberforce" is very ably written from a certain point of view, a definite and consistent picture is obtained, but it is a Wilberforce for the church-window, not Wilberforce

with his finger on the public pulse nor the brilliant, versatile prelate, affluent of words, with a touch of all things to all men. If biographers will put a mask over their hero, they must be content with the consequence of robbing from us the sight of the human face. There was a great deal more to love than to dislike in Wilberforce, for his chief weakness seems a desire for the world's love and approbation, but he is painted as the Roman Catholics paint their saints, in whom one takes infinitely less interest than in the remoter pagan gods, who went in for their failings along with their more celestial attributes. Naughty as Mercury was in his deception of poor Sosia, grossly wanting in proper morality as Jupiter was toward Alcmena, we see that the poets and dramatists had a better sense of artistic fitness than these painters of the saints, who give us impossible virgins and inhuman saints.

We are inclined to treat any suppression of evidence which goes to the construction of a perfect picture of any great man as a crime. In this light we should almost include the destruction of Byron's autobiography, which, if not all printed, should have been all preserved. It should have been in the power of students to refer to it. We therefore favor the publication even of those criticisms by Carlyle of his friends which show an acerbity and even an insincerity. If there had been insincerity in Johnson, it must have been of the slightest, and we don't think there was much in Carlyle. Give it and all the bad things with it, and time will let them settle at the bottom, and the wine none the worse. No man is the same man all through his life, and there may have been half a dozen Carlyles between 1820 and 1880. A man is not necessarily insincere because in an accidental fit of spleen or dyspepsia he sees only the worst side of human nature. If we regret the publication of anything in the "Reminiscences," it is the essayist's recollections of Smaill. Here even our regret is tempered by the fact that it has drawn out from Mr. Ireland a genial and sympathetic defense in the "Manchester Examiner."

If the world desire an ideal character of Carlyle, it must look for it to the poet, and not to the historian. The business of the latter is with truth. Carlyle was not an amiable man, apparently, and in reading his "Reminiscences" he occurred to us as rather a difficult, not to say a cantankerous man, but yet of an essentially kindly nature. He was a man of such originality of mind, and possessed such a command of language, he had such a power of throwing into dramatic form any event, idea, or character with which he was dealing, has so infused his mind into that of the generations which succeeded him,

and has thus been so large a factor in the composition of modern thought, that a living picture of such a man is a national want.

To speak of him as we have heard him spoken of, as the Johnson of our time, appears unreasonable. In force of imagination and rapidity of insight alone was he superior to Johnson. In learning, judgment, humanity of mind, in that common-sense which is more valuable than genius itself, Johnson was generally the superior of Carlyle. With all his stupendous powers of talking, Johnson could listen as well as talk, a quality in which Coleridge and Carlyle seem to have been lacking. We are not aware whether this applies in anything like the same degree to Carlyle as to Coleridge or Macaulay, but we have yet to see whether we shall have, in the forthcoming "Life of Carlyle," any conversations equal in interest to those reported by Boswell. Further, there was a touch of the Diogenes in Carlyle, a cynical disbelief in any great amount of human goodness, which grew upon him. From his comfortable tub in Cheyne Row, he barked at his fellow-creatures, whom he thought poor creatures, most part fools. They certainly took his gospel very freely, and saw, or fancied they saw, through the haze of words, and through much uncouth jargon mingled with much poetic thought, great meanings and sublime moralities. The great mist through which his meaning could be discerned enhanced the bigness of the thought, and gave it preternatural value. He was a great preacher and poet; an enemy of all cant and of all insincerity, including biographical insincerity. We are all of us his debtors; and we think there must be something wrong in the man who can not recognize, under the ruggedness of Carlyle's thoughts, the true nobility which, with his severe sincerity, has given him such a hold over the English people in all parts of the world. But, for all this, we want nothing obliterated or kept back which is essential to a perfect view of Carlyle's character:

Let us suppose that Mr. Froude had acted as those who have attacked him wished him to act, and had canceled every unkind passage in the "Reminiscences" in which Carlyle unconsciously describes himself while describing his friends and contemporaries. We should then be precisely in the position we were before the "Reminiscences" were published, and be without the modification supplied by Carlyle himself to the too eulogistic character of him claimed by his worshipers. We should, we now know, be obviously seeing Carlyle in a false light. *Qui vult decipi decipiatur*. We are not of the number.

G. B. (Temple Bar).

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WITHIN the last few years there has been a very remarkable spread of malarious sickness. At one time malaria was confined in the Eastern and Middle States to a few marshy districts, but now it is found almost everywhere. It has appeared in parts of New England and New York where all accounts agree that it was never known before; it is found on the hills as well as in the valleys, in cities as well as in villages, in dry as well as wet places. At one time Boston was declared to be the northern limit of it, and whether it has yet appeared on the shores of Massachusetts or Maine we do not know; but the Berkshire country was equally considered free from it, and now it has made its appearance there. The question naturally arises as to the cause.

A good many answers to this question are given, but they are mostly of a speculative character. President Chadbourne, of Williams College, has written a letter in which he affirms that no answer is possible. The theory which once prevailed, and which he had taught, "that malarial poison is the result of vegetable decomposition, especially the decomposition produced by stirring soils rich in organic materials, so that the soil can readily be acted upon by heat and sunshine," needs, he now believes, from observations in various districts, to be greatly modified. "Any one," he says, "who has studied the subject in the West, will satisfy himself that malaria abounds where water is too scarce for comfort; where, if the malaria comes from the soil at all, it must come from soil that is high and dry. He will be further confirmed in the notion that neither abundant water nor rich soil even is essential to the production of this malaria, when he finds it in the Rocky Mountains, where the few streams flowing from melting snow are as pure as our New England trout-brooks, while most of the soil is poor in organic matter, as it must be where little besides the sage-brush can grow. It is certain, therefore, that we have malaria in some places that are high and dry, where the soils are well drained and not highly charged with organic matter." Its unusual prevalence in New England and other portions of the Atlantic border can not, he thinks, be satisfactorily accounted for. Its origin and dissemination are as mysterious as potato-rot and other blights which destroy vegetation, or as an epizooty among horses, which come without any known cause, run their course, and then disappear as mysteriously as they come. The yearly progress is eastward and northward; but President Chadbourne thinks that in former times it "undoubtedly prevailed to some extent where its presence was not suspected. Now that attention is generally called to the subject, the physician recognizes the effects of malaria where they formerly would have remained unnoticed, or would have been referred to some other cause."

Admitting that the origin of malaria can not be accurately determined, there are two circumstances in recent phases of our social life that may in part account for the greater prevalence of the fever arising from it. We commented last month upon the immense growth in recent years of summer pleasuring, and this fact is one of the circumstances to which we refer. Almost everybody now travels in the summer months, or changes his residence during that period. The seashore, the mountains, the valleys, are all crowded with people from the cities and towns; and, as these people are unacclimated, as their habits are not so judicious as those of permanent residents, exposing themselves continuously to night air and hot suns, sickness becomes very common among them. Every physician in the large cities knows how many families that have gone to spend the summer in the country return in September ill with fever. A great many cases of malaria that have fallen under the writer's observation have been contracted in this way. The stranger in any section is naturally much more susceptible to local influences than those who have always lived there, and hence malarial fever may very naturally appear among strangers in places where it has scarcely been known before. An observing countryman once said to the writer: "We never get fever and ague, but city people who come here are continually falling sick with it. They are fond of moonlight rides and moonlight sails, and night air everybody but city people knows is bad for the health." It is certain that fever is frequently contracted by town-people in country places, and it is just possible that the apparent spread of malaria may be largely due to this fact. A great many people in the city of New York are suffering from it, and we do not know a case of malaria occurring in the older part of the town that did not have its origin in the way we have mentioned.

The other circumstance to which we referred is the greatly increased use of ice-water. This will probably strike many persons at first as simply fantastic, but there are some good grounds for the theory. Every one is aware of the disagreeable flavor of ice when melted, and has detected in it the evident presence of earthy matter. Frozen water seems to hold particles or substances which do not obviously affect the taste when the water is ice-cold, but which become apparent as soon as the temperature is heightened. Whether this earthy matter is unwholesome or not must depend upon its character; and this is exclusively within the province of the chemist to determine. We wish simply to suggest the possibility that malarial poison may lurk in ice-water, in view of a recent occurrence in England. In 1879 a sanitary commission was appointed by Parliament to inquire into the water-supply in many urban districts in England. Some

significant facts were elicited by the commission. In a little village in Yorkshire the health of the inhabitants had always been good, and especially free from zymotic disease, until, owing to a failure of the water-supply, the villagers were forced to make use of the ice which had collected on a little stream on the outskirts of the village. They melted the ice and used it for drinking purposes, and shortly afterward a low malarial fever became prevalent. Of course, it can be said that this was probably due to the character of the water in the stream, and of this fact the report does not speak. We have had instances in this country of sickness produced by the use of impure ice; it needs, indeed, no parliamentary commission to convince us that impure ice is unwholesome. But the apprehension excited by the report is, that ice supposed to be pure may contain the seeds of malarial poison. Another instance cited by the commission does not affect the question of ice, but of the quality of water in use; it may, however, as well be mentioned. A number of troops stationed at Dover obtained their water-supply from artesian wells, but, the supply falling short, they were obliged to draw from a source outside the town—one which troops stationed without the town had been accustomed to depend upon. It had always been noted that troops stationed outside of the city were subject to malarial fever, while the troops within the city escaped; but no sooner did the latter begin drinking the water usually furnished the former, than fever broke out among them. This simply shows, as far as it goes, the effect of pure and impure water; and, as change of water is disturbing to many persons, our army of summer travelers may often lay the seeds of malarial fever by drinking from wells that do not in the same degree affect those habituated to it from infancy.

We think it tolerably certain that the greater prevalence of malarial fever is, at least, partially due to the immense increase of summer traveling and summer sojourning, and possible that the greatly extended consumption of ice in recent years is an exciting cause; but we leave both suggestions to the consideration of persons who make subjects of the kind their special study.

In the August number of "Scribner's Magazine" Mr. Albert Stickney gives his second article on "The People's Problem," to which we referred last month. He here outlines the remedy he proposes for the evils of our present political system, whereby the people may recover the power they have lost, and overthrow the tyrannical domination of political organizations. The foundation of his system is the old New England town-meeting, wherein every citizen possessed necessarily and without defection a voice equal to every other citizen in all local affairs.

His plan is—1. "The people should act in their own persons, only in the local affairs of the small districts, where they can meet as one body; 2. In

all other than the local affairs of these small districts the people should act by delegates." This system, he affirms, "is the only way in which we can secure to the people the free choice of their public servants." The following, which we extract from the article, will enable the reader to gain some idea of the workings of Mr. Stickney's plan, but the article should be read in full if one wishes to comprehend the proposed system thoroughly:

"In all other public action, whether as to the affairs of cities, counties, States, or the nation, whether it be the choice of public officers or the adoption of public measures, whenever the numbers of the citizens who are to act are too large for them to meet and act as one body, then they should act by delegates.

"This is, as it seems to me, the key-stone of the political arch, the fact which lies at the very foundation of popular government.

"Its especial importance is in its application to the process of election. And its application to the process of election is this: Instead of the citizens of a large city, or a large district, or a State, casting their ballots directly for a mayor, or a member of the State Legislature, or a governor, or a presidential elector, or a representative to Congress, the citizens in each small election district (which should, as a rule, have not more than five hundred voters) would meet in one place, as one body, at one time, and vote for a member of an electoral convention—an elector. This voting by the citizens should be done on a call of names, each citizen giving his vote aloud at the call of his name. And, to insure greater deliberation and greater unanimity, a two-thirds vote rather than a majority, as it seems to me, should be required for a choice. The delegates thus chosen to an electoral convention would in their turn meet, as one body, at one time and place, and would elect the mayor, or member of the State Legislature, or governor, or presidential elector, or representative to Congress. It is at once seen that, in some instances, it would become necessary, on account of the large number of voters, to use an intermediate convention (or it might be more than one) to choose the members of the final electoral convention, which should elect the officer himself. That would depend on the size of the voting constituencies. Each successive convention should, as to its membership, be kept, as to numbers, within the limit which will secure deliberate action. That limit seems to be about five hundred men. It may add clearness to the statement of the plan proposed to give one illustration of its working, with the figures. In electing a President of the United States, for instance, the number of citizens entitled each to his one voice in the choice of his President is, taking it roughly, nine millions. If we make the number of the electors who vote directly for the President, in the final convention, three hundred, that would give ninety thousand voters to each district which would choose a presidential elector. If, then, each of these districts of ninety thousand voters were divided into small districts having each two hundred and fifty voters, there would be three hundred and sixty of these small election districts, each of which would have one delegate in the convention which should choose the presidential elector. . . .

"The system is simple and practical. It is the system which is, in form, used for the nomination of candidates—a system which has grown, which has been called into existence, without the aid of any enactment, by a living and growing need. It is the system which

the national party organizations have been compelled to adopt in order to get any common action of their members. It is, in substance, the system which the framers of our national Constitution supposed they had adopted for the election of the President. But they overlooked the necessity of having the electoral college of presidential electors meet as one body. Nor did they anticipate the effect of the growth of population, and the consequent increased numbers of popular constituencies."

Mr. Stickney believes that this system is the only way in which we can secure a common judgment of the people, as to men and measures. No doubt there are advantages in it. Five hundred citizens meeting in their own district to elect delegates to a convention would know each other, know the men brought forward to represent them; and it is possible that under this arrangement there would follow something like a just and adequate representation of public sentiment. But it is by no means certain. It would be strange indeed if politicians found no means to manipulate these conventions to their own ends. In all bodies assembled for any purpose, leadership naturally falls into the hands of a few. Not merely groups as large as five hundred, but much smaller groups, when assembled for any purpose, are pretty sure to fall into the hands of men who either from personal force, the ability to express themselves, or tact in management, know how to rule men. The most distinguished representative bodies in the world are commonly controlled by leaders, and we may thus well apprehend from this fact that small electoral bodies, or conventions formed by delegates from such bodies, would be much more apt to record the will of a small number of shrewd leaders than their own convictions. It is true that whenever an assembly, large or small, feels intensely on any subject, it is impossible to divert or overrule its action; but commonly the majority have no particular feeling, no earnest convictions, and no definite purpose; and at such times the men who have purposes divert everything to their own end. Politicians are simply working leaders; and there will be ample opportunity for the exercise of this leadership in bodies of electors, however small they may be, or however chosen. Under Mr. Stickney's plan, political organizations would have to change their tactics a little; new methods would have to be devised to meet the new conditions; but there seems to us grave apprehension that eventually the politicians, in some form or other, would secure the control they covet and commonly know how to secure. We should be glad, however, to see Mr. Stickney's plan tried. We should be no worse off than now; and possibly means might be found to make political leaders

a little more directly amenable to public sentiment than at present. In a subsequent paper Mr. Stickney proposes to show how his plan can be put in operation.

ON July 14th, a few days before our last number went forth to our readers, Mr. JOHN ADAMS APPLETON, the second of the four brothers who until recently composed the publishing house of D. Appleton & Company, died at his home on Staten Island. Mr. Appleton was in his sixty-fifth year at the time of his death, and had been engaged in the publishing business nearly forty years, the house itself having been founded by his father a little more than fifty years ago. Our readers know very well the reputation the house has achieved in this half-century; how many publications of great and unique value it has given to American students and readers. Although thus conspicuously identified with American enterprise and American letters, Mr. Appleton's life was a very quiet and retired one. His somewhat nervous and susceptible temperament made publicity of every kind distasteful; in his own charming home on the shores of Staten Island, he dispensed a cordial and unostentatious hospitality; otherwise he mingled with the world very little. One of his zealous purposes in recent years was the erection of a church at Clifton, near his residence, almost every stone of which was placed under his supervision, the greater part of the cost being maintained by him. It is a handsome Gothic structure, bearing the name of St. John's, and so identified is his name with it that it fairly stands as a monument to his memory. Mr. Appleton's life was simple, calm, gentle, and pure. It was not his disposition to seek for distinction beyond that which a well-conducted business gave him. He was jealous of the reputation of his house, and glad to see its fame and usefulness extend; beyond this he knew little of the restlessness that accompanies ambition. He was happy to be instrumental in advancing the interests of the Church, and he was always solicitous for the welfare of all connected with him. His life in these particulars was a model, for it was marked by application, by a faithful discharge of all duties, by a deep, strong love of home and kindred, by devotion to his church, by liberal charity, and by unblemished purity in heart and deed. Lives of this kind contribute greatly to the substantial welfare of communities. They give to society its stability, to business its energies, to home its happiness, to the Church its influence, and to national character some of its most valuable qualities.

Notes for Readers.

SINCE the novel took its place as one of the great departments of literature, it has been illustrated by many subdivisions or types. We have had the novel of incident or adventure, the novel of character, the novel of society, the analytical or psychological novel, the "novel with a purpose," the religious novel, the didactic or ethical, the sensual, and the sensational, not to mention many others which elude definite classification. It would seem as though the field had been so thoroughly worked that the possible forms and combinations were by this time pretty well exhausted; but Mr. W. H. Mallock, author of "Is Life worth Living?" has achieved the unexpected distinction of inventing an entirely new variety—a variety which may be suggested if not described by the epithet piously-prurient. Mr. Mallock is a young man who has exhibited great anxiety lest the progress of science should deprive mankind of its ideals and human life of its dignity, and with a vigor which is quite admirable he has for several years past addressed himself to the task of counteracting the pernicious influence of such men as Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, and Tyndall. In several very clever and voluble books, and in a score or so of magazine articles, he has endeavored to show that the words of the scientists are foolishness, and that their steps take hold on evil; and, in his capacity as curator of the public morals, he has favored us with some very ingenious and seductive reasons why we should accept that interpretation of the mystery of God's ways to man which is furnished by the Roman Catholic Church. In the course of these discussions and expositions he has betrayed a quite remarkable knowledge of and familiarity with Providence; and it is to be feared now that in his case, as in so many others, familiarity has bred contempt, for in no other way can we account for his last performance, "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century" (Putnams). Here, with unsuspected versatility, Mr. Mallock shows us how gracefully he can temper the severity of the Christian moralist with the voluptuous imaginings of an erotic temperament; and how easily he can pass from the discussion of such high themes as "fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute," to the portraiture of a young Adonis who retires to a sequestered nook by the Mediterranean, in order to see if by searching he can find out God and save his soul, and who in the process is surrounded by fallen women, in respect to one of whom he is tortured, as we are told, by the conflict which arises within him between the "impersonal yearning to lead her to God" and the passionate desire to secure personal possession of her. It must be admitted that there is a certain piquancy in the situation, and one follows with curiosity if not with interest the unfolding of a scheme of salvation in which the customary "exercises" of the votaries are mitigated by passionate kisses, fervent embraces, wreathed

arms, stolen interviews, and all the other felicities and amenities of the fleshly school. If Mr. Mallock intended any lesson at all to be drawn from his story, it is that purity of heart and elevation of character are not necessarily incompatible with unimaginable depths of physical depravity, and, on the other hand, that the mere aspiration after good is not sufficient to preserve one from the most fatal and soul-wrecking compromises and defections. The implication is the usual one with him—though this time it is left wholly to inference—that religion is the only sure compass by which man can shape his course across the stormy seas of modern life; but there is something unspeakably repulsive in his method of working out the thesis. The cant of the Rev. Mr. Stiggins is positively edifying in comparison with this obscene and irreverent commingling of talk about "saving souls" and "bringing one another to God" with the behavior and language and sentiments of a dance-house; and very few can read "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century" without feeling that some of the most awful of those *via sacre* which the thinking man of our day is fairly compelled to tread are thereby irrevocably polluted and defiled. Surely there is something almost tragic in this spectacle of a man who, after starting out with the avowed purpose of leading his fellow-men to that heaven from which Tyndall and Huxley were threatening to alienate them, now takes his stand neck-deep in a moral sewer, and besmirches with its filth the audience that has been lured thither by his psalm-singing.

MR. MONCURE D. CONWAY's sketch of Thomas Carlyle (Harpers) may be regarded as the first word in the great chorus of reaction which was certain to make itself heard as soon as the vociferous denunciations aroused by the "Reminiscences" had had time to subside. It was written, as the author says, in loyalty to the memory of those two at Chelsea whom, amid whatever differences of conviction, he honored and loved; and it is a strong protest against the idea that "the outcries of a broken heart should be accepted as the man's true voice, or that measurements of men, and memories as seen through burning tears, should be recorded as characteristic of his heart or judgment." Its aim is to portray Carlyle as he was in his healthier periods and saner moods, and it consists for the most part of impressions which were written down at the time when the memory of them was fresh and vivid, and when it was not imagined that they would ever be anything more than a small contribution to that record of Carlyle's life which Mr. Conway thinks will be "a long task, employing not only many human hands, but even the hand of Time himself." In so far as they tend to vindicate Carlyle from the harsh judgments recently passed upon him, it is because we find in them touches here and there of the

more genial and humorous side of his nature; but, after all, one is obliged to admit that, like everything else that has been published since Carlyle's death, Mr. Conway's memorials only tend to prove the substantial faithfulness and accuracy of the self-revelations contained in the "Reminiscences." There can be no doubt, of course, that they leave a more kindly impression of the man, and that they illuminate somewhat the monotonous gloom which appears to have enshrouded his closing years, and which is allowed to become too prominent in the later chapters of the "Reminiscences"; but when we come to compare the actual utterances it is easily seen that the difference is one of tone and manner rather than of substance. Indeed, one of the surprising traits of Carlyle's character, whether as portrayed by himself or his apologists, is the early period at which he took his peculiar attitude toward man and the world, and the persistency with which he maintained it amid all the vicissitudes of adverse and propitious fortune, of obscurity and fame. Appended to Mr. Conway's sketch are a number of extracts from letters which Carlyle wrote to two college friends in the interval between his nineteenth and his twenty-ninth years; and it is curious to find that in almost the earliest of them the Carlylean refrain of discontent with himself and contempt for the world at large is distinctly audible. There are passages that might be interpolated into the "Reminiscences" without producing any incongruity of thought or sentiment, though there is in all Carlyle's early writings—in the early essays as well as in these letters—a surprising absence of those qualities of style and peculiarities of diction which at a later period seemed to have become a part of the very bone and sinew of his genius.

THE most piquant passages in Mr. Conway's "Reminiscences" are those in which he has incorporated fragments of Carlyle's conversation; and it will be interesting to note what he says in general terms of that conversation: "Those who have listened to the wonderful conversation of Carlyle, know well its impressiveness and its charm: the sympathetic voice now softening to the very gentlest, tenderest tone as it searched far into some sad life, little known or regarded, or perhaps evil spoken of, and found there traits to be admired, or signs of nobleness—then rising through all melodies in rehearsing the deeds of heroes; anon breaking out with illumined thunders against some special baseness or falsehood, until one trembled before the Sinai smoke and flame, and seemed to hear the tables break once more in his heart: all these, accompanied by the mounting, fading fires in his cheek, the light of the eye, now serene as heaven's blue, now flashing with wrath, or presently suffused with laughter, made the outer symbols of a genius so unique that to me it had been unimaginable had I not known its presence and power. His conversation was a spell: when I had listened and gone into the darkness, the enchantment continued; sometimes I could not sleep until the vivid thoughts and narratives were noted

in writing." Of the more amiable traits illustrated by the sketch, the following is an example: "I may recall here an occasion when Carlyle was speaking, in his stormy way, of the tendency of the age to spend itself in talk. Mrs. Carlyle (with her wonted tact, anticipating any possible suggestion of the same from some listener) said, archly, 'And how about Mr. Carlyle?' He paused some moments: the storm was over, and I almost fancied that for once I saw a tear gather in the old man's eyes as he said, in low tone: 'Mr. Carlyle looked long and anxiously to find something he could do with any kind of veracity: he found no door open save that he took, and had to take, though it was by no means what he would have selected.' Once, too, when some vigorous person was praising a favorite poet, Carlyle spoke of the said poet as a 'phrasemonger.' The other, somewhat nettled, said, 'But what are the best of us but phrasemongers?' Siegfried was never more conscious of the vulnerable point left by the leaf on his back than Carlyle of the distance between his doctrine of silence and his destiny of authorship. He bowed and said, 'True'; and the conversation proceeded amiably enough." Highly interesting to American readers are the accounts of the interview between Carlyle and Bayard Taylor, and of the relations between Carlyle and Emerson; and one of the choice gems of the volume is a letter from Emerson to Alexander Ireland, describing his first meeting with Carlyle. It is told of Emerson that, when he was on one of his earlier visits to England, large numbers of fine gentlemen whom he met desired him to introduce them to Carlyle. "Some of these were crack-brained egoists, others actuated, as he saw, by curiosity, and he saved such from the catastrophes they invited by saying, mildly, 'Why should you wish to have aquafortis thrown over you?' In one case Emerson's name introduced to him a vegetarian, with whom Carlyle went to walk. Unfortunately, his companion expatiated too much upon his then favorite topic, upon which Carlyle broke out with—'There's Piccadilly; there it has been for a hundred years, and there it will be when you and your damned potato-gospel are dead and forgotten!' He was more patient in listening to Miss Bacon, also introduced by Emerson, when she tried to persuade him that Shakespeare's plays were written by Lord Bacon. Carlyle never thought very much of the philosopher who had been unable to recognize such a contemporary as Kepler; and his only reply to Miss Bacon was, 'Lord Bacon could as easily have created this planet as he could have written "Hamlet." I have heard that when she had gone he added to a letter written to his friend in Concord the brief postscript, 'Your woman's mad. T. C.'" The most characteristic bit of Carlyle's talk as reported by Mr. Conway is the following: "Those Dutch are a strong people. They raised their land out of a marsh, and went on for a long time breeding cows and making cheese, and might have gone on with their cows and cheese till doomsday. But Spain comes over and says, 'We want you to believe in St. Ignatius.' 'Very sorry,' replied

the Dutch, 'but we can't.' 'God! but you *must*,' says Spain; and they went about with guns and swords to make the Dutch believe in St. Ignatius—never made them believe in him, but did succeed in breaking their own vertebral column for ever, and raising the Dutch into a great nation."

UNLESS the late Mr. George Henry Lewes would be disposed to take a more lenient view than most authors, when their reputation is made, are apt to take of their 'prentice-work, he would hardly be gratified by the republication of "Ranthorpe" (New York: William S. Gottsberger). Written nearly forty years ago, on the model of Bulwer's "Ernest Maltravers," and before the traditions of the Laura-Matilda school had lost their influence, it is interesting now chiefly as showing how greatly the novel has improved during the present generation as a picture of life and as a branch of the literary art. In delineation of character it is decidedly inferior to the mob of third and fourth rate novels that now issue in such numbers from the English press; its incidents and occurrences bear no congruous relationship to each other or to the general circumstances of the story; its sentiment is mawkish and schoolgirlish to the last degree; and its style is more *exalté* than would now be tolerated in what professes to be a realistic picture of modern life in London. The aim of the author in writing it was not at all to portray men and women, or to hold the mirror up to nature, but to express his own thoughts and feelings concerning the literary career and the hard conditions under which it is pursued in England. "Our hero," therefore, is carried through all the phases of youthful over-confidence, disappointed hopes, temporary success, social as well as literary, blighted affections, sterilized "genius," despair, suicidal mania, reaction, rescue, hope, solid achievement, and eventual fame as the concomitant of those "years which bring the philosophic mind." It is altogether a favorable specimen of the sort of story over which our grandmothers used to sigh and sometimes weep; but which, after such stories as those of George Sand, George Eliot, and Thackeray, seems inconceivably tawdry, flimsy, and unreal. Portions of it, no doubt, are well worth attention, those particularly in which the author indicates the conditions, mental and otherwise, of successful achievement in literature; but these are didactic interpolations, and belong more properly to an essay than to a novel. Of the dramatic faculty—the faculty which enables one to impart the semblance of personality or actual existence to creatures of the imagination—Mr. Lewes shows himself utterly destitute; and the entire work throws a ghastly sort of illumination over the fact that at a later period Mr. Lewes took upon himself the task of molding George Eliot's mighty genius and selecting the conditions under which it should be manifested!

AN adventurous gentleman, whom it is to be feared that Mr. Charles Reade would describe as an "anonymuncle," has published, through Messrs.

Lee & Shepard, "The Princess of Alfred Tennyson recast as a Drama." In his prefatory remarks he expresses the opinion that "a dramatic rendering of 'The Princess,' though it must necessarily sacrifice some of its literary beauties, can only enhance its charms as a wonderful creation of fancy, and may deepen its philosophical interest, as it bears upon many questions of modern social life and culture"; and he thinks that such a dramatic treatment of its "rich materials" would meet the approval of the poet himself, and has even been suggested by him. That it is something more than a mere literary exercise is indicated by the dedication to the ladies and gentlemen who appeared in a private dramatic performance of the piece, and by the announcement that "applications for permission to perform this drama should be addressed to the publishers"; and as it thus seems to be designed for representation on the stage, it may be well to say that, even as thus recast, "The Princess" has none of the qualities of an acting play. That Tennyson's faculty is not dramatic is clearly shown by the poems which he himself designed to be dramas; and in "The Princess," as in most of his other writings, the charm resides in that portion which is lyrical and descriptive, not in that which approaches to the dramatic in form or mode of treatment. There is some delicate character-drawing in it, some acute and suggestive argument, some fine descriptive passages, and some exquisitely dainty and musical lyrics; but there is no action, no movement, no passion, and none of that direct simplicity of speech which is indispensable to good dramatic dialogue. Nor are these defects, which lie merely on the surface of the poem, to be removed by a simple change of form. In its essential qualities the new version is no more dramatic than the old—it is less so, in fact, for the compression has been carried so far as to eliminate nearly all the character-painting, and the *dramatis personæ* are degraded into mere names and puppets. The author explains further that in his recomposition he has carefully retained "the language and style" of Tennyson. The "language" indeed is retained to a certain extent, but the "style" of the master is but faintly indicated, and the so-called drama is even more of "a medley" than the original poem.

THE fifth volume of "Appletons' Home Books" treats a very difficult subject ("Amenities of Home") with much skill and suggestiveness. To lift such a topic above the level of mere conventional platitudes, and yet to avoid any appearance of invading that reserve which should be thrown around the interior life of a home, implies the possession of taste and discretion in a very exceptional degree; and the author of "Amenities of Home" has not only achieved this difficult feat, but has written a book which is interesting to read as well as profitable to reflect upon. In respect of style and manner it could hardly have been improved upon. It reads like the sprightly, animated talk of a cultured, sensible, and gracious woman, whose knowledge of life and experience of the world have only enhanced her

appreciation of the importance of home influences; and yet with all its sparkle and vivacity, its flavor of literature, and its *savoir faire*, it has a certain undertone of earnestness and serious conviction which at once compels attention and stimulates thought. Not only so, but there are few participants in that "dual monarchy of the household" to whom it will not bring a feeling of compunction as he (or she) is compelled to realize how little attention is paid in the ordinary family (perhaps in his own) to those gracious amenities and sweet observances which, like the quality of mercy, bring blessings not only upon them that receive but also upon them that give. This, indeed, is the distinctive merit of the book: it is too acute in its insight and too direct in its injunctions not to touch at some point the susceptibility of the reader; yet its tone is persuasive and exemplary, not at all hortatory or denunciative.

One of the most significant passages in the book is that in which the author, after lamenting the absence of reverence and external respect in the relations between American children and their parents, describes the common attitude and behavior of a French boy to his mother. It is as follows:

"Nothing in this imperfect world is so beautiful as the relation of a French son to his mother. He sees her from his first sentient look the being whom every one in the house adores. Does the nurse or the maid speak even sharply to the mistress of the house, she is immediately discharged. The child would thus see his mother's authority verified from the first, and, whatever we may say on this side of the water of the marriage relation in France, the master of the house certainly compels a sort of respect toward the mother and mistress of the house which goes far toward making the manners of a nation respectful and polite. From the cradle to the grave a French son has one duty, one affection, which is paramount to all others—that is, his love for his mother. As a child, as a boy, he treats her with perfect respect and obedience. As a young man, he delights to send her flowers, to take her to the theatres and *cafés*. It is a common sight in Paris to see a young man with a gray-haired woman at the public galleries and places of amusement, apparently perfectly happy with each other, the young man studying to make his mother comfortable and amused. Often, in leaving France, a young man asks of his family the privilege of taking his mother with him as his 'guide, philosopher, and friend.' Before his marriage is arranged, she is his constant companion and his best adviser. Never until death separates them does he fail in his duty toward her; and after that event has closed this sweet, dutiful history, he keeps the anniversary of her death as his most sacred day, and visits her grave with his children to dress it with flowers."

In his "American Nervousness" (Putnam's) Dr. George M. Beard has prepared a sort of popular supplement to his more scientific and professional treatise on "Neurasthenia, or Nervous Exhaustion"; working into it the results of nearly twenty years of research and investigation, and giving a more permanent and systematic expression to the views which he has hitherto promulgated in various lectures, addresses, and magazine articles. These views have

attracted as much attention and given rise to as much discussion as almost any physiological speculations of recent date, and their purport may be briefly summarized as follows: Nervousness, in its new medical sense, is not excess but deficiency or lack of nerve-force; and it is especially frequent and severe in the northern and eastern portions of the United States, though it is also becoming increasingly prevalent in Europe. "The chief and primary cause of this development and very rapid increase of nervousness is *modern civilization*, which is distinguished from the ancient by these five characteristics: steam-power, the periodical press, the telegraph, the sciences, and the mental activity of women." Among the secondary causes are climate, race, institutions, personal habits, and the indulgence of appetites and passions. The greater prevalence of nervousness in America is due to a number of influences, "the chief of which are dryness of the air, extremes of heat and cold, civil and religious liberty, and the great mental activity made necessary and possible in a new and productive country under such climatic conditions." In spite of this increase of nervousness, and, indeed, partly as a result of it, longevity has increased, and there is evidence that Americans live longer on the average than Europeans, so that the American insurance companies using the English life-tables as a basis for policies have gained thereby at the expense of the insurers. Furthermore, the evil of American nervousness tends, like all other evils, to correct itself: increasing wealth will bring increasing calm and repose, various inventions will diminish the friction upon the nervous forces, social customs will be modified in accordance with the needs of changed conditions, and as a consequence a higher type of health and vigor will probably be developed by the side of the debility and nervousness which now seem to imperil the physical future of the American people.

Dr. Beard possesses in an eminent degree the art of exposition and illustration, he brings to his work the harvestings from many and widely-separated fields of literature, and his book is interesting to a degree that is seldom found in the work of a specialist in his special field. Particularly readable is his chapter on the "Longevity of Brain-workers and the Relation of Age to Work," in which he argues out in detail his much-criticised assertions that "in all ages brain-workers have, on the average, been long-lived, the very greatest geniuses being the longest-lived of all"; that "original brain-work is done mostly in youth and early and middle life, the later decades being reserved for work requiring simply experience and routine"; and that "a very considerable proportion of the greatest geniuses of the world are known to have been as remarkable in their precocity as in their genius, and in spite of this precocity were exceedingly long-lived." His main contention here is that brain-work is, *per se*, healthful and conducive to longevity, and, as a corollary of this, that the brain-working classes—clergymen, lawyers, physicians, merchants, scientists, and men of

letters—live much longer than the muscle-working classes. Ample proof of this is found in the vital statistics of every civilized country, and the reasons for it are so conclusive that it might have been inferred even in the absence of statistical evidence. Among these reasons—which Dr. Beard expounds and illustrates *seriatim*—are: 1. "The inherent and essential healthfulness of brain-work, when unaccompanied by worry"; 2. "Brain-workers have less worry and more positive comfort and happiness than muscle-workers"; 3. "Brain-workers live under better sanitary conditions than muscle-workers"; 4. "The nervous temperament which usually predominates in brain-workers is antagonistic to fatal, acute, inflammatory disease, and favorable to long life"; and, 5. "Brain-workers can adapt their labor to their moods and hours and periods of greatest capacity for labor better than muscle-workers." As to the period of greatest mental productiveness, we are told that the "golden decade" of man is between thirty and forty; that seventy per cent. of the work of the world is done before the age of forty-five, and eighty per cent. before fifty; that the best period of fifteen years is between thirty and forty-five; and that the year of maximum productiveness is *thirty-nine*. The broad fact to which all the evidence leads us, and which Dr. Beard regards as so important that he prints it in italics, is that "the brain follows the same line of growth, maturity, and decay as the rest of the body; that the nervous, muscular, and osseous systems rise, remain, and fall together; and that the received opinion that the mind, of which the brain is the organ, develops and matures later than the power of motion or of physical labor and endurance, is not sustained by the facts of history."

SUCH perfunctory performances as "White Wings" and sundry other of his recent novels have led many of Mr. William Black's most cordial admirers to fear that he had exhausted his faculty, and would henceforth be engaged in draining off the lees; but these will be reassured by "A Beautiful Wretch," which is as light of touch and as finished in form as anything he has written. The title of the story is a humorous exaggeration, and the heroine, instead of developing the sort of wickedness which we are slyly led to expect, turns out to be one of the most charming of Mr. Black's always charming young women, while the victimized but all-conquering captain is a sort of English analogue of the inimitable German lieutenant in "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton." Graceful and pleasing as the story is, however, it is little more than a vehicle for the copious array of pictures which accompany and illustrate the text; and there is a piquant competition between Mr. Black's felicitous descriptions of scenery in Switzerland, and of watering-place life at Brighton, and the graphic pencils of the artists. Prepared originally for the midsummer illustrated number of the London "Graphic," it is probable that no similar story has ever before received such pictorial embellishments; and the mania for "cheap

books" may well be regarded as having reached its culmination when a new story by the most popular of living novelists, accompanied by engravings that are reported to have cost seven thousand five hundred dollars, is furnished to the public in a twenty-cent number of the Franklin Square Library.

CANON FARRAR'S "Life of Christ" is known wherever the English language is spoken, but, with the exception of this, few American readers are acquainted with any other of his works, unless it be the famous essay on "Eternal Hope," in which he repudiates the doctrine of endless punishment for the wicked. For this reason, a compilation of "Words of Truth and Wisdom" selected from his sermons and miscellaneous writings will be not less acceptable here, perhaps, than in England, where it is published (London: David Bogue). The selection appears to have been made in a catholic and sympathetic spirit, and embraces a wide range of topics; most of the passages dealing with one or another phase of the Christian life and doctrine, while others deal luminously with more secular themes. A very striking descriptive passage of the kind in which Canon Farrar excels is one on "Roman Society in the Days of Seneca"; but this is too long to reproduce and too good to mutilate, so we quote as a specimen of the contents of the book a rather suggestive and conveniently brief paragraph on "Words":

"By earnestly studying words we are enabled historically to resuscitate the long-forgotten history of bygone millenniums, and to catch some glimpses into the past fortunes of nations whose very name and memory have been obliterated for ages from every other record. Intellectually regarded, the study of them initiates us into the profoundest mysteries of the human understanding. It is the foundation of all metaphysics. For it is by words alone that we can discover 'the manner in which ideas, born of perception, present themselves all naked to the human intelligence, while it is still engaged in their discovery and still seeking to communicate them to others; we follow the labor which it undergoes to arrive at this result, and in the want of uniformity in that labor we see the influence of different intellects.' Hence fresh languages wisely acquired may afford us a nearer approximation to many truths than would be otherwise attainable, by suggesting thoughts and conclusions which have evaporated from our native tongue. For 'language is the depositary of the accumulated body of experience, to which all former ages have contributed their part, and which is the inheritance of all yet to come.' It is 'like amber circulating the electric spirit of truth, and preserving the relics of ancient wisdom.' So important and indispensable is the right use of words to the progress of science, that some have gone so far as to call science itself 'a well-constructed language'; and, although this is an exaggeration, it is certain that in scientific no less than in religious history an ill-understood phrase, or an ambiguously-framed expression, has been sufficient to retard the progress and kindle the passions of men during centuries of warfare."

No incident of a social character has attracted so much attention in London recently as the speech which Lord Sherbrooke (Mr. Lowe) delivered at the

Lord Mayor's literary dinner when called upon to return thanks for journalists. The speech appears to have been ironical in manner and very sarcastic in tone, and its strictures were felt the more acutely because the noble Lord was at one period of his brilliant career a journalist himself. At any rate, he has been sharply taken to task for his utterances; and the "Spectator" makes them the text for a very able and suggestive article on the function of the journalist and the distinctive traits of modern journalism. The gist of Lord Sherbrooke's complaint was that journalists undertake to tell their readers what they are to think about the news, when the very conditions under which the news is received render it impossible that they themselves can have had the time to study or digest it. Upon this the "Spectator" observes that "the journalist who writes leaders for a daily paper is precisely in the position, as regards political news, of the doctor with respect to disease or the solicitor with respect to practice; he knows a little more than the person who consults him. He may not have half of the ability of his patient or his client—very few physicians or lawyers would compare their minds with Lord Sherbrooke's—but he knows something, much or little, which the other wants to know. An important telegram received at night in the office of a morning paper really falls into the hands of a kind of corporation. Some one member of the staff probably knows the question fairly well, has watched the events leading up to the event recorded in the telegram for years, has a distinct idea what the news means, and has thought out, superficially, it is true, but still with some distinctness, what result such an occurrence would probably produce. Long habit enables him to put his opinion on paper quickly, clearly, and pleasantly, and he does put it; and, if he is even decently competent, his readers next morning have something besides the news, which increases the value of the news to them." The "Spectator" admits that the something which the journalist adds may possibly not be so valuable as the doctor's opinion or the lawyer's, because the journalist's range is apt to be too wide for equally accurate and minute knowledge; but nevertheless it has a value, because journalists are in general quite as intelligent as lawyers and doctors, are much quicker (a rigorous natural selection starving out the slow men), and are compelled to learn a vast number of facts which are not harder to learn than the anatomy of the body or the practice of the courts. "Continuous attention alone, apart from special intellectual capacity, immensely increases knowledge, and with it the power of forming an opinion."

Commenting on Lord Sherbrooke's speech, the "Academy" says that, though the press failed to

take it in good part, yet there are not a few people probably who agree with the main purport of his remarks. "The increased use of the telegraph is tending to augment the proportion of news provided by our daily papers; while the monthly magazines alone afford adequate space, and the additional advantage of signed names, for that mature expression of opinion which influences, or ought to influence, the public mind. As a result of this, the leading magazines are distinctly becoming more political and less literary; or, to put the point more precisely, they are devoting more space to information than to criticism."

THE English critical journals are not in entire agreement in their estimate of Mr. Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," though all agree as to its value and importance. The "Saturday Review" says: "His volumes are emphatically addressed, in the first place, to his countrymen, Northern and Southern, many of whom, and chiefly those in the most prominent positions, were actors or sufferers in the terrible war; and, in the second place, to the select, serene, but comparatively limited students of political history everywhere, who will prize such a record for the matter contained in it, as much as for the style in which that matter is worked out. To these, and therefore to the cause of historical research in general, Mr. Jefferson Davis has, in his honored retirement, with much dignity and simplicity of purpose, offered a contribution of solid value, and for this we tender to him our sincere acknowledgments." The review in the "Athenæum" is less favorable, declaring that there is comparatively little in the work that is new, and that "those who hope to get from Mr. Davis a concise and clear view of the organization of which he was the soul and the chief will be repelled by the vast amount of dissertation with which he cumbers his pages." Further on, the reviewer says: "Perhaps it was unavoidable that this work should be open to the paradoxical criticism that there is both too much and too little personality in it; that in the biographical part Mr. Davis says too little about himself and in the historical part too much. He always writes on the defensive. He defends secession and he defends his conduct as President of the Confederacy. The personal details are interesting enough to make us regret they are so few. It concludes, however, by saying: 'Every impartial reader must recognize the ability with which it is composed, the sincerity with which his opinions are held and the good faith with which they are set forth, and the value which it possesses as the authentic commentary on the most momentous episode in the history of the United States since their independence was acknowledged and their Constitution was framed.'"